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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
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NILE GLEANINGS.

PL X

NOFRE-TARI. AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

ABOU-SIMBEL.

NILE GLEANINGS

CONCERNING

THE ETHNOLOGY, HISTORY AND ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT

AS REVEALED BY EGYPTIAN PAINTINGS AND BAS-RELIEFS.

WITH

Descriptions of Nubia and its Great Rock Temples to the Second Cataract.

81742
ac

By VILLIERS STUART, of Dromana

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

"Quid vetat * * * ridentem dicere verum?"—Horace.

T. L. 22

WITH FIFTY-EIGHT COLOURED AND OUTLINE PLATES

FROM SKETCHES AND IMPRESSIONS TAKEN FROM THE MONUMENTS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1879.

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PREFACE.

THÈRE is no country about which so many books have been written as Egypt; it might be supposed, therefore, that nothing more is left to say on the subject. This however is far from being the case: much still remains to be discovered there; much of what has been already discovered still remains to be described. Not many travellers who have published books on Egypt have had a knowledge of hieroglyphics, and this fact alone has closed against them most interesting fields of knowledge. Finally, even things already described may be placed in new and interesting lights, just as the same pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope assume new patterns when shaken by different hands. *There is plenty left to glean;* and as the thrifty Chinaman sifts the dross left by careless Australian diggers as worthless, and recovers many a grain of good gold that has escaped notice, so have I hoped to follow where others have gone before, and still find new and interesting matters left to dish up for my readers.

I have avoided as far as possible describing what has been described already, and what I have described is derived from personal observation. I have visited some places seldom visited, and not before described. I had the good fortune to discover a hitherto unknown tomb, which casts an important light upon an obscure period of Egyptian history. I have described for the first time the appearance of a tomb of great antiquity not before violated, and in which the mummies lie in their original position. I offer illustrations also never, I believe, before published of the mystic subjects of Egyptian mythology from the tombs of the Kings at Babel Moulouk. I offer drawings of the oldest known tombs in the world belonging to the third dynasty, sketched for the first time, and differing in a marked manner from the tombs even of the fourth dynasty which succeeded it. I also offer some very instructive portraits of Kings, Queens, Princes, and Chiefs.

I have endeavoured to take down from the walls, and bring to life again as it were, for the inspection of my readers, the historic personages of the remote past, so that they may be enabled to realize of what aspect they were and what costumes they wore.

The reproduction of their very lineaments appears to me to be important as furnishing a clue not only as to the branch of the human family to which they owe their origin, but also *as to the nations which owe their origin to them*. I may at once state here that I have been

led to the conclusion that the Latin races are derived to a very great extent from them through the Pelasgi, the Greeks to a less extent, having a larger admixture of Phœnician blood. This belief is founded on comparisons of feature, language, religious tradition, designs of pottery, &c.

I have ventured to draw some conclusions as to Egyptian chronology, based upon the recently discovered Table of Abydos, which I trust may prove both new and true. I have also edged in little doses of hieroglyphic lore, and have given inscriptions with their translations which I hope may not be without interest.

I have added tables of temperature taken conscientiously from day to day twice daily for more than three months, which may be of value to those who are in search of a winter health-resort. Having spent three winters in Egypt, I am in a position to say that these tables give a fair sample of the average winter climate there, and I would call attention to the Nile river temperatures, which I have taken a yard below the surface, and which constitute a good gauge of the mean throughout the winter, viz., 60°—65°.

There will also be found in the Appendix a *double* Itinerary—one up, the other down—which may save much trouble, as it is often perplexing work trying to read the guide-books backwards on the way down, and calculate distances on the return voyage.

At the end of Chapter XXXII. is a list of kings, con-

tained in the Table of Abydos, carefully rendered as spelt in the hieroglyphic ovals, to which have been added translations of the literal meaning of the names. This is a novel feature, and I venture to think will prove both interesting and instructive, as indicating men's modes of thought in very ancient times; often useful, too, in determining the order in which the syllables of the names should be pronounced.

The illustrations, with few exceptions, are from my own drawings. Some were sketched from the monuments in the ordinary way; in some I have been assisted by impressions taken by myself from the bas-reliefs; in others I have been aided by photographs; two of them, Plates XLVI. and XLVII., are simply fac-similes of photographs. I had to decide whether the subjects of the Plates should be presented in their actual condition, showing fractures and coloured only in patches, the rest being worn away, or whether they should be restored and presented to my readers, as far as possible, in their original condition. The latter course seemed most appropriate to a work, the main object of which is to illustrate Egyptian Art as it actually existed in ancient times. Many of the Plates, therefore, must be understood to be restorations, but no colour or pattern has been introduced without the authority of the monuments. In most instances amply sufficient colour remained to guide me; even where this was not the case, duplicate subjects on other monuments supplied

the missing links. Indian red and vermilion, Naples yellow and chrome, olive green, indigo blue, light blue, and lamp-black were the stereotyped pigments.

All the coloured Plates, except XXXI. and XXXVI., have been lithographed by Mr. F. Guy of Cork, and I hope it will be admitted that they do no discredit to Irish workmanship; all the plain subjects, except Nos. XV., XXVII., XL., XLIV., XLVI.—L., LII., and LV., have been executed by the same establishment.

I have ventured to trust to myself for the translations of short hieroglyphic inscriptions and of names; but I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness and courtesy of Dr. Birch of the British Museum, and of Brugsch Bey, author of the very interesting History of Egypt lately translated. The latter was the Gamaliel at whose feet I sat, and whose excellent Grammar formed the foundation of my hieroglyphic lore, subsequently increased by study of the monuments. I also acquired valuable information from him personally while at Cairo, as well as from Mariette Bey, to whose explorations Egyptologists owe so much.

H. VILLIERS STUART, OF DROMANA.

DROMANA,
November, 1879.

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NILE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER I.

TO CAIRO VIÂ SUEZ.

Voyage out—An Impartial Mama—A Ducking—Port Said and its Humours—Coaling—The Suez Canal—Thoughts suggested by it on the Exodus—Suez—Its Bazaar—Expedition to the Wells of Moses—Cruise in an Arab Dhow—By Rail to Cairo—Ismailia.

IN the autumn of last year (1878) we took passage at Marseilles for Egypt in the good ship *Irawaddy*, of 3500 tons. She is the largest steamer of the noble fleet of the Messageries Maritimes, and has the merit of a first-rate cuisine, and a cheery pleasant set of officers. The most notable of our fellow passengers was a Chinese envoy, who had been on some mission at Berlin. He was a tall large man, of superhuman ugliness, and behind him dangled a thick pigtail of glossy black hair, which he cherished with great care; it was the pride of his manhood. His attire consisted of a richly flowered satin robe, a mandarin cap and button, and the usual thick-soled Chinese sabots. This plenipotentiary was an object of much interest to us ordinary mortals, the passengers. He was accompanied, of course, by a native suite; and also by a European interpreter and secretary, a sharp clever fellow, who spoke every language under the sun, but whose own nationality we never succeeded in making out.

His Celestial Excellency, graciously condescended to acknowledge our little civilities, responding with smiling courtesy. He was specially fond of watching games of chess, making remarks in Chinese to the afore-mentioned secretary. Occasionally a complicated structure of ebony and silver was brought to him, which, it was explained to us, was his pipe; with this he used to dive into his cabin, and presently a process of fumigation would commence in which, amongst us outside, opium was supposed to play a part.

All went well with our distinguished fellow passenger, until one day he was overtaken with sleep while reclining in his deck chair. His pigtail hung temptingly over the back, and proved irresistible to a couple of graceless French children, who first began by handling timidly the cherished appendage with inquisitive fingers, and finally, familiarity breeding contempt, ended by giving it a sharp tug like a bell-pull! His Excellency started up in horror at the atrocious outrage upon his dignity. "Ces diables d'enfants" scampered off, but were presently captured by the interpreter and dragged before their mother, a French lady bound for New Caledonia. The secretary explained in his best French, and with much energy of language, the enormity that her offspring had committed, and respectfully requested her to chastise them with corresponding severity, and to apologise to his Highness; but the lady refused to see it in the same light. She indignantly commanded him to unhand her darlings, denied that they had done it at all, and intimated that if they had it was no great harm; and she marched off with one of her little angels in either hand, swelling like a hen with ruffled plumes. Meanwhile his

Excellency would not be comforted, but strode off to his den, called for his pipe, and was no more seen that day. The only memorable incident that happened to ourselves shall be recorded as a caution to other rebels against ship discipline. Bad weather coming on off the coast of Crete, the steward entered our cabin and screwed down the dead-light. To this we specially objected, and no sooner was his back turned than we unscrewed it again and replaced it with the inner plate-glass window. Our spouse lay in the berth beneath, reading Miss Edwards' "Egypt," when suddenly there was a shock, a shower of broken glass, and a tremendous rush of water. We had shipped a sea, our cabin was a foot deep in water, and every stitch of bedding and clothes saturated. The pretty little stewardess, Marie, came to the rescue, lent new attire of her own to the dripping lady, who had been covered with broken glass as well as salt water, and took her to her own cabin, where she would have been very happy but for sundry waiters, friends of the fair Marie, who kept putting in their heads, and seeing, as they thought, their favourite on the sick list, exclaimed, "Eh bien, donc, Marie, qu'est-ce que c'est?" As for us we were held up to the other passengers as frightful examples of disobedience to discipline on board ship. Soon after this adventure we entered the harbour of Port Said, where we stopped to coal. While this unpleasant process was going on, most of us went on shore to investigate the humours of this strange town, which has sprung up like a mushroom spawned by the Suez Canal. It was a starlit evening, and the long straight thoroughfare, which extends at right angles with the landing-place, was brilliantly illuminated and looked very pretty.

It seemed to consist almost entirely of cafés chantants, in most of which were orchestras of instrumental music, composed of German and Hungarian girls, many of them pretty. We were assured that they were "très-braves filles," that they laid-by money as fast as they could, and then returned home to get married. These fair ones did not disdain to accept jugs of beer, which were handed up to them from time to time and promptly drained. They played fiddles, bass viols, drums, and other instruments usually confined to the male persuasion. Visitors are expected to take something for the good of the house, so we sat at little tables and sipped curaçoa punch, which the ladies admitted to be less disagreeable than they expected. The excitement of the roulette table was not absent from these cafés. We saw some queer-looking people about, and accidents with stilettos are not uncommon.

There is a floating population of Levantines, Greek and Italian, of sinister aspect, very handy with knife and revolver, also of loose dogs and jackasses, the latter careering about the streets all night, and not unfrequently contributing their well-known solo to the concerts of the cafés chantants.

There is a very comfortable and well-managed hotel at Port Said, the 'Netherlands,' belonging to the Duke of ——, at which we once stayed several days while waiting for the Marseilles steamer. Our punch finished, we made a tour of the shops. The ladies bought Maltese lace and Syrian embroidery, and the gentlemen invested in Turkish cigarette tobacco. One of the most unexpected products of this curious place were woodcocks. There were stalls full of them: they are brought from Albania. We returned loaded with blood-

oranges and other fruit, to find everything on board covered with coal dust. Barges of that indispensable mineral were being ferried to and fro by crews of naked black men, screaming and vociferating like very fiends, their ebony features illuminated by the lurid glare from the bonfires which light them at their work. The scene might have done duty as a tableau from the infernal regions.

Next morning at sunrise we proceeded on our way for Suez up the Canal, which is well worth seeing and full of interest. One peculiarity of the trip through it is, that as one sits on a lounge chair, on the deck of a 3500-ton ocean steamer, in a salt-water ditch so narrow that one can pitch a biscuit on shore, there pass before one, like a panorama, all the phenomena of desert life: sand storms, Bedouins, strings of camels, boundless horizons of desolate plains, &c. Along the Canal grows a scanty fringe of tamarisk bushes, and amongst these were many camels browsing, apparently in a half-wild state, but of course they belong to some one or other.

We had several opportunities of landing and of examining the geological formation of the Isthmus of Suez, and of the sand and mud thrown out of the bed of the Canal in the process of excavation. The latter is just the stuff that would be formed at the bottom of a brackish estuary. It is full of cockle shells of quite modern pattern, and such as might be dredged up now from any of the lagoons at the mouths of the Nile. The impression produced upon our minds was, that what is now the Isthmus of Suez has been at no very remote period a shallow sea, cutting off by its channel the continent of Africa and making it an island. So perfectly modern were the shells that we suspect the

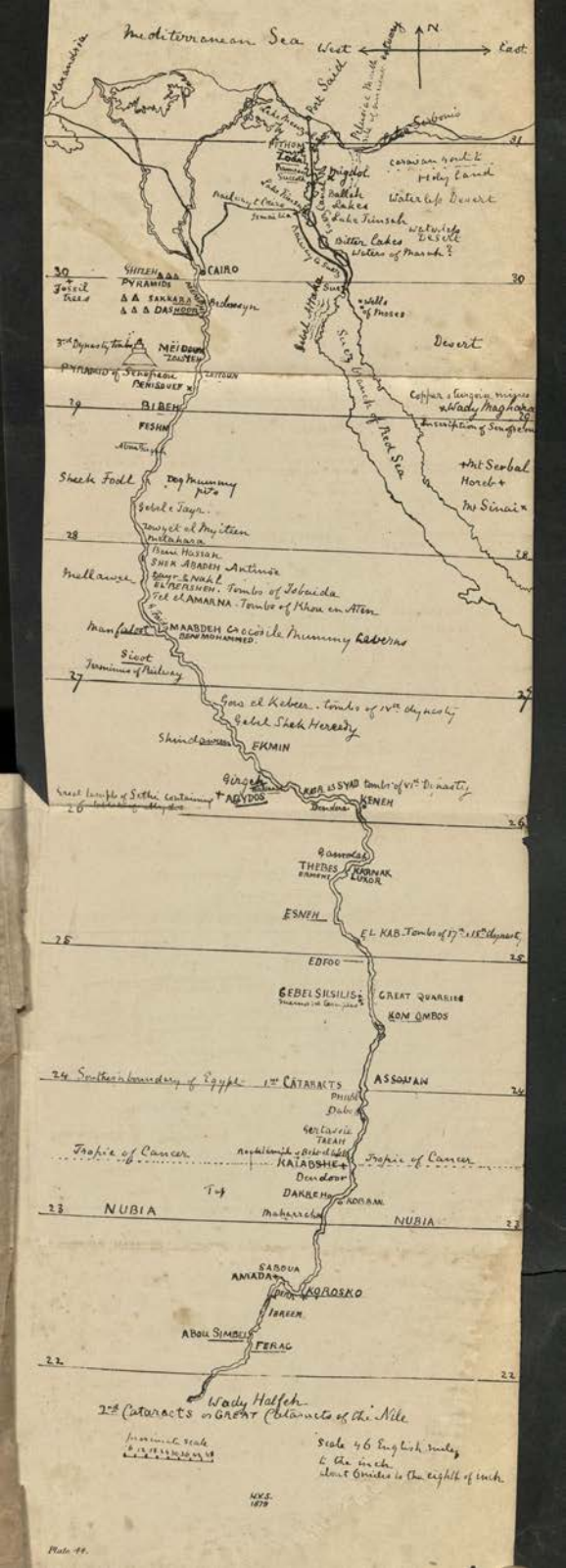
Isthmus has emerged since the valley of the Nile has been occupied by man; that the process has been gradual; and that even in the days of Moses the width of the Isthmus was considerably narrower than now, and was still a chain of lagoons such as would account for the expression of Pharaoh with reference to the fugitive Hebrews: "They are entangled in the land."

It was probably one of these shallow inlets that the Children of Israel forded when the waters were driven back for them by the interposition of Providence, and an attentive examination of the geography of this region will show that they must have crossed much further north than is usually taken for granted. The land of Goshen and the district of Succoth are much nearer to the Mediterranean than to the Red Sea, and their natural course would be due east from the districts in which their settlements were situated, not southwards. Another fact which confirms this conclusion is that on reaching the eastern shore of the lagoon they had crossed they found themselves several days' journey north of the wells of Elim, for we are told (Exod. xv. 22) that they first marched *three days* and came to Marah, and then after a further march, the length of which is not mentioned, they came to Elim, but if they had crossed as far south as Suez they would have found themselves less than three hours' journey from the Oasis. The whole error seems to have arisen from the assumption that the relative situation of sea and land was the same three thousand three hundred years ago as it is now, whereas abundant evidence meets one at every turn during an ordinary walk that the land has been slowly rising, and consequently that the Red Sea and the Mediterranean have been receding further and further

apart, and were much closer together thirty-three centuries ago than they are now. Apart from this it would be utterly inconceivable that Moses, who well knew the road to the desert of Sinai, would have made so great a blunder as to march southwards from Goshen, thereby exposing his long-drawn-out column of fugitives to an attack in flank, or that he would deliberately go out of his way to place the Red Sea between himself and the point he wished to reach, when the direct route of the Isthmus lay before him. That he may have done it to create an occasion for a miracle is quite untenable.

The result of our investigations led us to conclude that he marched eastwards, and found himself confronted by the chain of shallow lagoons which there is evidence to show formerly existed here. The situation of several of them has been brought to light by the canal of Lesseps, which has refilled them. They are strung on the Canal, like beads on a necklace, along its whole course, and some of these are extensive enough to have compelled a fugitive multitude, pressed by a pursuing army, to endeavour to ford them rather than to expose their flank to attack. Moreover, the sea they crossed is not in the original Hebrew called the Red Sea, but the Sea of Weeds, a term applicable to a reedy lagoon, but not to the clear blue waters of the Gulf of Suez. We are besides expressly told that they encamped at Migdol. Now Migdol was not far from the Mediterranean, and almost on Lake Menzaleh. It was the frontier city of Egypt, upon the highway from Egypt to Palestine. Ezekiel, in prophesying the destruction of the entire of Egypt, instead of saying from north to south, uses the expression from Migdol to Syene, because Migdol, though not the northernmost inhabited town, was nearly

so, and the best known, being on the desert route to the Holy Land. It must be borne in mind that the plain of *Zoan*, where we are told that the miracles of Moses were wrought, was not far off. There were the cities of Pithom and Succoth and of Rameses, and there the Egyptian Court often sojourned. We are also told that the Children of Israel encamped over against Baal Zephon, which from its name must have been a town of Phœnician or Canaanitish connections to the east of the Delta, and could not have been on the Red Sea. Baal was the name of the chief Phœnician god, and enters frequently into the composition of names of Phœnician towns, but not of purely Egyptian ones. Another place mentioned is Pi-Hahiroth, a name signifying the mouth of Hiroth. This must have been one of the numerous minor outlets of the Nile, by which it discharges itself into Lake Menzaleh; it could not have been on the Red Sea, for there is no other river, and consequently no other mouth, in the whole region. The passage of the Israelites, though only rendered possible by an interposition of Providence, was yet brought about by the instrumentality of natural causes. "The Lord caused a strong east wind to blow." Now a strong east wind blowing down the length of the Mediterranean would make a perceptible difference in its level, heaping up the waters towards its western end, and lowering them at the eastern extremity. We know how strong winds influence tides and often cause serious disasters, and might have the effect of temporarily draining shallow lakes connected with the great sea. We say this result would be conceivable if we suppose the Mediterranean to be the sea referred to, but utterly inconceivable in the case of the Red Sea, for consider the words of Scripture:


Mediterranean Sea
West
East
N
Alexandria
Port Said
Suez Canal
Ismailia
Serbonis
Pithom
Tanis
Migdol
Caravan route
Holy Land
Bubastis
Bakliah lakes
Railway to Cairo
Water less Desert
Lake Timsah
Bitter Lakes
Water of Marah?
Gilzeh
Pyramids
Sakkara
Dashoor
CAIRO
Heliopolis
Wells of Moses
Desert
3rd Dynasty Tombs
Meidoun
Zawyet
Pyramid of Senefroo
Dehshoor
Zeitoun
BIBEH
Copper & Turquoise mines
Wady Maghara
Inscriptions of Senefroo
FESHN
Mt Serbal
Horeb
Mt Sinai
Sheek Fodl
Dog Mummy pits
Gebel e Tayr
Zawyet el Mytin
Antaeopolis
Beni Hassan
Mellawee
Sheik Abadeh
Antinoe
Deir el Nakl
El Bersheh
Tombs of Jebraida
Tel el Amarna
Tombs of Khu en Aten
Manfalout
Maabdeh
Crocodile Mummy Labyrinth
New Mohammed
Siout
Terminus of Railway
Gebel Sheh Hereedy
Shinbet
Ekmin
Girgeh
Kab el Syad
tombs of VIth Dynasty
Great temple of Sothic cycle
Abydos
Keneh
Dendera
Thebes
Karnak
Luxor
Esneh
El Kab
Tombs of 17th & 18th Dynasty
Edfoo
Gebel Silsilis
Great Quarries
Kom Ombos
Southern boundary of Egypt
1st Cataracts
Assouan
Philae
Dabod
Gertassie
Tafah
Kalabshe
Tropic of Cancer
Tropic of Cancer
Dendour
Taf
Dakkeh
Korgam
NUBIA
Maharraka
NUBIA
Sabooa
Amadah
Derr
Korosko
Ibreem
Aboll Simbels
Ferag
Wady Halfeh
2nd Cataracts or Great Cataracts of the Nile
Scale 46 English miles to the inch
about 6 miles to the eighth of inch
W.V.S. 1879
Plate 44.

"The Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land." Now if the Children of Israel had been encamped upon the shore of the Red Sea, it would have required a north wind to produce the same effect. An east wind would have blown across a narrow channel at Suez, and could have made little difference in the level. Moreover, instead of making the sea go back, it would have driven it forwards right in the teeth of the advancing host. Everything therefore fits into our theory of the locality of the Exodus except the unfortunate translation of Yam Suph into "The Red Sea," whereas it really signifies the "Sea of Weeds." Annexed is a map which we hope will render the points of our argument clearer, and may also enable our readers to follow more easily the subsequent course of our wanderings.

A frequent incident of the passage of the Suez Canal is to find that some clumsy pilot has run his ship aground, and as two vessels cannot pass each other except at certain stations, the fact of any breakdown is telegraphed from station to station, and one has to wait in a siding until the course is pronounced clear. From this cause steamers are sometimes detained three days in the Canal, though when there is no obstruction they can get through in one. We were fortunate enough to reach Lake Timsah the same evening at sunset, and it was a sunset worth remembering. The sinking orb, the western sky, and the whole surface of the lake, were of one uniform blood-red, of an intensity that cannot be exaggerated.

The following afternoon we reached Suez, but the bay is so shallow that the steamer had to anchor five miles off the town. We hired an Arab dhow,

manned by a very picturesque Nubian crew; the Reis, squatted cross-legged in the stern, motionless and silent as a statue, his ebony features surmounted by a snow-white turban. The crew wore turbans of various colours, and long blue bedgowns coming down to their heels—a less suitable dress for a sailor it would be hard to imagine. They made up for their chief's immobility, for they ran along the edge of the gunwale with the activity of monkeys, punting us across the shallow waters of the bay. As we approached the shore the Reis broke silence; plucking me by the sleeve, he uttered these words: "Suppose custom-'ouse man say—'Why you no pass custom-'ouse?'—*you have rupee ready*." His advice proved good; no sooner did the boat touch the hotel steps than a tall, turbaned individual advanced. The Reis whispered, "Dis custom-'ouse." The "Custom-house" thrust forth a dingy paw, without going through any hypocritical form of words, and I deposited in his palm a couple of francs. "Tahib" (good) grunted the representative of Egyptian finance, and our portmanteaus were passed without further parley into the hotel.

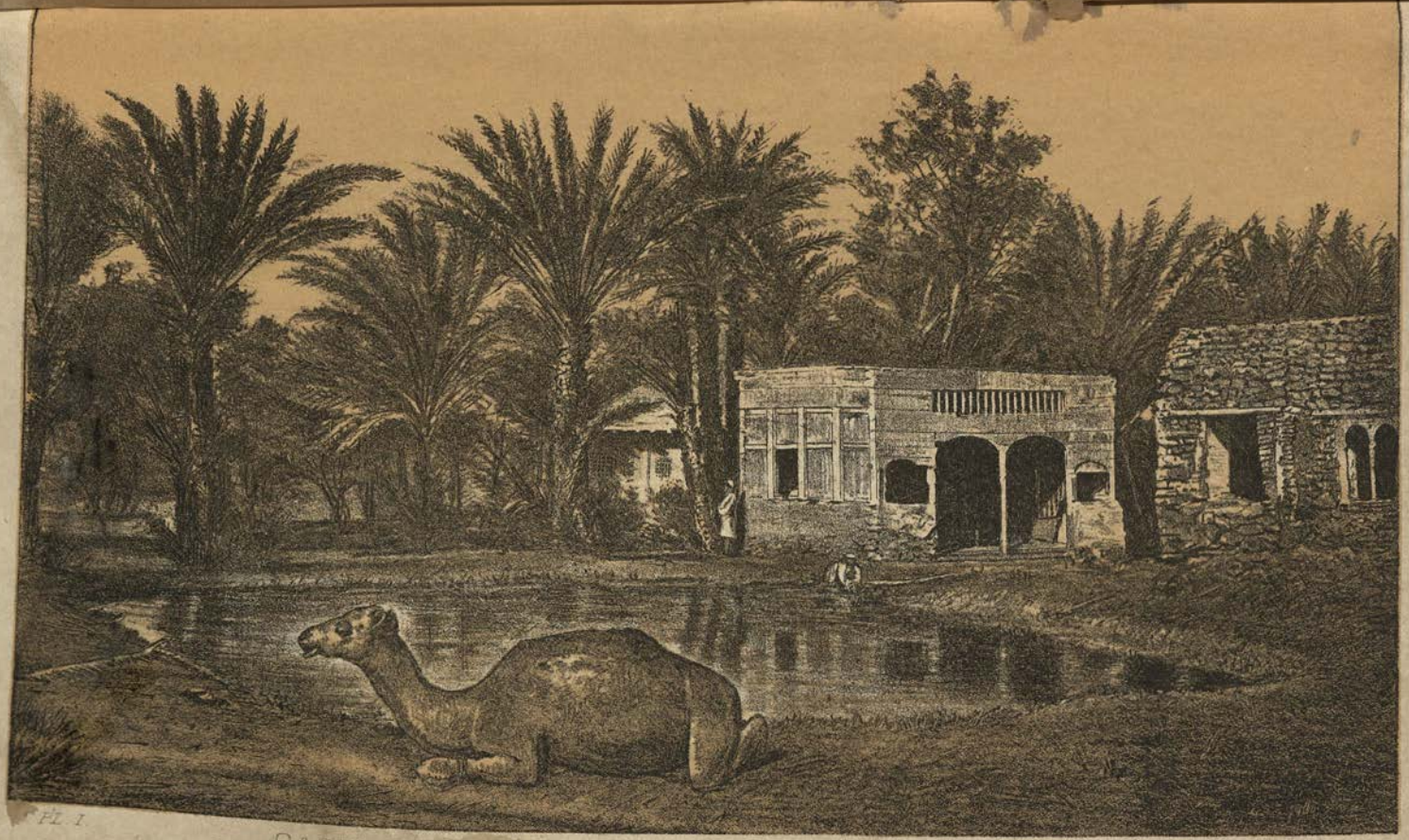
Next day we visited the bazaar, accompanied by a native dragoman in a gorgeous orange-silk turban, who was greeted by the Suez *gamins* as "magnificent George." One of these little black wretches wanted us to hire his donkey, recommending him as—"dis donkey, Lord Salisbury." I suppose this distinction was conferred upon our diplomatist, apropos of the brilliant results of the Conference. The Suez bazaar is very amusing, and as thoroughly Oriental as anything to be seen in the East. There are specimens of all the races from both sides of the Red Sea: Nubians, Egyp-

tians, Arabs, Turks, &c., in every variety of Eastern costume, and in all the colours of the rainbow. The costumes would, most of them, do capitally for a calico ball; the difficulty would be to match the complexions. The bazaars contained native silks and embroideries, carpets from Jeddah, and various stones, pebbles, beads, and baubles, brought by the pilgrims from Mecca. We had our monograms cut in Arabic characters on a native seal. Suez is full of goats and sheep, which had no visible means of subsistence, for Suez stands between the desert and the Red Sea. The climate is almost rainless, and there is not so much as a blade of grass to be seen in the neighbourhood. We ascertained, however, from a series of observations made in the town, that these animals subsisted on the straw from European packing-cases and on the willow hoops of barrels; after this it did not surprise us to discover that the mutton was tough, and that milk was scarce! Our visit to the bazaar ended, "magnificent George" was commanded to lead us to the shores of the Red Sea, which he did, under protest—an unwilling Moses. We wandered along its rippling edge, gathering some very beautiful shells, corals, and seaweed, and meditating on Pharaoh and the Israelites, whose emancipation was so disastrous to that monarch.

Next day was devoted to a very interesting excursion. We hired an Arab dhow and sailed down the east coast of the Red Sea, till we reached a point opposite an oasis in the desert, called the Wells of Moses. We took a donkey with us in the dhow, whereon to transport M—— across the desert, and the landing of this beast was a most ludicrous affair. The hold of the dhow was deep (she had no deck), but four stout Nubians seized each

a leg of the quadruped, and a fifth seized its tail and tossed it aloft like a feather, brandishing the entire animal in the air above their heads, and causing it to cut a figure very compromising to its dignity. In this operation "magnificent George" did not condescend to lend a hand. The donkey was, I suppose, an old reprobate, for his owner had christened him "Doctor Gully!" We had a three miles' ride across the desert, and were delighted to plunge into the green shade of the palm grove, out of the glare and heat which prevailed outside. We were received by some Bedouin Arabs, who made the wells their head-quarters, and do a little cultivation with the aid of the brackish water which the wells supply. The wells are in fact ponds, from which the water is baled out in the skin of the hinder half of a goat—the goat's trowsers as it were.

We annex a drawing of the largest of these pools; it is lined with stone, and is of unknown antiquity; it is probable enough that when the Hebrew host clustered round it a few days after the Exodus it presented much the same aspect, and the seventy-two palm trees are still represented by about the same number. Under the shade of these palms the land was laid out in small garden plots, each bordered with a rim of clay to retain the water when irrigated. In these grew luxuriantly beans, onions, salads, barley, tobacco, lentils, and other crops; nor were sentiment and the ornamental forgotten, for many rose trees and other shrubs adorned the scene with their bright colours, and shed their sweet perfume around. How wonderful a gift is water! but for those insignificant looking pools of that element of very brackish and doubtful quality, this oasis would have been as the rest of the desolate waste around, instead



Pl. 1

OASIS OF THE WELLS OF MOSES. DESERT OF SINAI

of the charming little paradise it is. The camel which squats beside the water has his fore leg bandaged, so that he cannot rise or stray away; it is the usual mode of tethering these much-enduring animals; if he had his liberty he would make short work of their salads and other little garden crops.

The inhabitants are as free as air, and pay no taxes to any man. They govern themselves on strictly Home Rule principles. The Arabs brought us coffee and an excellent salad, and some new-baked cakes hot from the oven. The wife of one of them was doing the baking while we were there, and showed us the whole process. They give the cakes their round shape by spinning them deftly in the air while still in the soft dough state. We had brought a very well-furnished hamper with us from Suez, and we made a capital pic-nic lunch under the palm trees. The Arabs gave M—— a bouquet of roses, which she accidentally forgot when leaving; but half-an-hour after we had started a tall handsome-looking Bedouin came running up to us quite out of breath to restore the bunch of flowers, and having presented them with smiling courtesy, he turned back, refusing any recompense for his trouble, but apparently rather hurt at our trying to induce him to accept a reward.

After lunch we found that the wind had changed, and that we should not be able to sail back, so I hired a camel and we rode, *viâ* the desert, to Suez. The camel turned out to be very rough riding, and long before reaching Suez we felt as if we were riding a crocodile bare-backed! and came to the conclusion that our person would suffer less damage by walking. We noticed great numbers of Red Sea shells, looking quite

fresh, as if only left there yesterday; they strewed the surface in all directions, and presented unmistakeable evidence that the land had been slowly rising and the sea retreating, a fact which forces itself upon one throughout this region, as we have already observed in speaking of the Exodus.

Next day we hired the same dhow, and sailed down the west coast of the Red Sea to the foot of a mountain called Jebel Attaka, taking our dinners with us; we were out all day, and had a most enjoyable cruise. Our craft had lateen sails, and as there was a fresh breeze she went like the wind; one of the crew was a very devout Mussulman, and spread his carpet at the bottom of the dhow every three hours, turned his face towards Mecca, and said his prayers. We respected him much for his consistency, but some of his evolutions tried our gravity severely, for he went down on all-fours, squatting like a frog, and knocked his forehead repeatedly on the floor, and as the dhow occasionally gave a lurch, he sometimes knocked his head harder than he bargained for, and was much chaffed by his comrades. We asked "magnificent George" why *he* did not say his prayers every three hours; he replied that "He said them all together in the morning." I must say we never managed to be up early enough to see him do it. Towards sunset, the sun shone full on Mount Sinai, far down the gulf, and we had a very clear view of it, as also of Mount Serbal, which some of the learned believe to have been the mountain of the Commandments; they are both of grand and imposing aspect; however, as the question is complicated, I must reserve the controversy, as well as our further adventures, for another time.

From Suez we took the railway to Cairo *viâ* Ismailia,

and stayed over night at this desert city, which is thoroughly French. It is a curious combination. Around extends that wilderness which constitutes the border land between Asia and Africa; in front is the lake of crocodiles, whose name suggests a former connection with the Nile. It must have been once a freshwater lake. These reptiles never inhabit salt water. Lake Timsah, in the centre of the Isthmus, was probably fed in ancient times by the Nile; hence it was a suitable haunt for crocodiles. Lake Menzaleh, and all the sheets of water between it and Timsah, communicated with the Mediterranean, and were brackish, being largely diluted with Nile water; they were not too salt for the growth of reeds.

The Bitter lakes, on the other hand, fed from the Red Sea, and further concentrated by evaporation, were intensely salt. It may be that it was these that were christened by the Israelites the waters of Marah, for we are not told that Marah was a spring. In the midst of such ancient associations stands this brand-new French town, laid out in perfectly straight broad streets lined with handsome trees, and in the centre is a square full of beautiful flowers. We especially admired the Poinsettias, which grow here with a luxuriance I have never seen elsewhere. They were covered with masses of scarlet blossoms.

There is a very neat, clean hotel (Hôtel de Paris) kept by a French woman, and we had an excellent dinner, capital wine, and a civil, obliging landlady. Lesseps is king here, and his palace occupies a prominent position in the town. It is enlivened by the frequent arrival of steamers passing through the Canal; they all stop at Ismailia to take in a pilot.

The entire journey from Suez to Cairo occupies about seven hours. It is not our purpose to describe Cairo or our experiences there, but we may mention that we engaged our Nile boat through Messrs. Cook & Co., that that plan saved us a vast deal of trouble, and that we fared far better in the commissariat line than we had done upon former occasions, when we had depended for the quality of our food on needy dragomen, whose interest it was to buy the cheapest fowls and sheep they could get; and we experienced on this occasion for the first time what really good chickens and mutton were to be had when a fair price was offered for them. Messrs. Cook & Co. left the choice of boat to us, and we selected an iron dahabeeah, which had the reputation of being the fastest on the river (the *Gazelle*). We had every reason to be satisfied with her performances. I add the names and homes of her crew and reis, good fellows all:—Reis, Dareis, Nubia; Achmet Mahomet, steersman, Nubia; Achmet Tumtaiem, chef de cuisine, Derr; Xair, second cook, Abyssinia; Mahomet Mahmoud, chief waiter, Luxor; Youssouf Bechai, second waiter, Siout; Achmet the Giant, Esneh; Ali Abderrachman, Assouan; Suleiman Achmet, Osman Mahomet, Abdallah Mahomet, Achmet Dareis, Gazim Mahomet, Mahomet Omar, Mahomet Gemmai, Achmet Suleiman, all from Assouan,—an instructive museum of Nile nationalities.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.

Its Conventionalities accounted for—Used as auxiliary to writing—Alternate Prosperity and Decay of—Divided into distinct periods, separated from each other by long intervals of total paralysis—Vast Antiquity of—Earliest specimens of—Pyramid of Meidoum—Tomb of Nofre-Ma, Third Dynasty—Tomb of his wife Princess Atot.

BEFORE commencing the diary of our adventures we think it well to make some preliminary observations upon Art amongst the ancient Egyptians, and also upon their probable origin and early history. We have also endeavoured to give in a popular form some idea to our readers of the nature of Hieroglyphics. The subject of Egyptian Art as revealed to us by the monuments, deserves the first place, for to it we owe everything that is known to us about the earliest Empire in the history of mankind—that Empire which became the fountain-head and first source of European civilization; which, having its beginning at the enormously remote period of nearly 4000 years before the Christian era, continued to exist till that date unbroken; and for several centuries after that date its distinct national existence was maintained, though under Roman government.

In all the annals of the world there is not another instance of any system of civilization, characterised by identity of language, religion, and government, having so long a run. Commencing 3000 years before the Romans, and 2400 before the Greeks came into being, it may be said to have outlived both.

I doubt whether in engraving figures on the monuments the idea of Art for its own sake entered into an Egyptian's head at all. The object of their paintings and bas-reliefs was not to produce masterpieces but to record the great deeds of their kings and chiefs, and the pious and benevolent deeds of their priests and citizens; in fact, they regarded painting and sculpture as only another means of writing, and they only took just as much pains with the details as was necessary to make their meaning clear; just as a man who has much writing to do is satisfied if he makes his manuscript legible, but he never aims at making it a work of art. Much has been said about the stiff conventionalities of their frescoes and sculptures, but they had a very good excuse for this. They were required to cover whole acres of wall with them; and if the enormous amount of work required to do this was to be got through at all, the conventional style must be adopted. I saw a tomb at Thebes, consisting of excavations in the living rock, which covered one and a quarter acres of ground, and every foot of the walls and ceilings of this vast mausoleum was covered with sculptures. That was the tomb of a private individual. Some of the kings built temples by the score, and they too were covered within and without with paintings and sculptures. The Egyptians had able artists among them, who were admirable draftsmen and could draw with great spirit when they chose, but first-rate artists cannot be conjured up in unlimited numbers even at the bidding of a Pharaoh. I suspect that in the case of their paintings the faces alone were done by their best men. Many of these portraits are exquisitely executed so far as the features go, while the body and limbs are done with contemptuous careless-

ness. They took pains with the portrait in order to hand down to posterity what the personage they were painting was like, but having effected this, they left the rest to inferior hands. Exceedingly spirited pictures are to be found, for instance (in Plate XII.), "The single combat of Rameses and the Libyan Chief," an exploit of which that monarch appears to have been very proud; in that instance a spirited painting was necessary in order to place before beholders a vivid idea of a spirited action. So also (Plate XIII.) his chariot charge across the field of battle, followed by his sons, is drawn with great life and vivacity; the horses are ill drawn so far as their shape goes, but their impetuous action as they sweep across the field of battle is splendidly represented: that is because the action was the essence of what they wished to represent, whereas the shape was not. There is evidence of the rapidity with which they drew their frescoes in the fact that their outline was often completed in one operation, the artist never taking his brush off the surface, but completing the whole figure, shoulders, arms, legs, and all, in one free flowing line. The king's command was urgent, and a host of figures had to be drawn in a given time, but high art was out of the question in work done at such pressure. A sufficient number, however, of splendid specimens of Egyptian art remain to show us what they could do when they had a fair chance. Sethi, unlike his son Rameses, preferred quality to quantity, and the monuments left by him, though few in number, are covered with beautifully executed work.

The charge of conventionality is only too true as regards the figures and attitudes of their men and women as a general rule, but it is not at all true of the

faces. They were particularly clever at portraiture, and they carried it to an extreme, for in many instances even the slaves have their names inscribed over their heads, and an attentive examination will show that each face has so decided an individuality of its own as not to leave in doubt the fact that it is a portrait. See Plates XXIX., XXXI. and XXXIV. In two of these the figures are soldiers, and in XXXIV. is one of the king's courtiers. The faces will all be seen to differ very considerably, and each to have a very decided character of its own, notwithstanding that they are members of pretty numerous groups. There occur about 110 faces in the illustrations of this work. Many of these are on too minute a scale to reproduce the actual lineaments from the originals, as in the lower panel of Plate IV.; but in the original the faces are all different, the name of each girl is attached, and there can hardly be a doubt that they are all portraits. In any case there can be no question as to Plates VII., VIII., X., XI., XVII., XVIII., XX. and XXI., XXV., XXX., XXXIV., XXXV., XXXVI., XXXVII., XXXVIII., and Plates LIV. and LI. being likenesses, and very characteristic ones.

Indeed it would be surprising if the Egyptian artists, who were able to hit off so successfully the characteristic national traits of their enemies, and to give the distinctive peculiarities of race in their representations of foreign peoples, had failed to hand down correctly the features of their own distinguished men and women. The very nature of hieroglyphics made them experienced draftsmen, for it was necessary to give to each bird and beast and reptile its distinguishing attitude and bearing; otherwise one might have been mistaken for

another. The bold wide-awake bearing of the hawk, the humped-up sleepy figure of the owl, the stolidity of the goose, the indolent gravity of the vulture, &c., &c., and the characteristic appearance of the ibis, the stork, the plover, and the swallow, amongst birds; so among quadrupeds the stealthy tread of the panther, the free action of the horse, the habitual aspect of the ram, the ox, the crocodile, the eared snake, the cobra, &c., are all rendered in the hieroglyphic writing with unerring skill. So also the human figure occurs often, and is used to convey various significations. The tottering gait of the aged man leaning on his stick, and that of the child scarcely yet able to walk; the slave bearing burthens on his head; the archer kneeling to take sure aim;—these and many others are delineated in a few bold masterly strokes, which never fail to convey the intended meaning. We can assert indeed from our own experience that the drawing of hieroglyphics is excellent practice for acquiring facility of draftsmanship.

The Egyptians were also good at animals; their cattle especially are always admirably done, but they failed in horses; this is the more curious, because they could draw donkeys with life-like fidelity (see Plate IV., upper panel).

They were very successful with wild beasts: hippopotami, giraffes, monkeys and apes of different kinds, antelopes, ibex, leopards, &c., &c., occur in numerous bas-reliefs, and are always good (see Plates III., IV., and XXXIX). They were capital caricaturists; an example occurs in Plate XXXIV., at Tel-el-Amarna, in the portraits of Khou-en-Aten and his family, and in a portrait at Deir-el-Bahari, an Abyssinian lady who has been artificially fattened to suit the Abyssinian

taste—a practice which still prevails in those regions. They drew ludicrous incidents with much humour (see Plate IV.); also the Battle of the Boatmen, Boulak, and the ape stealing fruit and afterwards biting the owner, who tries to prevent him, in the same group.

Egyptian art varied very much at different periods, advancing during settled times with peace and prosperity, losing ground again in disturbed and troubled intervals, disappearing totally during epochs of national disaster. The earliest specimens extant are found in the tomb of Nofre-Ma, treasurer to King Senofreou, of the third dynasty, and in the tomb of his wife, Princess Atot. These are described elsewhere. The figures are executed in a coarse kind of mosaic; they are pitted all over with square holes, filled up with cement of different colours. This style disappears for ever with the third dynasty. They contain also the earliest attempts at bas-reliefs. These bas-reliefs are rough, the edges being jagged and irregular, as if executed with imperfect tools. There was a great advance during the fourth and fifth dynasties, which are represented by several powerful and long-lived monarchs. The sixth dynasty appears to have been one of wars and tumults, during which the Arts lost ground very much. The sculptures are coarse, and a fashion set in of drawing both men and beasts with enormous eyes. From the sixth to the eleventh dynasty is a total blank. The period is probably represented by a part of the host of unsculptured and nameless tombs which are found in every mountain range along the Nile. In the eleventh and still more in the twelfth dynasty Egyptian Art takes a fresh departure, and makes considerable progress until the end of the thirteenth dynasty, when the invasion

of the Shepherd Kings took place, and a period of national disaster set in, which lasted for 500 years. At the end of the seventeenth dynasty, with the expulsion of the Shepherd Kings, there is a recovery, and the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties present the most brilliant period of Egyptian Art, when the magnificent temples, statues, obelisks, and the splendid tombs of kings and chiefs, were built, and have continued to attract the wonder and admiration of the world from that day to this. The state of Art was very much identified with the character of the reigning monarch. It was by his command that the temples were built, and it is the tombs of his courtiers whose inscriptions have given us such an insight into the manners, customs and history of the Egyptians. When the monarch was a man of powerful character, who had firm hold of the reins of government, and had taught his enemies at home and abroad to stand in awe of him, the period is marked by numerous monuments and abundant records of the transactions of his reign, especially if, as generally happened, his reign was a long one; but whenever a weak sovereign ascended the throne the feudal chiefs of Egypt came to the front, and there was a tendency to return to the feudal system of government by independent chiefs which existed before the time of Mena. During such times the Arts were forgotten, men having something else to think about; no monuments were erected, and no records remain.

In order, therefore, to have a connected idea of the course and progress of Egyptian Art, it is necessary to bear in mind these distinct epochs. The curtain rises upon the Pyramid of Senofreou and the tombs of his courtiers. These belong to the third dynasty, and date

back to not less than 3500 years before the Christian era. They are the most ancient known monuments in the world. A continued improvement and an uninterrupted succession of bas-reliefs and wall-paintings, and of architecture, as exemplified in the tombs, carries us on through the fourth, fifth and sixth dynasties to B.C. 3000. Then the curtain drops, the light is turned off, and there is absolute darkness for at least four centuries. At the close of the eleventh dynasty the curtain rises again, and the tombs of Drah Abou 'l Neggeh, of Beni Hassan, and Siout, carry us on to the end of dynasty thirteen, *i.e.* from about 2600 B.C. to 2350 B.C.

Then the curtain drops again, and we are left in darkness, more or less complete, for centuries. It then rises finally at the very end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth dynasties, about 1800 B.C., to fall no more till the final extinction of Egyptian national existence, at the close of the Roman Empire, 2000 years later.

But though the ancient Egyptians did not aim at the beautiful and the artistic for their own sakes in their bas-reliefs, sculptures, and paintings, yet they did so in their architecture, as the graceful designs of their lotus-bud and lotus-flower capitals testify; the combinations of colours also used purely for the decorations of these columns were skilfully chosen, and proved that they had already discerned the principle that the juxtaposition of the three primary colours—blue, red, and yellow—was essential to a pleasing effect, and best satisfied the eye of the beholder; they recognized the fact that flowers are Nature's masterpieces of beauty; they delighted in them, using them on all occasions; they covered their heads with them, carried them in their

hands, wreathed their wine cups and their water jars with them, and chose them as models for their decorative art. In the third-dynasty statues (Plate LI.) Princess Nofre-Te wears a fillet with flowers painted upon it, showing that their love for these frail things of beauty dates back to the earliest times. There is one branch in which they aimed conspicuously at the artistic for its own sake, and that is in their pottery and in their ornamental vases, bowls, and dishes of gold and silver. The antique Etruscan patterns used to be regarded as the fountain head to which the most graceful designs in modern use must be traced, and it used to be observed that we strove in vain to surpass them. It is now known that their origin is much more ancient, and must be sought not in Etruria but in Egypt; that was the source whence the people of Cyprus, Asia Minor, and Greece and Italy obtained their first models, and it will be found that the more archaic the specimens of the pottery of those nations, the more identical they are with the Egyptian. No doubt as time went on they improved upon and varied them, but the credit of original design is due to that wonderful people of the Nile valley. Some of the archaic Etruscan pottery has imitations of hieroglyphics painted on it; one celebrated vase now in the Palermo Museum is girdled by the personages of the Egyptian judgment-scene; Anubis leads the way, and the soul of the departed is ushered into the presence of Osiris, Typhon the god of evil occupying the centre of the procession. But the figures and treatment are so modified as to prove that this vase is of Etruscan workmanship, and not a direct importation from Egypt. I have observed elsewhere that the Pelasgi who first colonised Greece and Italy probably came as colonists

from Egypt. Danaus, one of their leaders, was, according to Greek tradition, brother of King Sethi and uncle of Rameses the Great, and we have in Plates XLVII. and XLVIII. evidence that Cyprus was one of the stepping-stones by which Egyptian ideas, if not the Egyptian race, made their way to Asia Minor, Greece, and Europe.

The gifted author of "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" has reproduced for us the interiors of the old Tuscan tombs, showing unmistakeable evidence in their bas-reliefs and paintings, and in some of the religious ideas they convey, of their Egyptian origin.

Not less beautiful than their pottery were the gold and silver vases and dishes of Egypt as handed down to us in the wall paintings of their monuments; and single flowers and wreaths of flowers were freely used in the decoration of these vessels also.

Yet another branch in which their artistic genius shows itself is in the designs of their daggers, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, and enamelled monograms. We have most interesting illustrations of these in the collection of ornaments found in the coffin of Queen Ah Hotep, near the obelisks figured in Plate XXXIII. This queen seems to have belonged to the eleventh dynasty, for her mummy was found in the eleventh-dynasty cemetery, and at the foot of these eleventh-dynasty monuments; and the style and fashion of her coffin are identical with those of the coffins of the Entefs found in the same place. The difficulty is that the monogram of Ahmeses of the eighteenth dynasty appears on one of the ornaments, but there may have been two monarchs of the same name. In any case, this splendid collection of jewellery reveals to us at how advanced a stage of decorative art the Egyptians had arrived at that early period.

CHAPTER III.

MONUMENTS OF THE THIRD DYNASTY.

The Pyramid of Meidoum—The Tomb of Nofre-Maat—Curious Mosaics—A Name of Good Omen—Tomb of Princess Atot—An Old World Sportsman—A Loving Wife—A Dig at Darwin.

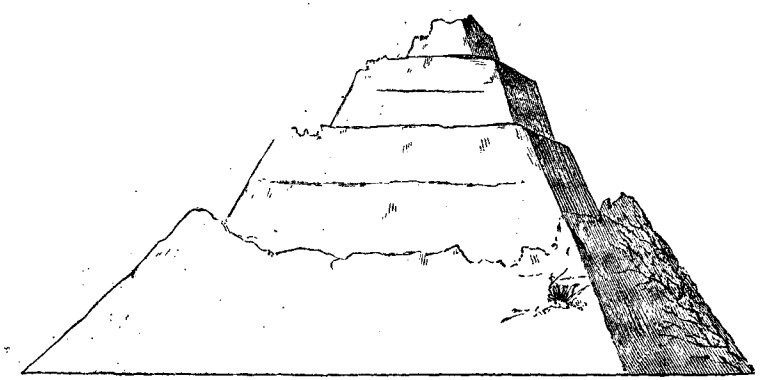
ALTHOUGH we did not visit the Pyramid of Meidoum until our return from Nubia, still we think it desirable, in order to maintain something like chronological order in our examples of the progress of Egyptian Art, to describe that and the exceedingly curious and interesting tombs that exist in its neighbourhood, now, because they are the most ancient yet discovered, and will enable us to begin at the beginning, and to introduce our readers to the point nearest the commencement of History and Art to which we have been hitherto able to penetrate.

The Pyramid of Meidoum can be seen very well from the deck of Nile boats. It is on such a colossal scale that, although many miles distant, its details of outline and construction can be discerned through a good glass. Travellers, therefore, usually content themselves with this comfortable mode of inspecting it, especially as it is a long way from the river, and involves a ride across a very rough country, pitted with holes and gaping chasms that make it a miracle how the donkeys manage to traverse it without breaking their legs.

All the guide-book writers tell you about it is what they can see of its shape from their boat, together with a rumour that it dates back to times even more ancient than the Pyramids of Ghizeh. We determined to examine it for ourselves, so we landed at Zowyeh, and with some difficulty obtained donkeys. After a tedious ride of an hour and a half across a country seamed with cracks after the inundation, and without any road, we reached the edge of the desert, which, to our surprise, we found carpeted with numbers of dwarf purple Iris in full blossom. It is a rare thing to find a wild flower in Egypt, and an Iris is the very last flower one would expect to find, as it delights in moisture; however here they were. The great pyramid, still distant two miles, towered up before us, its enormous mass cut hard against the sky, and another half-an-hour's ride across the desert brought us to it. It entirely differs from those at Ghizeh in its mode of construction. It never was finished, the king having no doubt died before its completion. It stands on what appears to be a vast cone of quarry rubbish, that rises from a plateau similar to that on which the Pyramids of Ghizeh are built. On clearing away the rubbish we found this cone to be constructed of cut stone, and to be in fact the lower portion of the pyramid, which seems to have been finished only half way up, leaving the core naked. This core rises in three gigantic steps, and presents much the appearance of the fancy portraits of the Tower of Babel.

The base has been used as a quarry for ages, and is now a wreck, and buried beneath its own *débris;* but while still uninjured, it cannot have differed much in appearance from annexed sketch. I measured the

base, and found it to be 480 feet square, while the base of the unfinished part measured 240 feet, exactly half. The walls of this core are perfectly smooth, and the stones closely fitted. The summit is not more accessible than that of an obelisk, and is only frequented by eagles, which abound here, and build their nests in the crevices of the masonry; they were wheeling round and round, and taking birds'-eye views of our party, won-



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE PYRAMID OF MEIDOUM.

dering what brought us there. In the centre of the western face was an extensive excavation, an unsuccessful attempt having evidently there been made to penetrate to the sepulchral chambers. This cavern revealed the interior structure, which is all of roughly-hewn blocks of limestone bedded in mortar. Senofreou, more fortunate than Cheops and others of his successors, still rests undisturbed beneath his colossal cairn, for his tomb has never been violated.

We had observed at some distance another plateau evidently containing tombs, and we broke gently to our dragoman the fact that we meant to go on to them

before returning. He shrugged his shoulders with a sigh of resignation, and invoked his cigarette to give him patience.

On reaching these tombs we found in the very first the oval of Senofreou in a most perfect state of preservation (Plate LIV., No. 20), with his title of Neb Maat, "Lord of Justice," beneath it. The tomb differs in other respects entirely from those even of the fourth dynasty which succeeded. The figures and hieroglyphics were all in mosaic of peculiar structure, consisting of a network of deep cells cut in the hard limestone, and then filled up with cement coloured to suit the subject. The cement is very hard, and imperishable except by violence. All around the desert was strewn with flint flakes, the instruments used to carve the mosaics in the hard rock, more efficient no doubt than the bronze tools or copper tools which they possessed in those remote times. We brought away a few of these flakes with us; the edges had all been worn to bluntness. It is probable that the use of flint and agate implements long survived the introduction even of iron. We found many specimens of sharp agate flakes amongst the ruins of ancient cities, and, even so late as the time of Moses, Zipporah seems to have considered a splinter of flint a very eligible surgical instrument.

As these tombs are older than the Pyramids of Ghizeh we feel justified in describing minutely their form, which does not at all resemble those of the succeeding dynasty. They are merely deep recesses, consisting of a chamber and an ante-chamber, the front of which is entirely open. The sides and back are adorned with the mosaics I have already alluded to. The name of the lord of the

PL. G

TOMB OF PRINCESS ATOT, THIRD DYNASTY.
MEIDOUM.

tomb was Nofre-Maat, prince-cousin of the king. Against the rock had been built brick chambers, the interior of which was covered with a very smooth hard cement, still brilliantly white. In these no doubt the relatives assembled annually on the occasion of anniversaries, and feasted there, holding a kind of posthumous wake.

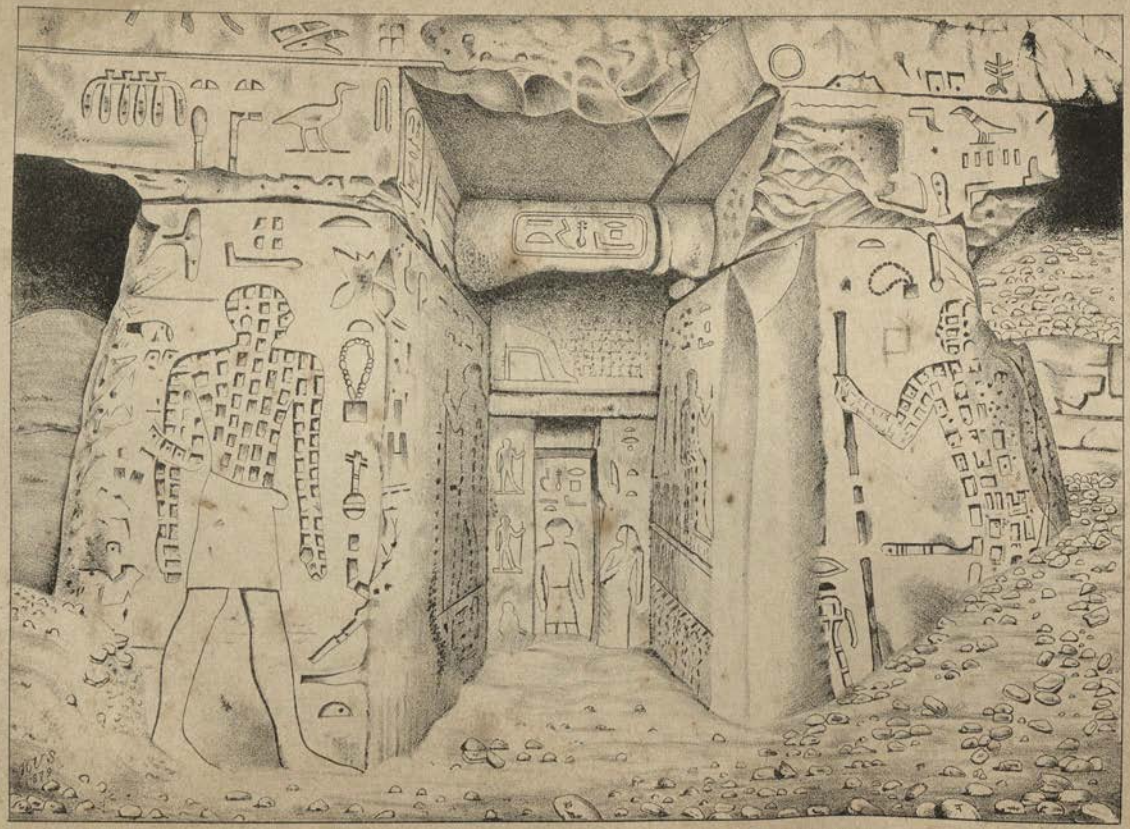
It was in a similar tomb to those I have described, and not very far off, that Mariette Bey found the pair of statues of Ra Hotep and his wife, who sit up under a glass case at the Museum of Boulak, looking so ridiculously new, but not more new as to brightness of colour than do these tombs, the most ancient known ones in Egypt. The fact is that they, like the statues, having until lately been hermetically sealed, have undergone little change since first they were sculptured with flint flakes more than fifty centuries ago; and had they remained sealed up for another 5000 years they would not, on the admission of light, have looked a day older than they do now. Of course, absolute dryness of climate is an essential condition of their immunity from change; but that they have had. As an illustration of the way in which the most unstable impressions may be preserved when not disturbed, we may mention the fact that explorers, on entering hitherto unviolated sepulchral chambers, have found there, stamped in the sand, the footprints of the slaves who carried in the mummies centuries ago! These tombs have now been open about seven years, and have already suffered much at the hands of travellers. They appear also to have been damaged by an earthquake, for the enormous stones of which they are constructed are split and cracked in all directions. The said stones

are truly cyclopean, for some of them measure no less than 24 feet in length.

TOMBS OF THIRD DYNASTY.

Plate LVI. F. is the tomb of Nofre-Maat, whose name being interpreted means Good and Just, an appellation of favourable augury. He is stated in the hieroglyphic inscription to be Treasurer of the king, general overseer, and a nobleman. The first objects that strike one on confronting this monument are two human forms marked out upon the marble-like limestone façade, on the left of the entrance in a series of little square cells. These have once been filled with coloured cement, the remains of which still stick in the angles. The face, body, and legs of the man have been executed in red cement, his loin-cloth in white, his hair in black. The lady who clings to his arm has been coloured yellow, with white dress and black hair. She has an indistinct and ghost-like appearance, as well she may, for she lived more than 5000 years ago, and her attitude of affection tells us that men and women could love each other at that remote period as devotedly as now. In the same style, on the right hand, is another figure leaning on a staff, and with his little son at his feet. There are also hieroglyphics scattered over the surface, setting forth the titles and offices of My Lord Treasurer Nofre-Maat. Below may be remarked a profile of his Excellency, showing that he was a good-looking man, with an aquiline nose.

At the bottom or end of the tomb, which is of no great depth, is another portrait of the owner, and on his right a portrait of his wife, with her long hair over her shoulders, her face turned towards her husband, and



PL. F.

TOMB OF NOFRE MA. 3rd DYNASTY
MEIDOUM

her hand placed upon her heart, still making declaration to us of her love. Her name and title are over her head: "Princess Atot." On a panel above the recess is a rudely executed bas-relief of Nofre-Maat, seated, with an inventory of funeral offerings before him. This inscription contains very archaic characters not met with in subsequent dynasties.

The peculiarity of the figures and hieroglyphics in this tomb, is that they are all executed in the very curious mosaic work I have already described. It evidently went out of fashion with the third dynasty, for I am not aware that it is ever found in the fourth or any subsequent dynasty. It was replaced by painted bas-reliefs, one specimen of which occurs here, but the art was still in its infancy, as the rude and jagged edges of the outlines testify. The intention of the mosaic work was of course permanency, and permanent it certainly was, for where the cement has not been picked out purposely it is still as sound and as bright in colour as when first put in. Nor did the workmen trust to the tenacity of the mortar alone to hold its own, for at the bottom of each cell a deep hole has been drilled and a peg inserted as an additional security against the material dropping out; in fact it can only be got out bit by bit with a chisel and hammer. On one of the side walls Nofre-Maat is being carried in his chair on the shoulders of slaves; and underneath is a procession of attendants carrying baskets on their heads. I have been thus particular in my description of this tomb, because it is the most ancient known specimen of art in the world. On the upper right-hand corner is the oval of the tenant's Royal Master Senofreou or Snofreou, the earliest sovereign of whose exploits we have reliable

contemporary records. We have records of King Mena and of most of the kings of the first, second, and third dynasties, but they are second-hand, not contemporary. But of Senofreou there are still extant inscriptions executed during his life, and that not only in Egypt, but in the distant regions on the other side of the Red Sea, on the rocks and in the caverns of Sinai. There his name is cut in deep and lasting characters, as having defeated the tribes who occupied that celebrated Peninsula; as having taken possession of and developed the mines of copper, turquoise, and emerald which occur in its desolate valleys. Nor was he less active at home, for his name signifies the Reformer, and we may gather from it that he gave an important impulse to civilization, and amended the laws and improved the customs and institutions of his country. His name occurs also in papyrus genealogies as the ancestor of several distinguished families, and he was the builder of a pyramid more ancient and not far inferior in size to the world-renowned Pyramids of Ghizeh, and even the name that he gave to this his last resting place has come down to us. It is The Pyramid of the Resurrection .

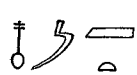
The pyramid itself is not far off; it is that step-shaped mountain of stone, built in gigantic terraces, which forms a conspicuous land-mark for twenty miles around, and which we have already described. At its feet, as the custom was under the old Empire, cluster the tombs of his courtiers and officers of state.

To how prodigiously remote a period in the history of the human race does the name of Senofreou carry us back! He smote the Arabs of Sinai and worked its mines and carried out his reforms not less than eleven

hundred years before the birth of Abraham, and two thousand two hundred years before the siege of Troy, and about two thousand six hundred years before Rome was founded! I have assigned the minimum antiquity consistent with known facts, but a very much more remote date is assigned by Mariette Bey and other high authorities; and yet they possessed the art of writing, and the characters of that writing reveal to us a number of implements and articles of furniture, of pottery, and other incidents of civilization, as also a variety of geometrical and mathematical figures. Indications of their religion are very scarce, but not altogether absent, for one of the hieroglyphics consists of four little vases joined in one , pronounced "Khont." Now these compound vases were used for one purpose only, and that was for libations to the Gods. One was probably to the supreme God, and the other three for the Triad of subordinate Deities. And this contrivance for pouring out all four simultaneously was to prevent jealousy by giving precedence to any, that none should be before or after the others. The fact that no Gods are ever represented upon the tombs of the ancient Empire is probably due to their not having yet ventured to assign shape or likeness to their deities.* But we know that they brought Ammon Ra, Hathor, Isis, and Osiris with them to Egypt, and assigned the original home of these four divinities to Abyssinia. They are probably represented by the four vases above figured, and which also appear on the façade of Nofre-Maat's tomb (Plate LVI. F).

* I have seen an invocation to Anubis in a fourth-dynasty tomb at Rainè, near Gow-el-Kebeer.

We found in abundance all around these tombs the implements with which the sculptures had been executed; they consisted of flint flakes, all of them worn and blunted with use. This does not prove that they had not copper or even iron tools; but these were still too scarce and dear for general use, while the flint was cheap and abundant.

The very characters forming the name of the former inmate of this tomb prove that they had metal implements  , the second hieroglyphic being a reaping-hook, which from its shape could not have been of flint, while on the wall is a representation of a man cutting the throat of a spotted goat with a long-bladed knife.

Close by is the tomb of the wife of Nofre-Maat, the Princess Atot . The façade over the entrance is occupied by a scene representing that grandee amusing himself by netting wild fowl; his wife is seated at a little distance looking on; and as fast as his Excellency catches the birds, he sends them to her by his servants. They are carrying them along very unceremoniously by the neck, regardless of their feelings. The birds are protesting with flapping wings and open beaks. Her Royal Highness receives them graciously, takes them from the hands of the slaves, and probably gives them a final knock on the head. The inscription reads:—"Princess Atot receives with pleasure the game caught alive by the chief noble, Nofre-Maat, *invested with a collar of honour.*" *

* I have ventured to translate thus the seated figure bearing a collar on a staff, which occurs here as part of the chief's title; it is an archaic sign, which is not met with in later times.

Those were happy days that the poor widow looked back to with fond regret, and therefore she had them sculptured on her tomb after the ex-Treasurer had departed to other hunting-grounds. Had she lived in the present generation she would have gone out snipe-shooting with him, and have helped to carry his cartridges; or she might have been a less exemplary wife than was the fashion in those times of primitive simplicity. Their nursery was not empty, for on the wall at the end behind their father are three little boys, with their names over their heads. On the right hand of the façade along the basement are servants carrying dishes of good things for the great man's supper, when he shall return from his fowling expedition. One of these dishes exactly resembles the fruit-stands raised on stems lately in fashion at a dinner *à la Russe*. It is piled up high, apparently with fruit. A little higher in the corner is the group of a slave cutting the throat of a spotted antelope with a knife, which I have before alluded to. The blood is seen dropping from the wound. The Princess's name, Atot, is significant of the earliest times, for it was the name of the grandson of Mena.

These tombs are built of enormous stones, some of them 18 or 20 feet long, and thick in proportion. Many of them must weigh fully 20 tons. They are of a hard, close-grained limestone. After occupation they were covered over with soil and completely buried: it is to this they owe their preservation. They are of no great depth, and are much less extensive than the tombs of the fourth dynasty. Outside are the remains of brick buildings, carefully plastered with white cement. It was in these that the relatives assembled on mausoleum days, there not being room enough in the tomb itself.

Not far off from the family vaults of Nofre-Maat are other tombs exactly similar, and in one of these were found the two remarkable statues, sketches of which I have given in Plate LI. This cemetery has not long been opened up, and the discovery is due to Mariette Bey. It is quite possible that the mausoleums of the first and second dynasties may yet be discovered. They are probably near some of the very ancient and dilapidated pyramids that are strewn along the desert all the way from Meidoum to Ghizeh, a distance of about sixty miles. We know that they had pyramids and memorial chapels, and that the latter were endowed, for the services in honour of those early kings were continued down to quite a late period in Egyptian history.

The glimpses which we obtain of the family life of that enormously remote period are deeply interesting. They carry us back 5000 years nearer the beginnings of our race, and show us that whatever else may have changed on earth, human nature was always the same, and that men and women then were much what men and women are now. The same affections and vanities and ambitions and motives; the same noble traits, and the same weak points. We have advanced in knowledge; we have mastered several sciences; we have made steam do our work for us; we have made the lightning our servant to carry our messages and to light our streets: but it is doubtful whether our mental capacity is much greater than that of the old Egyptians, or whether, apart from their training, modern children would differ at all in intellectual power from the sons of Nofre-Maat and Princess Atot.

We have evidence too, were it needed, that the brute

creation have not changed their form, size, colour, appearance or language one tittle during the long period of fifty centuries that has elapsed since the worthy Treasurer's fowling expedition. There are the geese in the net, with yellow bills and white plumage; and one of them, with outstretched neck and open beak and head depressed, is hissing his displeasure just like any modern goose. One can *see* him hissing, so life-like is the mosaic. I commend this proof of the unchangeable persistency of species to the consideration of Mr. Darwin. He claims the changes to be slow; but if going on at all, some evidence of them would be perceptible after an interval of 5000 years.

The following animals appear upon ancient monuments:—The ass, the ox, the dog, ape, monkey, hippopotamus, giraffe, horse, lion, panther, cat, goat, sheep, antelope, gazelle, cobra, eared snake, frog, crane, goose, ibis, eagle, hawk, vulture, wasp and bee, crocodile; numerous fishes, both sea and freshwater; water turtle; and many others, and none of them differ by a hair from the same animals of to-day. It is worth observing that among the antelopes which figure on tombs of the ancient Empire is one now only found south of the Equator. In hieroglyphics the sheep stood for Ba, the goose for S, the frog for Hek, the ass's head for Haw, &c., so that we have proof also of the identity of animal sounds. The Egyptian language maintained its existence for at least 4000 years, but the languages of the brutes have held their own from their creation until now.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR FIRST LANDING.

Off for the Second Cataract—First Stage Bibè—A fat Saint and Medicine Man—Sheik Fodl—Going to the Dogs—A Bedouin Encampment—Mummy Bow-wows—Gebel-e-Tayr—Monks with Domestic Tastes—Coptic Church of Fifth Century—The Mountain of Birds—A Lonely Sentinel.

December 9.—At noon on December 5, the owner of the good boat *Gazelle*, having seen us comfortably settled on board, wished us a good voyage and took his leave; and we shook out our great white sails, and started for the Second Cataract. The first day we made a splendid run, accomplishing sixty miles without a check, and anchoring for the night a little below Zeitoon. The wind then failed us; thus for three days we lay becalmed like the "Ancient Mariner," a painted ship upon a painted river. The spell was at last broken in the following manner: A rickety boat put off from shore containing a fat man who sat in the stern doing nothing, and a thin youth who struggled hard against the swift current to reach us. We were for refusing the ragged strangers admission—not so the reis and crew; they explained to us that this was a holy man, a saint, who must be propitiated, or no luck could attend our voyage. Thus admonished we made the fat dervish welcome. He mounted the deck, his turban his only garment; he would have kissed us had we encouraged him; failing that he kissed the reis, the

steersman, the sailors, the cook, and cabin boy, singly and individually, then blessed them collectively along with the boat, and having popped their united contributions into his mouth, returned to shore the way that he came. The curious thing is that, immediately on his departure, the wind, which had for three days mocked our hopes, sprang up in good earnest, filled our flagging sails, and whipped us along at a pace that made the water murmur under our bows, gladdened our hearts, and stereotyped for ever the faith of the crew in the holy man.

Late in the afternoon we reached an ancient village called *Bibè*, where I landed with the dragoman to post a letter. In this we failed, for the simple reason that there was no post office; but the place itself was as curious a specimen of an Egyptian village as I have yet visited. I found myself among a multitude of mounds from forty to fifty feet high, on the top of which were perched the mud huts in which the present generation of Bibites dwell. The winding valleys that meandered in and out among these mounds were the original streets, retaining their first level pretty nearly, while their steep sides presented sections of all the successive generations of dwellings which had gone on accumulating, each built on top of the last; these sections exhibited strata of broken pottery and the *débris* of mud bricks. In the deepest part of one of these valleys, where some excavations had recently been made, I came upon a bed of mummies cropping out like a coal seam at the lower part of a high mound. The mummies were packed together as closely as they could be stowed; their clothes so fresh and recent that I hesitated at first to believe in their antiquity until I remem-

bered—first, that the making of mummies in Egypt ceased at least 1500 years ago; and, secondly, that the vast accumulation of *débris* beneath which these were buried, some fifty feet below the present surface, bore silent but conclusive testimony to the long ages during which they had reposed there. The villagers had dragged out and broken up many of them, hoping to find ornaments or jewellery, but they were the mummies of poor persons, and contained nothing but the remains of mortality, which littered the surface in the shape of skulls, ribs, thigh-bones, rags, and mahogany-coloured masses of what had once been human flesh, but was now reduced to dried fibre, saturated with bitumen. The work of destruction having yielded nothing more valuable, the remainder of the slumbering dead were left in peace. The mystery is how the mummies came there, for the Egyptians were not in the habit of burying them within the precincts of their cities, but, on the contrary, far away from them. It is evident, therefore, that Bibè must have been the site of an ancient cemetery before it became a town.

Among the mounds, and in and out through the valleys already described, careered naked boys and girls with pot-bellies, and shining nut-brown skins; mixed up with them were big buffaloes and funny little buffalo calves, donkeys, turkeys, fowl, shaggy sheep, and lean mangy dogs, quiet enough now, but who by-and-by will begin a concert of fiendish sounds which will make night hideous. On the summits of the mounds towered up battlemented walls of mud, crowned with embrasures, which consisted, however, of nothing more warlike than dove-cots, for the battlements were built of

earthen jars, within which were the domestic establishments of countless pigeons. The houses enclosed court-yards, out of most of which grew tall date-palms; clusters of these decorated the summits of the mounds, their long graceful fronds drooping over them and redeeming them from utter ugliness and squalor. I came also upon a couple of bushes of Hibiscus, covered with gorgeous crimson blossoms. Having threaded my way through this strange scene, I reached the outskirts of the town, where stood the Railway Station and telegraph posts, to add to the curious medley of things ancient and modern, of life and of death. The Station was built of mud, like all else here, but was honoured with the dignity of whitewash, which had not, however, lately been renewed, possibly owing to the fit of economy insisted on by Mr. Rivers Wilson. The furniture of the waiting-room was very simple—ottoman, constructed of mud, with a grass mat thrown over it, also one rickety deal table. On the ottoman squatted some turbaned natives and one or two Turkish employés in fezzes, smoking. In front over the platform stretched a wide verandah of more grass mats, supported on poles resting on mud columns. Near by stood an apparently abandoned sugar factory, with a traction engine half buried in the sand. Both factory and engine had been paid for with the money of that sanguine race, the British bondholders. Just as the sun was setting in a glory of crimson and gold behind a row of date-palms and telegraph posts, up came the train from Cairo, full of ragged Arabs and Egyptian soldiers. There was also an Italian woman, who keeps a shop at Minieh—*how* came her lot to be cast in such a place ?—also *Madam* Pagnon, manager of the new hotel established by

Messrs. Cook & Son at Luxor, accompanied by the dragoman who is to take charge of their steamer above the First Cataract—to him I entrusted my letter. The railway freight did not look like a very paying one. As I made my way back we were met by a damsel attired in the most gorgeous robes of cotton: scarlet, blue, and yellow. She was leaning on the arm of a dissipated-looking Turkish employé with a crimson fez and a gamboge complexion. The lady kissed her hand to me with an impudent expression. "Dis dance girl," explained my dragoman. I must say her figure did not look much like dancing. Overhanging the river was a rather picturesque building with windows; it is a Coptic monastery, containing a picture of St. George and the Dragon. St. George of Bibè is, strange to say, claimed as a saint both by Copt and Moslem, and both contribute to keep up his shrine. On the roofs of the water-side houses were many naked children clamouring for baksheesh, and holding out their brown paws towards us as we shoved off. We could not, however, have complied with their request without landing and scaling the high mounds and mud walls, on the top of which they were perched. The moon now rose, a gentle breeze, soft and warm, came off the shore, and we crept along the bank in floods of silver light, and at last moored at 10 P.M. some miles above Bibè.

December 10.—After breakfast we passed Feshn, a large sugar factory belonging to the Khedive. The tall chimneys of this establishment consorted very oddly with the slender graceful minarets of the town, as if Manchester had been imported into a tale of the "Arabian Nights." The good effects of the holy dervish's visit were not yet worn out, for the north wind

blew merrily all day, and, although the current was powerful, we ran almost 40 miles, passing Abou Girgeh, and in the evening reached Sheik Fodl. On the opposite side is the site of the ancient Cynopolis—"the city of dogs," a name which might well be applied to many a modern Egyptian town. As with men, so with dogs, they used to ferry their mummies across the rivers and bury them in the hills on the eastern side. On a former occasion we visited this canine cemetery, and shall therefore introduce here an account of our adventures on that expedition.

We crossed to the east bank, and set out for the dog mummy pits. Elias wanted us to walk there, but the hills looked a long way off, so I insisted on donkeys. An old man now came up and told us that not far distant was an Arab encampment, which had horses; so we sent on the guide to negotiate, and sat down at a curious place called "Mary's Well;" it is simply a sepulchre, into which we descended by eight steps; within are a number of chambers, each with a square grave cut in the rock; presently some Arabs appeared on the ridge of the low hills opposite, leading a couple of horses, with genuine Arab saddles and stirrups; the party were followed by half-a-dozen donkeys, of all ages and both sexes, who had apparently accompanied them, purely from sociable motives. In the distance were the black tents and camels, and cattle of the wandering tribe. They good-naturedly placed their steeds at our disposal, and escorted us to our destination. Our road lay across a plain, which was in fact one vast sheet of rock, in some places as level as a London pavement, in others full of holes. As we ascended the hills we observed above us vast piles of bones, bleached white from

exposure to the sun, and on reaching the brow we found that these were the remains of legions of mummies, of dogs and men, that had been dragged forth from the pits, stripped of their cere cloths, and left scattered in heaps at the mouth of their tombs (Psalm cxli., 7) to season, *i.e.*, to be deprived by exposure of the skin and muscle that still clung to them; as soon as they are seasoned they are shipped off for superphosphate. This process has been going on for generations; each year a certain number of pits are emptied of their contents, and yet the supply shows no sign of being exhausted. The Arabs told us that there were plenty of pits still untouched; they scrape away the sand, and find beneath it a wall of masonry closing the mouth of the catacomb; on removing this there is disclosed a cavern as full as it can be stuffed with mummies. Many dogs are often found together in a sack; sometimes they are in cages; sometimes they are arranged in rows; often human mummies are found amongst them. There are caverns with nothing but dogs, and others with nothing but men, and others with both mixed; the bones of all alike go to make superphosphate; sometimes they find a slab of sycamore wood, with the portrait of a defunct Egyptian painted on it—a last attention from his friends. The dogs in sacks were, no doubt, poor foundlings, that were buried by contract by the canine undertakers of Pharaonic times. Now-a-days, one seldom sees in Egypt any but the stereotype lean, hungry, wolfish-looking animals that make night hideous with their howling in every town on the Nile; but it is evident from the contents of these strange repositories of dogs—"who have had their day"—that in old times there were as many varieties and sizes of

dogs in Egypt as there are in Europe now, for here were skulls and skeletons of dogs, great and small, from the little egg-shell skull that might have belonged to a toy-terrier, to the big, coarse cranium and long fangs that might have belonged to a boar-hound. From this desert ridge, so strangely crested with skeletons, the view was very striking—on one side interminable ranges of desolate mountains; on the other the curious and scarcely less desolate plain we had just crossed, and in the foreground the great piles of white skulls and bones, human and canine, and the fast-decaying rags in which they had so long reposed—a weird scene and a curious experience.

The mare I rode had a thorough-bred head and delightful paces; she wore the usual severe bit, which made a very light hand necessary; she had such a delicate mouth that a silken thread might lead her. Nothing can look much more sterile and unpromising than the desert inhabited by this tribe; here and there a tuft of some bitter thorny plant shows itself, but otherwise there seems to be absolutely nothing that would support as much as a rabbit, and yet these people manage to find sustenance for horses and camels, and flocks and herds, and to be rather a thriving and prosperous tribe. Another mystery is that the empty dog tombs are inhabited by many hyenas and jackals; I suppose they go there to wake their canine relatives, but what they live on is a riddle which I cannot solve.

The Arabs chatted unceasingly, apparently regardless of the fact that I could not understand a word they said, but had recourse to our dragoman, who often imparted to me in five words a fact which they had made the nucleus of 500. However, I got a good deal

of information out of them, through the interpreter, as to their manner of living.

While we were examining the defunct dogs, my mare picked up a bit of mummy cloth and began to chew it; I suppose scanty keep cures them of being too dainty in their diet.

One would suppose that bandages from a mummy dog would be specially unpalatable; however, no wonder the poor thing was hungry, for the entire inland region did not apparently contain vegetables enough to support a goat. It was quite a long walk from one blade of grass to another, and the tufts of thorny bitter shrubs that cropped out here and there did not seem calculated to rear fat stock.

This Bedouin tribe lived in booths of brown or black cloth stretched upon an irregular framework of sticks; they were open in front, and in the entrance of most of them sat a swarthy dame with eyes black as night, glittering above her yashmak (Arab veil). So probably sat Sarah on occasion of the angel's visit. Their occupation seemed to be tending a gipsy kettle, wherein smoked the family supper; the chief had a double tent, divided by a camel-hair blanket, with one wife in each division, a patent method of securing harmony between the rival powers.

December 11.—We, this morning, scrambled up the cliffs of Gebel-e-Tayr (the Mountain of Birds), to visit a Coptic monastery and church. We were received at the great gate, by which the high walls surrounding it are passed, by the turbaned brothers; they showed us with much pride their very ancient church. It is of rude construction, nearly square, and supported on stone columns of primitive style. The soil seems

to have risen round it, for the floor of the sacred edifice is considerably below the surface; in fact, the building is half underground, and we reached it by descending a flight of cellar-like steps. It dates from the fifth century, but in Egypt that is very modern indeed; they produced their Coptic books, and read some of the Gospel—"The Marriage Feast of Cana"—to us in Coptic, chaunting it out in a sort of sing-song. We were much interrupted by the troops of children who swarmed after us into the church, and appeared surprisingly numerous for a monastery. The Prior is a big, burly man in a turban, which he did not take off in church. We tried to get a view of their homes, but they would not invite us in, and I reduced my "baksheesh" accordingly. They were very proud of some antique pictures of saints, and a picture of the Virgin, with an inscription in Arabic, giving the date as 1500. The Prior accepted a bundle of cigars, without much pressing, and so did the brother who chaunted the Gospel; during this ceremony we were surrounded by a crowd of the ladies of the establishment, each with a little Copt in her arms, with a cross painted in indigo on its forehead. It was under this monastery that the poor Misses Gurney were drowned; their boat capsized during the night, and they and eight men perished; their bodies even were not recovered, for the sand buried them, boat and all, before machinery could be procured to extricate them, and so they sleep at the bottom of the Nile, under the shadow of this ancient Coptic church. The cliffs are called Gebel-e-Tayr (the Mountain of Birds), because it is said that they come in thousands, once a year, and hold a sort of May meeting there. They have chosen their rendez-

vous well, for the high cliffs on which the monastery is built command a magnificent view. The Arabs say that before they break up they appoint one bird and leave him in charge, and that he remains there on guard until the following year; certain it is that the cliff, whenever we approached, always had a bird perched upon it. It used to be the fashion with the good monks to swim off and board passing boats, clambering up the sides stark naked and dripping wet; but on one occasion they got into a great scrape, for, having executed their usual manœuvre, they found they had boarded a dahabeeah containing the Khedive's hareem, and an order in council was issued by that potentate forbidding them for ever afterwards to board passing boats uninvited.

Soon afterwards we arrived at Minieh, but in order to avoid the nocturnal concert of the dogs we crossed to the other side and anchored for the night.

CHAPTER V.

METAHARA.

An Unsuccessful Expedition — Singular Geological Formation — The Valley of Cinders—The Curse of the Dervish—Petrified Melons—Hyæna's Den—Antinoe —Dayr-el-Nakel—Isbaida—Ancient Tombs.

December 12.—Zowyet el Mitteen is situated close to the Arab cemetery of Minieh, nearly opposite that town, and it is curious that defunct Mussulmans are now ferried across the river for sepulture as defunct Egyptians were ages ago. The view presented in the foreground a pretty minaret or two, and behind that, rising up the hill-side, hundreds of tombs with the usual dome-shaped roofs. We landed to see some grottoes in the hills near by, but found our course obstructed by the canal. Ibrahim said there was a bridge higher up, which turned out to be rather an Irish bridge, for it was merely a point at which the canal had run dry, and we had to descend into its bed and scramble up on the other side. The grottoes proved to be tombs of the eighteenth dynasty, in good style, but wantonly defaced; still the chief portion of the hieroglyphics remain uninjured, and the history of the owner of the tomb, who is represented there with his wife, might easily be deciphered. The view from the entrance was lovely, and commanded a panorama of river, mountain and desert, of vast extent; the windings of the silver flood, dotted along its banks with emerald-green

fields, palm groves, villages, and towns, being traceable until they were lost in the purple shimmer of far distant haze. Our bird's-eye view disclosed to us a fine short cut by which we could avoid a bend in the river, and arrive before the *Gazelle*, which was meanwhile being laboriously towed along. We set off straight across the hills, and, as anticipated, we soon found ourselves close to the Nile, far ahead of our dahabeeah, but, alas for the imperfection of human calculations! we had left out of the account the canal, which interposed its sluggish waters between us and our floating home. There was a gulf fixed, which cut us off from our breakfast. The crew could get to us by the expedient of stripping and wading across above their waists in water and mud, but that would not have been an eligible manœuvre for ladies, so there was nothing for it but to trudge on along the hot and dusty embankment, looking across at the *Gazelle*, as Moses looked across at the Promised Land. The canal had been cut through an ancient cemetery, and the heads and heels of mummies projected from the soil, with an accompaniment of rags and fragments of coffin wood, which did not make the walk more cheerful. Hotter and yet hotter it grew, and the canal still stretched before us in a straight and endless perspective, until at last M—— declared that she could go no further. Luckily just here there had been a land slip, which partly bridged over the long barrier of water. Necessity is the mother of invention, and a happy thought struck us to have the *Gazelle's* gangway thrown across, and try whether it would reach from the mass of clay to our side. It just fitted, and we were presently safe in the bosom of our family, which consisted of two brown waiters, one black

cook with very little nose, one small cook boy, ten sailors, and our Nubian reis, who were all there to receive us ceremoniously on board, and rejoice over our return. Ibrahim, our dragoman, had shared our toils, and pitied himself much, but was soon solacing himself in the doorway of his den with a series of cigarettes. This, however, was not the last of his sufferings; it was, in fact, destined to be a day of trouble and of rebuke. I had ascertained that in the hills further on were some little-known tombs, very ancient, and dating back to the fourth dynasty, the times of the pyramids, and containing the names of early kings. Poor Ibrahim's mind was much disturbed when I broke to him that I meant to visit these, for he foresaw a long, hot, and dusty ride in lieu of the cool awning and soothing coffee and cigarettes, which his soul loved. However, we engaged donkeys at the village of Metahara, and a guide was found who confidently assured us that he knew the tombs, so off we set across the glaring sand for the distant hills. It was noonday, and the shadow of my donkey was directly beneath his belly; the silhouettes of my boot-tips showing right and left of the same, were all the shadow I had to boast of. We set our faces steadily towards a distant valley, which seemed to grow still more distant as we advanced. On the way we met two Bedouins, one carrying a load of morsels of wood, which they find in the mountain plateaux, and bring down to the villages to sell for fuel. How that wood came there is one of the mysteries of the desert. The other had a bundle of some aromatic shrub, of which the people make a medicinal tea—"do deir belly good," as Ibrahim explained. The Bedouins observing that I was curious about it, handed me a

handful, and strode on without waiting for thanks or baksheesh.

We went on and on, and my mind misgave me that we were going wrong, for my information had represented the tombs as not very distant from the river. Our guide, however, was confident; he said not only was there a very fine tomb, but also mummies. This last statement caused excitement; we thought we were on the verge of new discoveries. We now entered a most curious valley. Right and left its sides were in parallel terraces, consisting of some porous material resembling cinder; there was no sign of life, animal or vegetable, and the air was absolutely still; not a breath was stirring—nothing could be more burnt up, desolate and lifeless. Masses of cinder, black globes of lava, as round as bomb-shells, strewed the ground, and on all sides the scene appeared to be the product of volcanic fires. One might have imagined oneself traversing some lunar valley, the withered skeleton of a once living world. The formation proved, however, on examination, not to be volcanic; the terraces were not of cinder, but of coral rag; they had once been coral reefs, and had formed the floor and margins of a shallow sea. They were water-worn, and deeply fretted out into miniature caverns, pits and holes. Enveloped in the coral, and showing through in many places, were perfectly globular masses of some black basalt-like material, the *débris* of a yet more ancient formation round which the coral insects had built, and which were now little by little cropping out, and falling from their beds as the soft brittle coral crumbled from around them by the slow action of the winds and rainstorms—rare, but violent when they do occur. The black globes also

were not volcanic, but when broken proved full of fossil shells, of an agate-like hardness. These curious bombs varied from 15 inches to 3 feet in diameter, and in some places had collected in considerable quantities. On the plateau of Gebel Aboufaida I saw a level space covered with them, the coral having been washed away, leaving the surface strewn with these odd-looking spheres. The Arabs had a legend that this was once a garden of melons, and that a holy Dervish passing by, thirsty and exhausted with his journey, asked the owner for one melon. The churl, however, refused, observing that if he was thirsty the Nile flowed below, where he might drink as much as he pleased. The Dervish thereupon cursed that garden, and the melons straightway turned to stones, a lesson against churlishness for all future time!

We now found ourselves seven miles from the river, and struck against going any further. Our guide, however, assured us that we were close to our prize, and presently took us a scramble up the rocks, and proudly ushered us into a hyena's den! The mummies consisted of the bones of camels, oxen, asses and sheep, all gnawed by wild beasts. The effect of this spectacle upon our tempers was not exactly what he had anticipated. Ibrahim broke out in Arabic abuse. The guide replied sulkily that he knew of no other tombs, and there was nothing for it but to plod back again, silent and crestfallen, and what made matters worse, was, that we had taken no water with us, and were parched with thirst. When about half-way back an Arab came running from the village, and said that he knew of a temple with columns and paintings; to him we hearkened, ever sanguine, and turned our heads once more towards the mountains. After another

hot ride of two hours he took us up to an ancient quarry, in which were some obscure quarry marks, but no hieroglyphics! This time we were too crushed even to blow up the guide. We sadly commenced our retreat, even our asses stumbling along with drooping ears and tails, and we got back to the boat just at sunset, the miserable remains of an unsuccessful expedition.

Late in the evening Cook's steamer passed full of passengers, and we moored five miles below Beni Hassan.

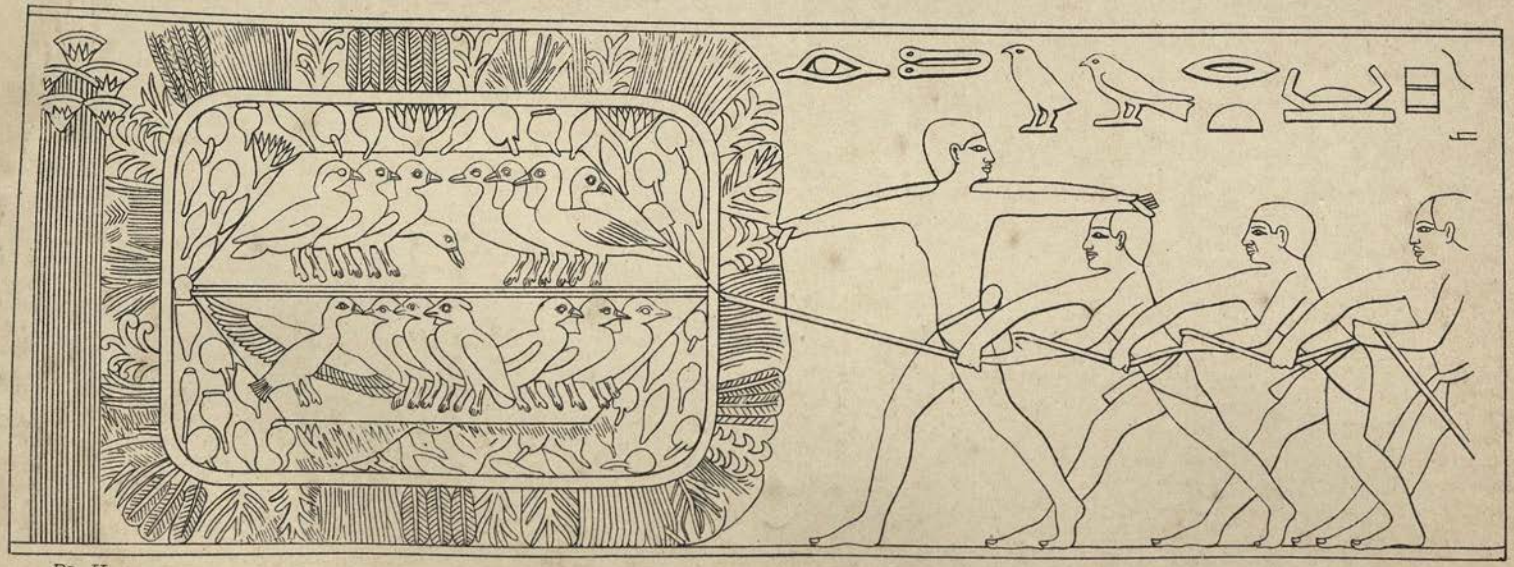
December 13.—At sunrise the crew worked hard to come up with the steamer before she left Beni Hassan, where she had stopped to allow the Cookites to visit the famous twelfth-dynasty tombs, which furnished Sir Gardner Wilkinson with most of his illustrations. As we got opposite to the hills in which they are excavated, we saw through our telescope the followers of Cook flocking up the slopes like a swarm of flies, and running hither and thither at the sound of the horn like a well-trained pack of hounds. We expected letters and fresh provisions by the *Saidieh*, but the first had not arrived, and the second was limited to some bacon. We anchored at sunset at the boundary between Middle and Upper Egypt, under a cliff three miles above Roda.

December 14.—We visited the mounds of an ancient city, and soon afterwards arrived at Sheckh Abbadeh, where occur the ruins of the city of Antinoe, consisting of enormous quantities of broken pottery and bricks. In the centre of this rubbish we saw the columns of an ancient Egyptian temple; the capitals alone stood above ground, the rest being buried beneath the before-mentioned debris. The capitals were covered with the cartouches of Rameses the Great, Rameses

Mer Ammon—beloved of Ammon. These were in a very perfect condition, even portions of the colours remaining. The columns stood upright in their original position, and if the rubbish were cleared away from about them I have no doubt that a fine temple would be brought to light. The existence of this temple in the centre of Antinoe proves that the city was not built by the Emperor Adrian, but dates back to the nineteenth dynasty at least. Adrian may, however, have restored it, and have changed the name in honour of his beloved Antinöus, who is said to have drowned himself here. Until lately there stood here a magnificent colonnade, a quarter of a mile in length, leading to a Roman amphitheatre; but it has been ruthlessly broken up, and its component stones carried across the river to build a sugar factory. While at breakfast they brought us a coin of the reign of the Emperor Constantine, which we bought. Later on Ibrahim announced that they had a far finer one, beautifully engraved, and very curious. It was produced with much circumstance, and with the anticipation of big baksheesh. Ibrahim cannot read, but we, on turning over the copper medal presented to us, were much amused to find a bas-relief of a lady seated at a sewing machine, with an inscription over her containing this excellent advice: "Keep your temper!" On the reverse side was a head of Napoleon III., and the date 1854. Ibrahim, for a moment, was inclined to maintain that the 1854 was B.C., and that the big-nosed monarch might be Thothmes III.!

Later in the day we stopped at a place called Dayr-el-Nakel, the Village of the Palm, and paid a visit to a tomb containing a grand tableau of the colossal statue of the owner being dragged along by a multitude of

slaves. This tomb is even now full of interesting paintings, sadly defaced; it will soon vanish, for they are cutting away its foundations for limestone, and the roof and one side have already collapsed. This tomb offers a good proof of the wonderful skill and science of the Egyptians in preparing their materials for fresco painting, for although the age of these tableaux is, according to the most moderate computation, not less than 4000 years, yet, wherever the surface has not been wantonly defaced, the colours are as bright, fresh, and vivid as the day they were finished—not a single colour has faded, nor has the lime-facing peeled off. We abstain from giving any detailed description of these tombs, because they have been already so exhaustively illustrated by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his "Ancient Egyptians," that he has left us nothing to glean. We will only observe that the whole group belong to the same period as the tombs of Beni Hassan, viz., the twelfth dynasty. On the opposite side of the valley, however, are some yet more ancient of the sixth dynasty, which we much regret time did not admit of our visiting, but we subsequently had ample opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the sculptures and paintings of that remote time; and indeed we have already made mention of some that we saw at Isbaida. The style of art in all the numerous sixth-dynasty tombs we examined was rude and decidedly inferior both to that of the fourth and fifth which preceded it, and to that of the twelfth which followed (see Plates XXXVI., XXXVII., and XXXVIII.) They all three differ markedly from each other, and we have no hesitation in assigning by far the highest level of art to those of the reign of Nofre-ar-kara of the fifth dynasty.



Pl. II.

BAS-RELIEF FROM TOMB OF FOURTH DYNASTY.

There is nothing equal to them until the times of the Thothmes kings, 1200 years later.

December 15.—We took donkeys at el Bercha, and rode up the mountains in search of some ancient tombs I had heard of. We had a great scramble up some precipices, but were rewarded by finding one of the sixth dynasty, with the name of Pe-pi in more than one place; in the inscription the name was in a square instead of an oval, as usual, and stood thus ; the colour, a pale blue, was still perfect on the hieroglyphics. Pe-pi lived 2450 years before Christ. We found, however, on the same mountain, yet higher up, still more ancient tombs, in one of which the name of the builder of the largest pyramid, Khoufou, appeared, side by side with the king, sixth in succession from him, Ouskaf. I have to thank my moderate knowledge of hieroglyphics for the interesting discovery that each of these ancient kings bore the title of Hon Nuter, Servant of God, so much nobler than the presumptuous title assumed by the kings of later dynasties—Son of the Sun, &c. This title, Servant of God, shows that the story told by the priests to Herodotus about Khoufou, that he was a godless man, who shut up all the temples, and forbade the services, was unfounded. The doorway of this tomb was surmounted by a round lintel in imitation of a palm trunk, such as the lintels of the houses in those primitive times consisted of. The age of the last-named tombs cannot be less than 4750 years, and if the estimates based on Manetho be true, they are considerably older—about 1000 years older; in any case they were excavated not long after the completion of the Great Pyramid. My calculation is based upon the table of

royal ancestors carved by command of King Sethi in the corridor of his temple at Abydos. Sethi was fond of heraldry and genealogy, as his entire temple testifies. He appears to have had this very corridor built specially for the instruction of his son in the history of his ancestors, and is represented in the act of introducing his son into the presence of his ancestors, his entire list of whom is there quite perfect, to the number of seventy-six, beginning with Menai. Sethi himself lived more than 1500 years before Christ, and he had at his command every source of information obtainable; his list is therefore obviously likely to be correct; however, I shall have occasion to return to this subject later on, for it has an important bearing upon Egyptian chronology. The paintings in the Isbaida tombs are executed with great spirit; there is especially a very spirited bas-relief of a hippopotamus attacking a boat, the clumsy proportions of the huge beast, the creases in his fat sides, and the tusks in his formidable jaws, and his fierce onset, open-mouthed, are portrayed with much vigour, as also in another place are the struggles and exertions of some fishermen who are hauling in a net full of fishes.

I find the hieroglyphics in these early tombs much easier to read than those of later date; the signs are simpler and fewer in number. As time went on, additional signs and more complicated ones were adopted, though they still retained and used the early ones as well to the very last.

We annex an illustration from a bas-relief in a fourth-dynasty tomb. It represents a fowling scene; the master and his servants have enclosed a number of geese in a decoy net, and are dragging it out from amongst the weeds. The pond or lake is rendered by a conventional

figure of an oval surrounded by water plants. On its surface are the flowers, leaves and fruits of the famous lotus lily, while behind it are the tall stems and bell-shaped blossoms of the papyrus. The men are tugging at the ropes with much energy, especially the hindermost of the trio, while their leader gives his orders, and appears from his attitude to be rather excited. The whole tableau is executed with much spirit and vivacity.

CHAPTER VI.

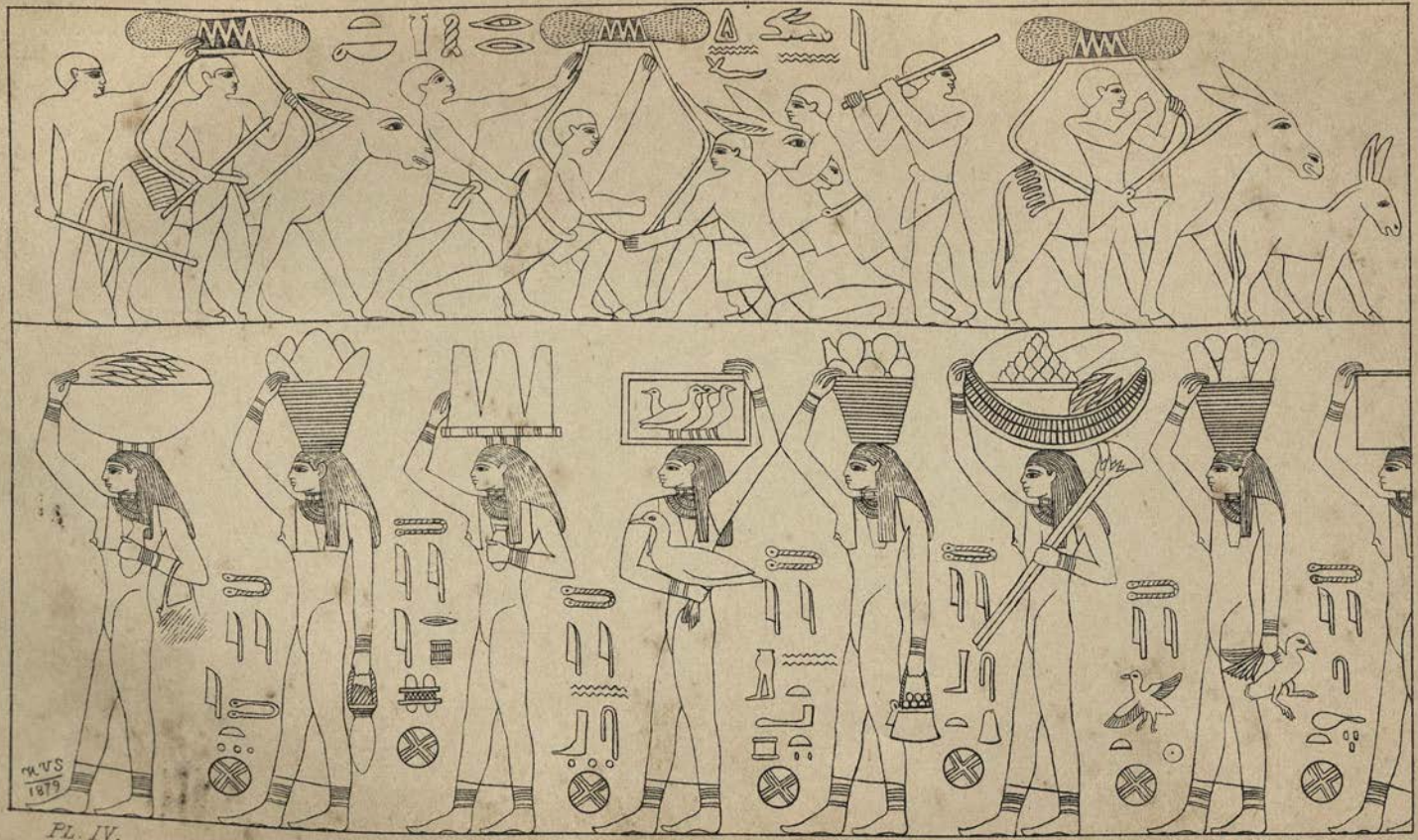
TOMB OF FIFTH DYNASTY.

Ti's Girls—Ancient Asses—Hippopotamus Hunt—"Canst thou draw Leviathan with a hook?"—Ti's estimate of his own importance—A Fisherman's Paradise—Twelfth-dynasty Tombs.

In order to preserve chronological sequence we here insert illustrations from a fifth-dynasty tomb which we visited on our way back to Cairo (Plates III. and IV.); these will be found to mark a very perceptible advance in finish and delicacy of execution as compared with the sculptures of the fourth, and still more of the third dynasty periods. The long-continued settled times, free from disputed successions and intestine disorder, had favoured the arts of peace and conduced to their advancement and development. Annexed is the oval of Nofre-ar-kara, in whose reign the tomb was built in which the bas-reliefs occur. Beneath his majesty's oval is the title of "the Pyramid of the Soul;" that, therefore, was the name of this king's pyramid. For oval see Plate LIII., No. 56; for title see Table of Pyramid Titles.

The lower panel of Plate IV. presents us with a procession of the female slaves of a notable of the name of Ti, an officer of the court of Nofre-ar-kara.

They are carrying on their heads baskets, boxes, and other articles containing their master's property. One of them has a goose in her arms and a cage full of



PL. IV.

BAS-RELIEFS IN THE TOMB OF TI, Vth DYNASTY.

pigeons on her head; another bears a crate of the porous water-bottles still in use on the Nile; another loaves of bread; another a chest with a lid. The fifth has a crescent-shaped basket full of miscellaneous articles; behind each girl are hieroglyphics giving her name and birth-place. No. 1 is Ti's At, of the village of grains; No. 2 is Ti's Arp, of the place of wine; No. 3 Ti's Enbes, of the village of grains; No. 4 Ti's Anta, of the village of (Pet?); No. 5 Ti's Bes, of the village of (Bakers?); No. 6 Ti's Pa, of the city of Ra (the sun); No. 7 Ti's Es, of the village of (sands?). All these are preceded by the hieroglyphics ; the first is T, the others two A's, together aa, which Egyptologists declare were pronounced I; the monogram, therefore, reads Ti.

Their master had a very short name himself, and he gave his slaves names equally monosyllabic, and he took good care that there should be no mistake about their being his property. Besides the load balanced on their heads, they each carry something on their arms or in their hands; the first a little reticule, the second a jar with a rope handle, the third a vessel of wine, the fourth a goose, the fifth a neat basket full of fruit, the sixth a brace of papyrus or lotus flowers with long stems, the seventh a pigeon. At first sight one would suppose them destitute of clothing, though they have in fact a close-fitting chemise supported by braces; but the sculptor has been careful to delineate the curves of their figures just as if no garment intervened. They had a great objection to concealing a lady's points; these are always shown in princesses as well as slaves, no matter what dress they may wear. Ti liked to have his girls

well turned out, so he has given them all necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, but, alas! he has also inflicted upon them the badge of servitude, for it will be observed that one and all wear a stiff stock resembling a dog-collar round their throats, like the Saxon serfs mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe."

The faces are all different, and were probably portraits; in any case they show us what the features of the lower-class Egyptians were like in very ancient times. There is nothing African about them; they resemble rather the European cast of countenance.

In the upper panel is represented a different scene, a procession of donkeys carrying panniers balanced on their backs. This is not secured with any girth or other fastening; it is consequently necessary for a man to walk beside each load and steady it with his hand. In the case of the central group a catastrophe seems imminent. It requires the united efforts of three men to prevent the load slipping off, while a fourth has his arm round the donkey's nose, and is striving with all his might to stop the brute, who, with the obstinacy evidently as characteristic of his race in that day as in this, is all the more bent on pushing on. The man behind is holding him back by the tail with one hand, while he props up the ill-adjusted load with the other. Meanwhile the hitch in his progress has caused the ass behind him to run his nose into the man's back.

The artist seems to have been inspired with a spirit of caricature, and as a bit of humorous draftsmanship this bas-relief has considerable merit. The contents of these overgrown panniers was evidently grain, for each of them is topped with a sheaf of wheat or barley, very neatly tied in the middle. In front is a

PL. III.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT, TOMB OF TI.

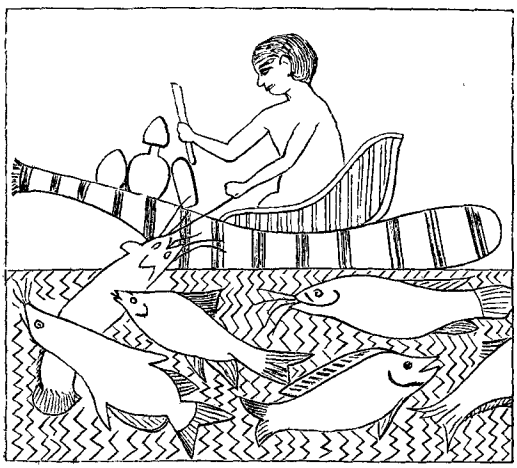
donkey preceded by her foal, in which they have given the soft fluffy look which baby donkeys have.

The men, like the women, have features more European than African; and they are possessed with the conviction, which has obtained ever since the first day that the very one-sided partnership was struck up between men and asses, that the right thing to do with a donkey is to beat it.

It is indicative of an advanced stage in the arts of civilized life, that even Ti's farm-donkeys should have their saddle-cloths decorated with an ornamental fringe. The surface upon which these bas-reliefs have been carved is a very hard limestone. The minutest details are beautifully finished, and indicate superiority over the fourth dynasty, and still more over the third in sculpture and design, as has been already stated.

Plate III. presents to us a portrait of Ti himself. He is standing on the deck of a boat built of reeds knitted together by transverse bands, his staff in one hand and a loop of rope in the other. His dress consists of a necklace and an apron. The old chief is a resolute-looking man, and no doubt kept his slaves in good order. He is engaged in superintending the operations of two other boats. The crew of one have succeeded in throwing a couple of nooses of strong rope round the neck and body of a hippopotamus, and are endeavouring to dispatch him with long poles, thickened at the end club fashion. The huge beast has opened his jaws wide, and shows his formidable curved tusks, with which he will destroy their boat if he can get the chance before they have stunned him and dragged his carcass to shore. He is determined not to assist them in this latter process, for he has squatted down in

stubborn opposition, and is endeavouring to bite the ropes that hold him. The tableau reminds one of the prophet's query, "Canst thou draw Leviathan with a hook?" It must have been exciting sport, well spiced with the element of danger. The men who attacked such formidable game in frail canoes, and with such simple weapons, must have had plenty of pluck and courage. Behind the trammelled monster are three other smaller hippopotami. One of them



is giving a vicious squeeze to a small crocodile, who has intruded into their family circle; while the other two, dam and cub apparently, are engaged in playful gambols. Behind them the waters are well stocked with fish, which may be recognized as occurring in the Nile at this day. The water is represented by the well-known zig-zag lines, from which the hieroglyphic is taken. Ti is being punted along by his boatmen with long poles, while behind him is another

boat with a wicker chair in the centre, in which a fisherman is seated, and is just hauling out with his left hand a specimen of that curious fish the Silurus.

He has a short stick in his hand to knock it on the head with. This gentleman is evidently making a holiday of it, for before him are loaves of bread and a bottle and cup, the materials for a pic-nic dinner. Near by, but beyond the scope of our Plate, is another boat, in which a crocodile hunt is going on; and one of the party wears a life-belt of rushes, through which his head and arms are passed.

Ti in this tableau presents us with his notion of his own greatness and importance as compared with his fellow-men, for he has had himself sculptured of a size which, in proportion to his sailors, is as Brobdingnag to Lilliput.

He evidently rose to office and influence by marrying a relative of the royal family, for in another part of the tomb his wife's name and rank are given as Nofre-hotep-se, princess, granddaughter of the king. Such alliances were the surest passports to honours and emoluments in those days.

Having finished our exploration of the Isbaida tombs, we re-embarked and continued our voyage to Tel-el-Amarna, which was reached in the evening. The *Gazelle* anchored for the night opposite a village called Hadji Kandeel.

Although I have not attempted any description of the tombs of Beni Hassan and Dayr-el-Nakel, yet, as they belong to a period which comes between the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth dynasties on one side, and the eighteenth and nineteenth on the other, I may take this opportunity of mentioning that they differ from both,

and have a distinct character of their own in their tomb decorations. One peculiarity of this epoch is that the bas-reliefs which were in fashion in preceding and subsequent times are replaced at Beni Hassan and Dayr-el-Nakel by wall paintings *on the flat;* consequently, when the colour is gone all is gone, and the record will be lost; whereas in the bas-reliefs, even when the colours are gone, the outlines remain carved upon the stone. The same peculiarity is observable in the thirteenth-dynasty tombs at Siout. The hieroglyphics, however, are incised with care, and are beautifully engraved and finished; they will remain long after the paintings have been finally obliterated, a result unhappily already nearly accomplished at Beni Hassan.

CHAPTER VII.

TEL-EL-AMARNA.

Ruins of the ancient city of Khou-en-Aten—An interesting Tomb—Hunt for a buried Monument—A hostile Garrison—A Parley and Treaty of Peace—Suggestions as to a still doubtful episode in Egyptian history.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, we started on an expedition to some tombs belonging to a curious and unique period of Egyptian history. We were ferried over in our small boat—the natives call it a sandal; there was some difficulty in getting across, owing to the strong current, and we got entangled in a labyrinth of sand banks. Ibrahim said that in a few weeks' time, when the Nile had fallen a couple of feet more, the banks we were floating over would be covered with water melons; the heat made us wish we had a few then and there; it took us at least half an hour to reach the eastern bank. On landing we found the people in the middle of the Durra harvest, which they were cutting and carrying: the whole population, men, women, and children, camels, donkeys, and dogs, had all turned out for the purpose; the children, both boys and girls, were absolutely naked. I saw one girl attired in a veil, and nothing else whatever!

The durra appears to be a most productive crop; in its habits of growth it somewhat resembles maize, and the grains which fill its large heavy head are like grains of Indian corn in miniature. While this crop was being gathered in, other crops were being planted, for in this wonderful country it is always both seed-time and

harvest, and three crops may be obtained from the same land within the year. We left Ibrahim to bargain for donkeys, and walked off towards the desert, where stretched the ruins of the ancient city of Khou-en-Aten, for a distance of two miles. The ground plan of many of the houses was still plainly to be seen, with central courts and side rooms opening off them, like the houses at Pompeii. In many of them the walls stood about breast high; all built of unburnt bricks. There were, however, enormous mounds covered with sand, and the remains of temples or palaces may be buried beneath these. Amongst the ruins were strewn fragments of a very pretty kind of pottery painted in graceful patterns, in various colours, especially a pale Sèvres blue. It is a proof of the skill with which these colours had been prepared and applied, that though these fragments have been lying exposed there on the desert for so many centuries under a scorching sun by day and heavy dews by night, and to the scouring action of violent sand-storms, and even occasionally to rain, yet the colours were perfectly bright and fresh, and had not scaled off in any instances we saw.

While we were poking about in search for relics, a stone suddenly fell amongst us, and turning round we became aware that a mob of boys had followed us, and from them came the hostile demonstration. We could not term them ragamuffins, for they had not a rag amongst them, being perfectly naked. Our escort, consisting of a couple of the biggest of the crew, instantly charged the enemy, brandishing their long sticks and screaming Arab execrations. This caused the dusky cohort to turn tail and skedaddle; but in executing that strategic movement they were caught between two fires,

for just at this crisis up came Ibrahim with the donkeys and guides. These distributed a liberal share of blows and whacks among the young rascals, and turned their retreat into precipitate flight.

We now set our face towards the mountains in which the tombs are situated. They were about four miles distant, and our route lay across a perfectly level plain as hard as concrete, but with stones and sea-shells scattered over its surface; it was probably in exactly the same state now as when the funeral processions of Khou-en-Aten and his family passed across it to their splendid tombs thirty-five centuries ago. Certainly the identical sea-shells that we saw lay there then, for there had been no source whence a new supply could have come. One is in fact met at every turn by evidence that the valley of the Nile, with the entire desert between it and the Red Sea, and on the western side also to an indefinite distance, once formed an ocean-bed. I have constantly found sea-shells in every part of the desert, and the whole region is a marine formation, probably as far south as the Second Cataract. On arriving at the site of the tombs, we found that most of them had been since our last visit buried beneath the sand; so that, although the upper parts of their façades were visible, yet the entrances were entirely blocked; indeed, so enormous was the accumulation before one of them that the Arabs had christened it Om Ruml (Mother of Sand).

One of these temples had been discovered only a few weeks before, and the sand still choked up its entrance, so that it was with great difficulty we wriggled our way in. The sailors and guides scraped out with their hands a passage for the lady, who had, nevertheless, to enter in a swimming attitude. Once inside we had plenty of

room, though the sand and rubbish rose opposite the entrance, nearly level with the capitals of the columns. This temple (which is carved out of the living rock, and is subterranean) proved very curious; it is one of the few mementoes of a king of foreign blood and foreign creed, who reigned about a century before Rameses the Great. He abolished the Egyptian religion, and introduced a Semitic form of worship, the symbol of which was strikingly singular and curious: it was a globe, from every side of which shot rays, reaching from heaven to earth and terminating in hands. The globe was emblematic of infinity and thus Deity. The rays and hands represented the far-reaching power of the Deity. The disk of the sun is the object of worship imaged in the entire design. Within the temple is a very interesting sculpture. The king and queen, with the princesses and a little prince, are seated on a throne at the gate of their palace; overhead is the sun disk surrounding them with its rays, and supporting them with its hands; in front are assembled a great number of ladies handing up to them necklaces and collars from piles of those ornaments which are heaped up at the foot of the throne. The royal party in their turn hand them to the people. The scene here described represents one of those anniversary festivals in which the Pharaohs took such prominent part, and at which it was usual to distribute tokens of royal favour to the people in the shape of collars, such as were commonly worn by all classes in Egypt. Behind the ladies are soldiers, archers, spearmen, and charioteers, who are also doing homage to the king, and they bow low as they march past, while scribes take note of their numbers. This sculpture is admirably executed in intaglio, and the outlines are as fresh and

QUEEN AND FAMILY OF KHOU-EN-ATEN

TEL EL AMARNA.

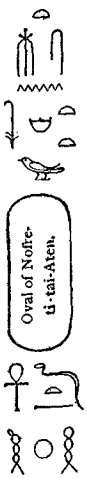
Plate 54.

sharp as on the day they were first cut. The features of the royal family, except the queen, differ totally from the Egyptian cast, and are evidently all portraits; the king himself has an amiable, but rather weak countenance, very different from the stern resolute features of the Rameses kings who succeeded, or the Amunophs who preceded him. The queen has a particularly sweet expression; neither she nor her husband wear any ornament whatever. King and queen occupy one throne, and they have their family about them, little girls of from five to ten years of age, whose delight it is to take part in their parents' proceedings, and to help in the distribution of these honorary distinctions; the youngest, however, a little boy, is too young to do so, and is stroking his mamma under the chin. Over the head of the eldest daughter is the following inscription, "Royal daughter of her very body, Meri Aten, sprung from the Queen, Lady of the two lands, Nofre-nofrou-nofre-ti-tai-Aten. May she live for ever and to all eternity." Over the other is the same inscription except the name, which is Makt Aten.

The festive character of the occasion is marked by a corps of dancers, who are performing with great vivacity something very like a Highland fling.

(We regret extremely that this very interesting tableau is too extensive to be got within the limits of an illustration for this work, but we annex the illustration from the Theban tomb, Plate V., which, together with Plate LIV., will help our readers to realise it.)

It is singular that though some obscurity hangs over this episode of Egyptian history,



yet we know more of the family, court, and public life of Khou-en-Aten than of any other Pharaoh. He and his consort seem to have delighted in having every detail of it sculptured and recorded; and notwithstanding the wholesale vindictive mutilation of these monuments which went on after his dynasty died out, yet enough remains to give us a clear narrative of the doings and personal appearance of the whole family. See Plate LIV.

The queen wears on her head something like a king's crown, probably to mark that she was queen in her own right. We see their family also at various stages. Here they are still in the nursery, but in later tableaux they are represented as grown-up young women. Subsequently three in succession married and reigned as queens by hereditary right.

Nofre-ti-tai-Aten seems to have ultimately died of decline, for there is a very sad sculpture in which she appears in the last stage of it, her cheeks hollow, her once beautiful face shrunken to nothing, and death obviously not far off. This portrait is executed with terrible fidelity. It is to be found in the northern group of tombs.

This temple was never finished, some of the columns being only partially disengaged from the rock; none of the sculptures were ever painted, and part of the wall is covered with Indian-ink outlines for sculptures which were never carried out, but the greater part of the walls are quite blank; perhaps the king died before it was complete, and the temple was covered up and forgotten. One remarkable thing about the emblems is their resem-

blance to Masonic symbols. There is a radiating globe surmounting two pillars, which occurs repeatedly, and has a very Masonic look. There is an interesting illustration of the origin of the oldest form of Egyptian column; two men standing opposite each other have grasped a many-stemmed papyrus plant, and tied it with bands immediately below the flowers, thus furnishing the model for the column at once. Amongst the many curious sculptures is one in which the queen is represented as standing with her arms above her head, while a nurse is holding up her baby to her breast. We shall never know with what idea she chose to perform her maternal duties in such an uncomfortable attitude. In this temple-tomb is much broken pottery, which had once contained offerings to the deceased. Amongst this rubbish M—— found the remains of a funeral bouquet, the flower stems being still bound round a stick with a bit of palm-leaf, a strip of the rind of a palm-leaf rib, which did duty as bass matting; and I found one of the pads plaited from palm-fibre, which had served to carry some jar containing funeral offerings. These articles cannot be much less than 3000 years old, and were so tender, from their great age, that they almost crumbled at our touch. I took some impressions from this very interesting temple, and we had to wait two hours while they dried, the paper not being of the right sort. In one corner there was a flight of steps, terminating in a curious well, where the bats were holding high carnival, and before long extinguished my light, leaving me to grope my way back to the upper regions as best I could.

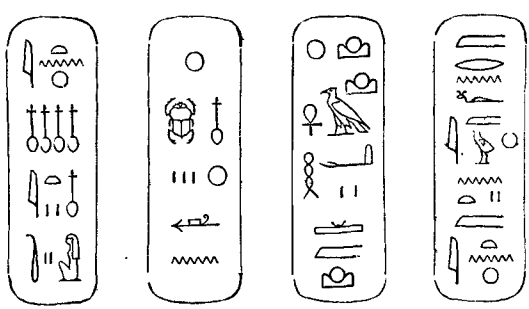
We were so much fascinated by this rock temple and the curious glimpses it gave us of the family and public life of that ancient king who lived before the *Bible*

was written, that our dragoman, who had smoked out his last cigar and yawned many times, had some difficulty in getting us away; however, we re-formed our cavalcade, and were nearly frizzled alive in crossing the open desert, beneath the noon-day sun. We visited some private tombs of the same period, which were also very interesting, but were quite eclipsed by this royal mausoleum. After his death Khou-en-Aten's name was everywhere obliterated by his successors, except in this rock temple, which seems to have been buried by the sand and to have escaped notice till now. Only one other traveller had visited it since its discovery.

I remembered on a former occasion seeing a very fine tomb, and I pointed out its direction to our guides, and told them to take me there. They declared that there were no more tombs, and that, if there were, they were now buried. Finding I could get nothing further out of them, I started on my own account across the hills on foot, leaving the rest of the retinue to bring the donkeys round the base. I was rewarded for my energy by discovering the tomb, but the façade was completely blocked up with sand, except a low, narrow slit, immediately below the lintel of the entrance. Outside stood two donkeys without saddles or harness of any kind, while from within peered out two wild savage-looking Arabs, armed with long flint guns, who warned us off. Just at this crisis we were reinforced by the arrival of Ibrahim and the guides, and a parley began. They were obviously masters of the situation, for we could only effect an entrance by crawling in on our, say, waistcoats, either head foremost or tail foremost; in either attitude the owners of the long guns would have had us at a grievous disadvantage. They demanded a

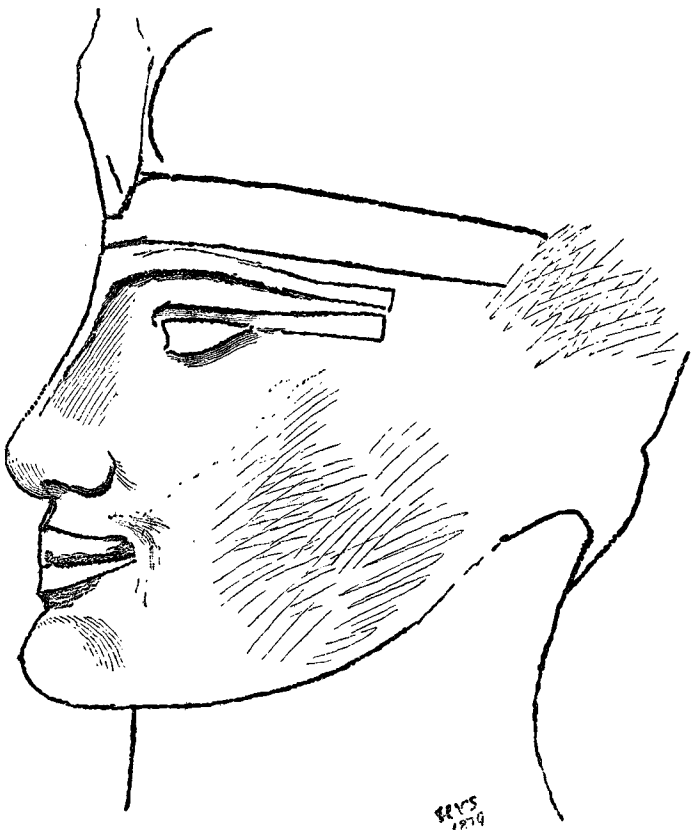
liberal handful of piastres to let us in. I objected on principle to submit to an arbitrary levy of blackmail; the situation was sufficiently ridiculous. After much shrill disputing in Arabic between them, Ibrahim, and the guides, I at last proposed a compromise, that they should clear away some of the sand, and that I would pay them liberally for their service. They grinned, and made a show of scraping at the rubbish, with the effect of raising much fine dust, in the midst of which we crawled in.

We found ourselves in an exceedingly handsome and beautifully-sculptured tomb. On the left hand the roof was supported by twelve stately columns with papyrus-bud capitals supporting imitation beams. On the right hand were also twelve columns, but these at the further extremity were only partly disengaged from the rock, and had been left unfinished, as also was a doorway, the outlines of which had been sketched in black paint for the architect's guidance, but had never been cut. Opposite the entrance, but low down, was a portal, which led to the mausoleum, and over it were the names of the princes and princesses of the Royal family who had been buried there. The names were all in cartouches :—



Over the names was the disk of the sun, and four figures, two male and two female, rested on one knee,

engaged in an act of adoration. These figures were all naked. At one corner a recess had been excavated, with steps leading up to an altar. Near this was a tunnel descending to a great depth downwards. The



AMUNOPH III. BRITISH MUSEUM.*

rock had been cut into steps, which appeared much worn. The execution of every part of this tomb was so perfect, that one forgot that it was not built but hewn out of the living rock; the columns were beauti-

* Amunoph the Fourth had similar features to the above in the bas-relief discovered by the author at Thebes.

fully proportioned and highly finished; the stone beams that surmounted them were covered with hieroglyphics, attributing to Aten (the solar disk) all the king possessed—his life, his house, his power, &c.

KHOU-EN-ATEN—TEL-EL-AMARNA.

It has been taken for granted that Amunoph the Fourth and Khou-en-Aten were one and the same person, because Khou-en-Aten, at the commencement of his reign, used the oval of the last Amunoph. I venture, however, to doubt their identity for the following reasons:—All the Amunophs had regular features, short straight noses, well-shaped chins, and were rather inclined to

stoutness; whereas Khou-en-Aten had an unnaturally long chin, a Jewish nose, and a thin slight effeminate figure, and was altogether quite a caricature of a man; he never could have been an Amunoph.

When I visited the tomb of Queen Ta-i-ti, the mother of Amunoph the Fourth, I saw there a portrait of her son; he did not at all resemble Khou-en-Aten, but was very like the other princes of the eighteenth dynasty. Finally, I was fortunate enough while at Thebes to discover a tomb which had hitherto escaped notice, having been completely buried beneath quarry rubbish. On the left-hand side of the entrance was a bas-relief of Amunoph the Fourth, surmounted by his cartouche, and on the right was another of Khou-en-Aten, surmounted by *his* cartouche. No two men could have been more unlike each other. The two portraits could not by any possibility have been intended for the same person. It was also significant that while the first had been left uninjured, together with the oval containing his name, the features of the other, together with his name, had been purposely mutilated with hammer and chisel; the rest of the sculpture looked quite fresh and in perfect preservation. The first king was seated on his throne, with his wife standing dutifully behind him, and his surroundings differed in no respect from the other Egyptian sovereigns. There was no solar disk or other sign of the worship of Aten, but Khou-en-Aten was represented with the solar disk over his head, and his throne and person were surrounded by its rays, and each ray terminated in a hand like the sculptures of Tel-el-Amarna. His queen was seated on another throne exactly like his, and over her head was her oval, defaced like her husband's, but the titles

had been spared; they read, Queen of the two lands (*i.e.*, Upper and Lower Egypt), royal consort, lady chief, the beloved (Plate V.). My theory is that Khou-en-Aten was a foreigner who held some office at the court of Amunoph the Fourth, and that he married his master's daughter, and eventually reigned in her right; that on first coming to the throne he adopted his father-in-law's oval, and called himself Amunoph as a matter of policy, but eventually dropped that name for the one he is best known by. The priests hated him for two reasons. First, because he was of stranger race, and not descended from their native royal family; secondly, because he tried to force upon them his foreign creed—the worship of the disk of Aten—to the exclusion of Ammon and all the orthodox Egyptian gods; therefore, after his death, they did their best to efface every vestige of his detested reign. He was specially hated at Thebes, because he transferred the seat of power from that ancient capital to Tel-el-Amarna, and made the latter city, created and built by himself, the metropolis of the empire, and degraded their town, the head-quarters of the sacred college of priests, to the rank of a provincial town. Therefore Khou-en-Aten's names and portrait were chiselled out with minute care and vindictive malice; and those of his queen, who seconded his policy and religion, and was the first cause of all their misfortunes, shared the same fate, whereas they spared the effigies of the true Amunoph the Fourth as being their legitimate sovereign. On the façade the oval of Amunoph the Fourth occurs simply on the left-hand side over the king's head. On the right-hand side, over Khou-en-Aten's head, the same oval is introduced, but it is associated with two strange

ovals quite alien from Egyptian notions, and it is worth observing that, while they defaced the foreign ones, they left the native one untouched. Were it possible that the groups right and left of the portal were intended for the same persons, they would all equally have been defaced by the indignant priests, whereas, by sparing the one pair and chipping out the other, they showed the two to be distinct and regarded with very different feelings.

The name of the Queen of Amunoph the Fourth is Nofre-ti-ti, *i.e.*, Good Ti-ti; that of the Queen of Khou-en-Aten is Nofre-nofru-Aten-nofre-ti-tai—Good, best of the good Ti-tai of Aten. This variation upon the first name is quite consistent with, and indeed suggests, their being mother and daughter. At Tel-el-Amarna a strong piece of intrinsic evidence occurs that Queen Nofre-nofru-nofre-ti-tai reigned in her own right—in two columns of hieroglyphics over their heads, the daughters are described as being sprung *from her* specially. There is no other precedent for this, the king being always the personage to whom the descent of sons and daughters is ascribed, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that the royal descent was through the queen, not through the king.

Plate V. exhibits the ghosts of the two royal figures, all chipped away, but still leaving the outline of the king's features, and displaying the long nose and long chin which characterized his very peculiar countenance, to identify him by; the ovals containing his names, also, although mutilated all over, still disclose enough of the hieroglyphics to be recognized as identical with those of Tel-el-Amarna. Every other detail of the bas-relief has been left quite perfect. They have respected the solar disk because, though under a different form, still it was the sun whom they worshipped as Ra. They

PL. V. BAS-RELIEF ON A TOMB AT THEBES, DISCOVERED BY THE AUTHOR

respected also the oval of Amunoph the Fourth, which, as shown in the Plate, is quite uninjured. They did not leave it as his name, but as the name of one of their own legitimate kings. And what is very significant is that, while taking so much trouble to obliterate Khou-en-Aten and his wife, they have left Amunoph the Fourth and his queen, on the other side of the entrance, quite uninjured; thus showing that they did not implicate them in the impious proceedings of their successors.

The fact that Khou-en-Aten's queen is represented seated, and on an equality with her husband, supports my view that it was in her right he reigned. She also bears the title—The Queen of the Two Lands. At Tel-el-Amarna also she is represented as associated with the king in all public state ceremonials on equal terms, which is quite unprecedented, except in cases of queens in their own right. Her name, Nofre-nofru-Aten-nofre-ti-tai, has a termination which recalls the names both of the consort of Amunoph the Third and of the consort of Amunoph the Fourth, as might be expected if she were the granddaughter of one and the daughter of the other. If, however, it was her husband and not she herself who was of royal lineage, how came she by the royal name?

In the tableau the officers of the court are paying homage to their sovereigns, and the rank of two of them is mentioned; one is intendant over the hareem, or women's department, or nursery, the other is minister of agriculture. The third personage has so peculiar a physiognomy that we have thought it worth giving his portrait. He must have been a foreigner; but of what race? To the left of these three personages are a group of courtiers having the rank of chiefs; one of them wears a fringe to his hood. The dresses of all

differ very much from the usual Egyptian fashions. They wear sleeves and long petticoats, with an upper skirt terminating in a kind of vandyke border.

The right-hand corner of this tomb was buried beneath such heavy masses of large stones, and would have required so much time and labour to clear and excavate, that, time pressing, we had reluctantly to leave it unfinished, and we have filled up that corner with a group from one of the Tel-el-Amarna tombs. There are two captains of charioteers making a low obeisance to the king, and three other courtiers offering very obsequious homage to the occupants of the thrones. They wear the same dresses as the group to the left. The pavilions on either hand may be gateways of the palace: one of them is surmounted with a row of royal asps, and is decorated with elaborately wrought panels; the upper one displays the eagle emblem of Ra, with overshadowing wings spread out to protect the royal oval; underneath is the other cartouche, supported heraldic fashion, by serpents, with emblems of power, life, and purity. The columns of the opposite pavilion have streamers attached below the capitals, which represent bouquets of palm leaves bound together.

The two Arabs had now become our very good friends, and rendered us various little services good humouredly —helping to take impressions, &c. Having pretended at first that they had come on purpose to clear out the tomb for us, they now confessed that they had come to collect bats' dung to manure their water melons with. They showed us a heap of that odoriferous material, which they had tied in an old blue cotton gown, and carried off on their donkeys. They returned with us to the river, which we reached about sunset.

On the desert I noticed a broad smooth track, traversing the entire distance, the surface free from stones, the latter having been drawn away to the right and to the left, and forming a boundary on either hand, like the moraines of a Swiss glacier. This belt traversed the entire distance from the ruins of the city to the tombs. In answer to my enquiry, the guide told me that this was the ancient road by which the mummies were conveyed to their last resting-place. It must have been laid out at least 3400 years ago, and yet there it remained intact; the edging of flints that marked it out then mark it out still; the hand of man has not disturbed, nor have the sands buried them; between them runs a broad smooth highway.

It is impossible to visit Tel-el-Amarna without seeing that the Khou-en-Aten dynasty must have occupied the throne for a considerable period. The tombs are large and numerous; they are excavated in the rock on such a scale that a long time must have been required for the execution of the work, and after they were completed and tenanted they must have been for many years visited by the descendants of the occupants, for they contain enormous accumulations of broken earthenware, the remains of the vessels in which offerings were brought annually by surviving relatives. These vessels were never taken back again, but broken on the spot and left there.

It must have been a period of much prosperity and luxury, judging from the rich dresses and furniture, and the numerous chariots and horses sculptured on the walls of these stately mausoleums, and the army seemed to have been particularly well appointed, as every branch of it is represented in the tableau of a royal review, sculptured in one of the tombs.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CROCODILE CAVERNS OF GEBEL ABOUFAIDA.

Crystalline Bombs—A faint-hearted Ally—A terrible end—A weird scene—Superphosphate of Crocodile—Resurrection of a Mummy.

December 17.—Strong wind. We reached Gebel Aboufaida, and we may as well describe here an expedition which we made upon a previous occasion.

We started from Shalagheel for the Crocodile Mummy Caverns, with our dragoman and four guides. Our way lay up the side of Gebel Aboufaida, a very steep rugged track, up which the donkeys scrambled with wonderful activity. Not far from the summit of the pass occurred a slope covered with immense bomb-shaped stones, as thick as they could stand on the ground; they looked exactly as if chipped by human hands into that shape; this, however, was not the case (see account of Metahara expedition, Chapter V.). Each of them had at one point a projection like the fuse of a shell; they were of very hard crystalline limestone, but all those which I examined contained a core of flint. Soon afterwards we reached the great plateau of the Gebel; the view down into the valley below was magnificent, the Nile winding its way from the furthest horizon, a river of silver in a broad green setting, and all beyond tawny desert up to the great range of the Libyan mountains. Immediately below were two large villages, the flat-topped houses of which were nearly

buried amongst palm groves; however, our course soon led us out of sight of cultivation and all sign of life, towards the interior of the great plateau, where all was a naked wilderness of rock and sand, desolate and lifeless. The surface was tossed into great ridges, as if the waves of the sea had suddenly been petrified; the ground was covered with glittering crystals, often of a large size. After about an hour's ride across this desert we came to an insignificant-looking cleft in the surface—this was the entrance to the cavern. The four guides were furnished with candles, and Elias then addressing me, coolly proposed that I should go down with them alone, and he would await my return. I insisted on his accompanying me, as otherwise I had no means of making myself understood by the men. With a heavy sigh he "caved in" and agreed to go. The men now stripped stark naked, and each entered with a candle and dagger (the latter was to cut up the mummies with). I noticed that the dragoman allowed me to enter first. After we had proceeded for about fifty yards along a subterranean passage, consisting of a narrow labyrinth of rocks, I heard Elias exclaiming in a very lamentable tone: "I cannot, I cannot do it; please let me stay." Thus adjured, I reflected that so faint-hearted an ally would not be of much use, and that perhaps he might become insensible from terror or bad air, and block our way out, so I decided to go on without him.

We noticed that the rocks were covered with a sticky, greasy, black deposit, like tar. Our guides informed us that this had been caused by a fire which had occurred in this singular depôt of departed reptiles. A party of travellers had entered, and soon after a volume of smoke came rolling out from the pit which forms the ante-room

to the caverns. Some sailors who had accompanied the party, and who were awaiting their return outside, tried to penetrate, but found the smoke so suffocating that they had to abandon the attempt. Neither the unfortunate explorers nor their guides were ever seen again. The fire smouldered on for several weeks, and when the scene of the catastrophe was next visited some charred bones of crocodiles and men and the ashes of many mummies were all that remained to tell the tale of their horrible death. It was surmised that they may have lighted their cigars as an antidote to the bad air, and that in doing so a spark may have fallen amongst the mummy rags that litter the floor, dry and inflammable as tinder. At that time the galleries were still packed with reptiles, thickly swathed in linen bandages, much nearer to the entrance than at present. Our guides strove to cheer us with another story equally exhilarating. Until lately there was to be seen sitting on a stone in the central chamber, the grim figure of a modern mummy, with the expression of despair still stamped upon the distorted features; it was the remains of an Arab, who, having entered in search of treasure, had lost his way and perished miserably, surrounded by the dead whom he had come to plunder.

The atmosphere grew worse and worse as we proceeded; the heat was suffocating, and there was an overpowering smell of ammonia. Sometimes the passage was so low and narrow that it was with difficulty we crawled through, one at a time; our lights were repeatedly extinguished by the bats which flew in our faces incessantly, almost blinding us. I would have given anything for a thimble-full of brandy, for I felt quite exhausted, but the caitiff Elias had my flask with

him. Once or twice the cavern enlarged so that we could stand upright, then it would become narrower than ever; at last we emerged into a chamber about fifteen feet across, and high enough to stand up in; in the centre it was supported by a single thick, glittering white stalactite. The floor of this chamber was covered with palm branches, placed there not less than five-and-twenty centuries ago, for the mummies to repose upon, but still looking as fresh as if only put there last month. All about lay mummies of crocodiles and mummies of men. Igniting some magnesium wire, the brilliant light fell upon such a scene as Dante never dreamt of for his Inferno. The naked bronze figures of my guides with their daggers, the strange weird forms of the reptiles, with their long snouts displaying rows of sharp white fangs, the grinning human heads (many with all their hair still on), thick curly hair, and white gleaming teeth and hollow eyes, that seemed to reproach us for disturbing their rest, the litter of grave clothes, the shrill complaining cry of the bats, as they flew hither and thither, and then the dark shadows of the recesses that opened on all sides and had served to store the mummies in—all this formed an experience never to be forgotten, and scarcely to be surpassed by the wildest nightmare. Suddenly one of the men gave a cry of horror, and snatched the magnesium wire out of my hand, for a spark of it had fallen amongst the palm branches, and had they taken fire, we had never more emerged alive. Amongst the curiosities of the place were baby crocodiles, not more than twelve inches long, and they varied from that size up to twelve feet. The men afterwards told me, in answer to my questions, that the largest they saw taken out measured fifteen feet.

We once more dived into a narrow passage, right and left of which still lay the mummies deposited in the crevices; the air grew even worse, and I could scarcely breathe; the brown skins of the men were streaming with perspiration; they tried to encourage me with the words "more mummies," but I felt that if I stayed much longer I should join the ghostly company myself, so I determined to turn back while I yet had strength. Oh, for a thimble-full of brandy, or a cup of cold water! I scarcely knew how I got back. I shall never forget the delicious sensation of the first taste of fresh air that met me when about fifty yards from the entrance—the same air that I had thought so villanous at starting—and when I emerged, and took a good chest full of the pure mountain ether, I felt as if I had just awoke from some grim nightmare.

I enquired how it came that the mummies had all been disturbed and scattered about; they told me that a great number had been taken away by the Viceroy, but that the greatest destruction had been caused by a German speculator, who, about three years ago, came and employed men to bring out the mummies wholesale; he stripped off their bandages, and freighted a large barge with them as rags for the paper mills; the bones of men and reptiles alike he carried off to make superphosphate of, so that the poor Egyptians who took such pains to find a resting-place where they might never be disturbed, have been applied as manure to the ground, and will be eaten in the shape of bread grown from this strangely compounded superphosphate. Such is life and such is death!

They told me also that many of the human mummies so abstracted had their faces and feet gilded thickly,

others merely had the mummy cloth that covered their faces painted with their likenesses. The wonder is how this strange mausoleum was ever discovered amid the wild naked peaks of the Egyptian Sierra. While I was resting, I offered the guides a dollar if they would re-enter the caverns, and bring me out another crocodile. They disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and after the lapse of half an hour we heard them below, and then there slowly arose through the fissure the grisly apparition of a human mummy stripped of its bandages and therefore naked, but quite perfect, mounting bolt upright from the depths beneath, as if through the trap-door of a theatre, without any visible motive power. A ghastly spectacle, strangely at discord with the bright sunshine. How many centuries had elapsed since the sun last shone upon that form?

When I had sufficiently recovered, we packed the mummies we had collected upon our donkeys. One of the Arabs carried the large crocodile at right angles across his saddle-peak. I wish I could have had the group photographed: the turbaned rider—the shaggy little beast he bestrode, and the grim reptile that shared his saddle—a four-footed Lazarus come forth from the grave it had occupied for at least twenty-five centuries. One of the Arabs made a bundle of mummy legs and arms, threw them over his shoulders, and marched on ahead.

We thus proceeded along the mountain plateau for several miles till we reached a steep ravine, down which we scrambled into the plain below, and were presently received on board with much curiosity as to the adventures we had undergone and the trophies we had brought back.

CHAPTER IX.

SIOUT.

Monuments of the Thirteenth Dynasty—A Splendid Mausoleum—A Mummy brought to life and made to speak.

December 18.—We reached Siout and paid a visit to the bazaar, where we bought some daggers of native manufacture; they are of good design but of bad iron and practically worthless. We bought some pottery for which this district is famous. We then started for the tombs, which I found cruelly mutilated since our last visit. I examined very carefully the two tombs above the tomb of Hapi Tefa.

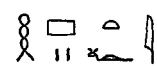
The name of the king which occurs in the inscription in the Tomb of Shields is Meraikara, *i.e.*, Valiant Bull, beloved of Ra. This name does not occur in the royal list at Abydos, but that list shows a long series of kings beginning with the sixth dynasty, whose family names were characterised by this termination of Kara. It seems to have been adopted as distinctive of the reigning family at this period. The name of a king having this termination occurs in the eleventh dynasty (Sanch-kara), whose reign is marked on the monuments by an expedition *viâ* the Desert to the Red Sea, and thence across to Arabia to fetch gums, spices, and gold.

The twelfth dynasty contains no name having this termination, but it re-appears in the thirteenth, of which it is among the characteristics which point to a close

family relationship between the eleventh and thirteenth dynasties, the twelfth bearing throughout names differing widely from either. In the Turin papyrus there occur, in the list of the thirteenth-dynasty kings, several imperfect names, of which only the termination Kara remains, and it is probable that Meraikara may be one of these.

Two other great tombs in the mountain behind Siout belong to the thirteenth dynasty; they are excavated on a grand scale, and approach in size the tombs of the kings at Thebes. Their walls are covered with hieroglyphics, unfortunately so mutilated that the greater part of them are illegible. This is especially to be deplored, because the thirteenth dynasty is an obscure period of Egyptian history; and as the inscriptions in these tombs have reference to the deeds of such distinguished officers of this dynasty, they could not have failed to throw an important light upon their period. Two of the tombs contain bas-reliefs of army corps, showing their dress and accoutrements, and the missing hieroglyphics would no doubt have recorded their achievements, and might have proved that which is now suspected, that the period covered by the thirteenth dynasty was a period of civil wars. These interesting monuments are being rapidly destroyed for the sake of the limestone in which they are excavated. The whole mountain is a mass of limestone, and any quantity might be obtained without a single tomb being injured, but of course it is less trouble to carry away the walls and columns found in these tombs hewn ready to hand, than to quarry the mountain in fresh places. For the sake of this advantage, records of priceless value to the historian are ruthlessly destroyed for ever, after having

escaped for 4000 years. If the work of spoliation goes on much longer the roofs will fall in, and their total destruction will be consummated. Even in their decay they are grand monuments. The portals of one of them cannot be less than twenty-five feet in height; great doors of that height closed the entrance, and the upper sockets in which the pivots moved are still perfect, and can be seen in the living rock high overhead.

Just within the entrance is a long inscription, well preserved; it is the charter providing funeral services in honour of the builder of the tomb,  Hapi Tefa, feudal prince, Governor of the district of Siout. This, like all Egyptian mausoleums, was excavated during the lifetime of the owner, and whatever stage of construction they had attained at the time of his decease, at that stage they remained; it thus happens that the innermost portion of excavated tombs is nearly always unfinished and left in the rough. This is the case even with the tombs of the kings at Thebes. Hapi Tefa, however, lived to see a goodly home for his mummy hewn out and covered with the records of his greatness, his goodness, his power, his deeds of charity, and his deeds of valour. His first care was to have minute instructions engraved at the very entrance for the maintenance of funeral services in his honour for all time, and to this end he provides salaries for the priests, and grants them certain privileges; in fact, he endows a sort of foundation, with the same intention with which men in Christian times have left money to pay for masses for their souls; for a belief in Purgatory formed a prominent and important feature in their religious creed.

Hapi Tefa proved a great benefactor to bats, myriads of which make his tomb their home, and flit to and fro as if they were the restless spirits of the hosts of mummies with which this mountain is even now literally stuffed.

In early Christian times, one of these tombs, homes of the dead, formed the retreat of a hermit, who had a great reputation for sanctity; even sovereigns sent to consult him. One tradition is that he restored life to the man to whom he was indebted for his cell, conversed with him, and questioned him as to the history of his earthly existence. Why was not some Special Correspondent present to record the particulars of that conversation?

I have already said that the thirteenth dynasty, to which these tombs belong, is an obscure period, which has much puzzled Egyptologists. One discovery has lately been made with respect to it, viz., that it, in any case, preceded the invasion of the Shepherd Kings, for a monument of the eighteenth king of this dynasty, by name Smonch-ka-ra-Mermese, was found by Mariette Bey lately at Tanis, the *Zoan* of the Bible; and OVER the inscription had been engraved, at a later period, the name of Apophi, one of the best known of the Shepherd Kings. The surname, Mermesa, means commander of armies. The statues of other kings of this dynasty have also been discovered at Bubastis, at Tanis, and also at the remotest point of Nubia. These facts show that they were not mere local chiefs, but were masters of all Egypt, and reigned before the Hycsos conquered and occupied the northern portion of it.

CHAPTER X.

DENDERA.

A short cut missed—Legend of Isis and Osiris—Its hold upon the Egyptian mind accounted for—Cleopatra—Visit to the Bazaars of a large town—The Merry Wives of Keneh—Dates and Coffee.

December 22.—About 7 A.M. we reached the nearest point to the north of the Temple of Dendera, and we had told Ibrahim to let us know when we reached it, for the river forms a long, narrow loop here, making a peninsula of the promontory, on the neck of which the ruins stand. Across this neck run the telegraph posts as a guide. Boats, in following the course of the stream, have to make a detour of eight miles; but, by disembarking opposite a village called Ouled Hamrah, travellers can ride or walk across the isthmus in three miles, visiting the temple *en route*, and joining their boat again on the other side, thus saving much time; for this is a difficult reach, and boats generally occupy several hours in getting round it. Ibrahim, either designedly or through misunderstanding, carried us past the point for disembarkation, and it was not till 11 A.M. that we reached the village of Dendera, entailing a long hot walk to the temple. One of the crew marched along bearing a lady's saddle on his head, on the chance of getting a donkey for M——; ultimately a baby donkey was found feeding in a cornfield, seized, and saddled forthwith.

I shall not attempt any general description of this temple, it has been so often described before, and are not its measurements and dimensions written in the indispensable "Murray"? but there are some points of special interest to which attention may profitably be drawn. Dendera passes for a comparatively modern temple among antiquarians, being only eighteen or nineteen centuries old; it stands, however, on the site of a temple as ancient as any in Egypt. In exploring the foundations, stones were found with inscriptions showing that a temple stood here in the time of the Pyramids, which was repaired and enlarged successively by Khoufou and Pepi of the fourth and sixth dynasties, and entirely rebuilt by Thothmes the Third of the eighteenth. Now it has been found to be the invariable practice among the ancient restorers of Egyptian temples always to reproduce the traditions, the dedications, and religious character of their predecessors. Although, therefore, the architecture of Dendera belongs to a debased period, and its sculptures show signs of the decay of Egyptian art; although it was built under the auspices of Greek and Roman dynasties, and it is on that account regarded with colder interest than the splendid monuments erected by the Amunophs, the Thothmes, and the Rameses kings, from fourteen to seventeen centuries earlier; yet the legends and traditions which its sculptures have preserved are second to none in antiquity and interest or in value, as illustrating Egyptian mythology and the allegories that lay beneath it. The hieroglyphics and tableaux are of modern execution; but the story they convey is so ancient as to be lost in the night of prehistoric time before Egypt yet had

a king, and while it was still a community of independent tribes, each governed by an independent chief.

In the chambers on the roof is illustrated the highly poetical and romantic legend of Isis and Osiris,—a story of passionate love and devoted affection, covering an allegory of the great conflict between good and evil, and of the ultimate triumph of goodness inspired by love over the designs and machinations of the power of evil. There is in this story that touch of nature to the magic spell of which Shakespeare alludes in the well-known passage. The passionate love and romantic affection of Isis and her triumph over Typhon, the prince of evil, has touched the sympathies and riveted the hearts of countless generations of men. It is the secret of the hold which the Egyptian religion maintained over the Egyptian people for at least 4000 years, and accounts for the fact that even in its death agonies, when its practice was proscribed and its temples dismantled, men were yet found ready to risk their lives for it; and it was only finally extinguished by the strong arm of arbitrary power, its last fortress being the Temple of Philæ, specially dedicated to Isis and Osiris, the hero and heroine of this powerful romance.

The Temple of Dendera is more especially associated with the memory of Cleopatra, and contains several portraits of that celebrated queen, both on the exterior and interior walls. We have selected one from the interior (Plate XL.); it was evidently executed when she was no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*, but we can still discern the remains of beauty. The features are purely Greek, not so much of the classic statues, which was more or less idealised, as those of the Greek women we

CLEOPATRA.

FROM BAS-RELIEF IN THE INTERIOR OF TEMPLE,

DENDERA.

Plate 40

may see in Athens at the present day. The Egyptians did not attempt to idealise; they sculptured what they saw with honest fidelity, and we need have no doubt of the truthfulness of this interesting bas-relief.

In all the representations of her she wears a smile, which was no doubt characteristic; so consummate a mistress of the art of fascination knew well the power of a winning smile. The figure, as usual, is most imperfect; she wears a graceful head-dress and a necklace of large pearls.

Opposite Dendera lies the important commercial city of Keneh. This is one of the best specimens of an inland town in Egypt, and has a capital bazaar, which we lost no time in visiting; it is at the junction of the traffic between the Red Sea and the Nile, the caravan journey to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, being very short; by this route therefore come large quantities of Mocha coffee, and of the finest dates in the world, from the country about Mecca. We wished to take with us some of both of these commodities, and we were introduced to a date merchant, who invited us up-stairs. Of course the first proceeding was to offer us coffee, and while we were sipping our Mocha, I became aware that we were performing the operation beneath the fire of some inquisitive eyes. The room we sat in was commanded by an angle of the building close by, with lattice-work windows. I saw these cautiously opened, and some girlish faces, with bright eyes and black hair, braided with gold ornaments, and a vision of scarfs, ear-rings, and necklaces; the owners of these possessions were immensely amused by the English lady and gentleman, and telegraphed as plainly as eyes could speak, that I was not to betray them; unluckily, however, before long a sup-

pressed titter from themselves penetrated to the ears of the merchant, and darting an angry look in the direction of his womankind, he slammed-to the jalousie and cut the fun short off. Poor girls! no doubt the glimpse of the Giaours, their strange garments and western ways, furnished wherewith to chatter for the next twenty-four hours. The bazaar is a narrow passage, not ten feet wide, with mats spread overhead from house to house, to keep out the sun; right and left of this are a set of cupboards, at the bottom of which squats the owner, with all his goods within reach, the remotest of them being within arm's length. Some of them, when the thoroughfare is a little wider, have ottomans made of the all-useful Nile mud outside their shops; upon them they place carpets, and sit there themselves smoking, and they invite customers to sit down on them and offer them pipes and coffee while the bargain is being conducted. Ever and anon a camel with an enormous load would come by in the middle of the transaction, and make a retreat into the nearest recess necessary. The camel, as he stalks along with stately and deliberate strides, looks out with those large lustrous eyes from beneath the drooping lids, with quiet dignity, but he moves on regardless of what his load may come in contact with, and I was once brushed off my donkey, saddle and all, by a load of sugar cane, which there was no room to escape, and which hung down too low to duck under. While M—— was in the bazaar, she spied some curious little crocodiles in red earthenware, which took her fancy. She entered into negotiations for the purchase of them, when our crew made sounds of remonstrance; however, she bought them, and on our dragoman coming up and seeing them, he laughed and

said that those were made for the natives to scratch themselves with, and that the crew were scandalised at the idea of their sitteh (lady) possessing such a thing. We spent several hours in the bazaar; we bought native bracelets, we bought Mocha coffee, we bought dates, we bought Keneh jars, and benefited native trade generally. It was a most amusing place. Some of the Egyptian pottery is of elegant design, and they make many pretty articles. Presently the time for the mid-day meal arrived, and each merchant drew up a strong net in front of his shop and vanished: these nets supply the place of plate-glass windows, but it would not do in London to leave jewellery behind them while the jewellers went home to breakfast. In this bazaar we saw some Bishareen Arabs from the Red Sea, men of wild aspect, with long curls down their backs, and fierce restless eyes, looking as if they valued a man's life at a remarkably low figure. There were also plenty of Almehs—dance-girls—sauntering along, covered with bangles, bracelets, anklets, and earrings.

When we got back to the boat we found the crew in great excitement; one of the gaunt, famished-looking dogs, which infest every Egyptian village, had got at our poultry, and had bolted a fowl whole, feathers and all; the crew rushed after him with oars, boat-hooks, sticks—anything they could catch up, "*furor arma ministrat.*" The dog was too wise to go on shore; he scuttled along between the boats and the bank, where the mooring ropes overhead protected him; the crew thrashed these ropes with blows, any one of which, had it reached him, would have put an end for ever to his depredations; every time a rope was hit he yelled, but

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he distanced his pursuers until the foremost of them was tripped up by a rope and measured his length on the ground, and the rascal got off scot free, the contour of our fowl being distinctly perceptible through his lean sides.

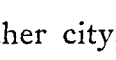
ESNEH.

The Temple of Knouhm-Ra—A Native Levée—Walk through the Market Place—Symptoms of Famine.

We passed Thebes without stopping, except to call for letters, and pushed on, anxious, for certain reasons, to reach Assouan with as little delay as possible.

December 25.—We stopped at Esneh, to spend our Christmas Day, and to enable the crew to bake a month's supply of bread; as this is the last opportunity, enough must be taken to carry them to the Second Cataract and back. No public oven exists in Nubia.

We visited the Temple, or rather its portico, for the rest of it is all buried beneath the town. The portico is, however, a very grand specimen of Egyptian architecture, the capitals of its twenty-four columns being especially fine, and one has a good opportunity of examining them, for they are on a level with the surface, the rest of the building being entirely below it, constituting a mammoth cellar beneath the houses of the inhabitants of Esneh. I was glad to see that a guardian is appointed to protect it from injury, admittance being obtained through a gate, which is kept locked. On entering we observed a number of books lying about promiscuously *al fresco*, and were informed that these were the archives of the town. A shower of rain would have converted the whole into papier maché, but it never rains here. We found an inscription containing the cartouche of Thothmes the Third (Plate LIII., No. 70),

from which it appears that the temple, which the present structure replaces, was built by Thothmes about sixteen centuries earlier. The two generations of temples therefore cover a period of 3500 years. I took impressions of the most important portion of the inscription, at least as much of it as could be reached. The former title of Esneh occurs in the course of it, thus the city of Knouhm, the god to whom both temple and city were dedicated; later on occurs the name of another city, viz., Nebaou, thus  The disk, with a cross inscribed, like a bas-relief of a hot-cross bun, means a town, and is the determinative which always follows the name of a town. Opposite the entrance, over the great doorway which led into the sanctuary, occurs the dedication of the temple, viz., the God Knouhm enclosed in a large disk. The hieroglyphics in this temple are very badly and carelessly executed, and suggest the idea of either having been done by contract by some Greek who took the job at so much per thousand square yards, or by some artist who did not understand what he was inscribing, and who considered one bird or beast as good as another, whereas different birds convey different and very opposite sounds and meanings, and in the genuine Egyptian sculptures the character of each bird is carefully stamped upon it, and their figures are drawn with much spirit. Thus no confusion or mistake is possible. One does not find out with how much skill they are executed until one tries to reproduce them, but in hieroglyphics of Greek and Roman times it is difficult to recognize whether a particular bird is an eagle, a hawk, a vulture,

or an owl, and they all bear a family resemblance to crows.

In the temple a young English gentleman was sketching. He told me that he had come by a native cargo boat, and was travelling in the most independent way, without dragoman or any other of the usual adjuncts, having mastered enough Arabic to do his own marketing. I could not help admiring his spirit and courage, and I looked hard at him to see whether he had been much bitten; a native cargo boat being a conveyance in which it is always taken for granted that anyone but a native would be eaten alive by every sort of insect pest. I did not, however, observe a single bite, or perceive him to indulge in a solitary scratch. He had been all over Japan, India, and Australia. He paid us a visit in the evening, and showed us some of his Japanese sketches.

In the afternoon I called upon the Governor of the district. He received me in a lofty, airy apartment, which was reached through a courtyard planted with trees. He was a good-looking old gentleman, a Turk, in the usual fez and blue frock, and had the most perfect and courtly manners. He placed me next him at his right hand on the divan, presented me with a cigarette made with his own fingers, which is considered a special compliment, and an attendant brought in coffee in the usual little egg cup with brass holder. He inquired with great interest how matters were going in Afghanistan, and seemed glad to hear that we were well on the way to Jellalabad, and would probably be at Cabul early in the spring, not that he loved England, but that he hated Russia, and looked upon the Ameer as a Russian limb, a stab in which would cause the greedy

old bear in the background to wince. He was immensely tickled at my observing that the Russians were gentry who liked taking out their hot chestnuts with other people's paws, and he laughed and rubbed his hands for ten consecutive seconds. The Governor seemed to be holding a levee. Three mudirs in turbans and the usual long native gown were honoured, like myself, with seats on the divan, others less favoured were standing. Several times turbaned natives entered, saluted, and presented him with despatches, which he hastily glanced over, and then stamped and placed on a table beside him. Near the door, sitting in a chair by himself, was a very good-looking boy of about fourteen years of age. He had a golden yellow silk turban and loose black cloth robe, embroidered in gold and lined with purple. This robe was open, and underneath he wore a blue silk dress. I was informed that he was the son of the Governor of Nubia, who had come on some errand of importance. In a few days this Governor is about to start for Cairo, to assist at a congress of chiefs of districts to consult about Rivers Wilson's proposed reforms. I ventured to put a question as to the intended changes, but my host replied with great reserve, and evidently did not wish to discuss the subject. He gave me a letter to the Governor of Nubia, which he said would ensure our getting up the cataract without delay, and I then took my departure. On our way back we passed through the market-place, which presented a very animated scene. It was an open square, with the usual little Oriental shops round it. The eastern side was chiefly occupied by a mosque with a graceful and picturesque minaret. Some of the shops were shaded by verandahs of ragged mats, supported

on sticks. The square was filled by a squalid and motley crowd. There were a considerable proportion of petty traders squatting on the ground, with baskets of dates, onions, dried lentils, or fresh vegetables, also cakes of coarse-looking bread, which I tasted, and found sweet and good; others had trays of matches, cigarette-papers, and tobacco to sell. Standing about were crowds of natives, smoking, chatting, laughing and joking, as if there were no such things as Turkish officials, taxes, sugar-factories, and bastinadoes. There was also a liberal sprinkling of buffaloes and buffalo cows and calves, sunning themselves and placidly chewing the cud, the said cud consisting of refuse sugar cane and dourra tops, hard fare requiring vigorous grinders. They seemed to belong to no one in particular, and apparently considered they had as good a right to lounge about the public square as anyone else. Now and then camels, with loads much too big for the thoroughfares, would emerge from a narrow street, push their way through the crowd across the square, and enter another lane still narrower. The population of this Place Vendôme of Esneh was completed by the usual complement of donkeys and mangy yellow dogs. We observed many starved-looking old men, women, and children crouching dejectedly in the narrow alleys, refugees from the country, driven in by the famine caused by the excessive inundation of last summer, which had washed away their crops and left them without food. These poor creatures competed with the dogs for every morsel of garbage that could possibly be devoured, and we saw them pick up and chew raw unripe beans and lentils dropped from the bundles of cattle fodder carried past them by the camels.

CHAPTER XII.

ASSOUAN.

Kom Ombos—Shopping in Nubia—The Home of the Obelisk—Tax-Gatherers—Philæ—Adam and Eve—Osiris.

December 26.—Left Esneh, 6.45. Wind strong. Sailed all day without stopping till we got to Silouah, where we anchored below Gebel Silsilis. We were unable to sail after dark on account of the rocks and rapids above this place.

December 27.—Wind failing, we passed Kom Ombos, and spent an hour in examining the ruins. I discovered on the eastern face the cartouche of Ounas. In the afternoon the breeze freshened. We sailed forty miles, and anchored about five miles below Assouan.

The ancient Egyptian name for Assouan was Soun, converted by the Greeks and Romans into Syene, and by the Arabs, who dislike beginning with S, into Assoun or Assouan.

December 28.—On awaking, and taking a bird's-eye view from our cabin window of the outer world, a very amusing scene occupied the foreground. A number of Nubian men, women, and children were squatting on the sandy shore with their wares arranged on mats before them, patiently awaiting our appearance, smoking and chatting with our crew the while; but no sooner did we

step forth, than the greatest excitement prevailed, they started up with one accord and took to brandishing their merchandize over their heads, advertising them by power of lung, and deafening us with a perfect Babel of sounds. They held out at arms' length towards us, ostrich eggs, Nubian spears, armlets, necklaces, bracelets, porcupine quills, bows and arrows, ebony clubs, daggers, ostrich feathers, leopard skins, hippopotamus-hide whips, cunningly made baskets, and Egyptian antiquities; our dragoman took very good care not to let them come on board. Their wares were handed in for our inspection, they themselves were made to keep their distance; and when we went on shore, we landed under escort of a body-guard of our crew, who kept the Nubian merchants off with their sticks.

A little higher up the beach were the goods of a caravan, bound for Khartoum; boxes and bales arranged in a circle formed a sort of camp; their saloon, reception-room, and dining-room was the home of the travellers by day, and their dormitory by night. We visited them at the hour of breakfast; their wants were being ministered to by a number of Nubian girls, some having milk to sell, others cheese, butter, new-baked cakes, cucumbers, buttermilk, and other delicacies. Some were smoking, some were cooking, some were bargaining with the vendors of eatables; in the middle was a sort of trophy supported on three poles, and consisting of water skins; jars covered with goats' hide with the shaggy hair still on, lanterns, pots, and other camp equipage. Outside the magic circle squatted some camels; it was a very picturesque and amusing scene. I visited them again at night, when they were rolled up in their camels'-hair rugs and wraps, jammed

in closely between the bales, and smoking themselves to sleep, in the soft silvery moonlight. Next morning, several scores of camels were being loaded, kneeling in a circle, and grunting discontentedly, with a rumbling and gurgling in all their stomachs (they have four), at every additional package that was added to their load; some of them even turned their long necks and bit at the turbans of their task-masters; then at the signal that their load was complete, they jerked themselves abruptly to their feet, and now that they knew the worst, all grumbling ceased. The camel is a decided ventriloquist, and all his stomachs engage simultaneously in the performance.

We started for Philæ on donkey-back, riding through a scene of desolation which can scarcely be surpassed. The desert itself is broken up into vast piles of granite boulders, which furnished the raw material for most of the stately statues and colossi, and all the obelisks of Egypt, and in all directions one still sees the chisel-marks of Pharaoh's quarrymen, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions and cartouches of the Pharaohs themselves. But among these mementos of the most ancient dynasties in the world are strewn the remains of the Roman occupation, and later still of the Arab occupation—the *débris* of three successive races, the first in granite, the last two in clay, for the desert about Assouan is choked with the ruins of unburnt-brick houses. We met, *en route*, many turbaned Nubians riding on donkeys, and followed by their wives (generally two) on foot—this arrangement effectually prevents any dispute between the fair ones; we met also many camels striding along in their stately deliberate fashion, carrying bales of dates and cotton or returning empty.

The desolate valley through which one passes on the way to Philæ, is in fact a cataract run dry; it presents exactly the same appearance as the present cataract would if the Nile were to leave its bed—innumerable islands of black granite boulders worn and polished by the licking action of the water, continued through long ages, the soil between being scoured out by the mighty flood, and leaving nothing but the stony skeleton. It is, however, matter of history that a great reef of rocks which dammed up the Nile below Assouan gave way and permanently lowered the river level to the extent of about twenty-five feet. This catastrophe happened at some period between the twelfth and the eighteenth dynasty. There are innumerable hieroglyphic inscriptions on the rocks in this valley, but none of them older than the eighteenth dynasty. The evidences of the former state of things are very obvious; as one rides along one sees thick strata of Nile mud deposited high overhead, under foot is the sandy floor of the river, and right and left it has written its own story on countless monuments of stone.

Occasionally we came to a little oasis with a well, the water of which was baled out on the land by the sakeer or water-wheel, and formed a little paradise of rich crops and palm groves amid the surrounding desolation. There issued forth from the mud huts a swarm of Nubians, some with clothes and some without, but most of them offering silver bracelets and rings, necklaces, and other ornaments of solid silver of barbaric execution but of good design. These mud hovels looked as unlikely a find for such a profusion of the precious metals as an Irish turf cabin. We were much amused at several naked little Nubians, who had not on a rag or

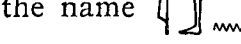
stitch of any description, brandishing enormous sunflowers which they wanted us to buy; when we refused, they took headers into the water, disappearing, sunflowers and all. At one of these villages there was a magnificent spreading sycamore tree, under which were gathered the turbaned elders of the community, smoking and holding friendly converse; nor was literature absent, for one of them was reading a document and another was writing. The scene struck us as quite worthy of Eden, and feeling much interested we asked our dragoman the history of this happy group.—"It is the Pasha's officers collecting taxes," was the brief reply. Alas for Eden! After two hours' ride we came in sight of the lovely Philæ, the Egyptian Isle of Saints, the resting-place of Osiris, a jewel whose setting is of the wildest; just above the cataract, at a point where the Nile takes its course through enormous piles of black granite boulders, its romantic temples and palm groves lie embedded like a fairy scene amid the surrounding desolation. We landed under the great temple and scrambled about amongst the ruins, while Elias and some of the crew laid out our lunch in a beautiful temple overhanging the river. We fell in with a couple of French priests who had made their way through Egypt, partly on foot and partly in a small native boat, without a cabin. They had already lunched, but they accepted a glass of wine, and they pointed out to us a very interesting sculptured chamber, the walls of which present in a series of tableaux the death and resurrection of Osiris; in one of these Isis is represented as covering her husband's dead body with her wings.

While at Philæ I met a Turkish pasha and his suite; he was on his way to take charge of one of the new

districts won for the Khedive by Gordon. He looked like a man of ability and energy, qualities which he will much need among his wild and lawless subjects.

In the same chamber, on the roof of the temple, I came upon a very curious bas-relief, representing apparently the story of the Fall. There were Adam and Eve and the tree of knowledge and the serpent, the latter a cobra erect, with its hood inflated and looking specially venomous. Adam and Eve were clothed in Egyptian fashion. I examined this sculpture very closely, thinking it must be of Christian origin, and that some portion of the original sculptures must have been erased to make room for it. I could however discover no traces of this; it was all of a piece with the hieroglyphics and the usual symbols and figures of heathen mythology about it. I have since ascertained that the tree is supposed to grow over the grave of Osiris, and represents life springing out of death; that Adam and Eve are two priests, watering and tending it; and that the serpent is the spirit of Osiris, revealing itself to the two priests. The tree itself is the Tamarisk, which caught and held the body of the Incarnate God as the waves washed it to and fro on the sea-shore till Isis found it.

In Egyptian mythology Osiris was represented as having lost his life in the struggle against the powers of evil, and to have been raised again to sit for ever among the gods. There is much in the legend of the death and resurrection of Osiris which would lead one to suppose that it was a corruption of and based upon some primitive revelation or prophecy which the ancestors of the Egyptians may have brought with them from the common cradle of the human race.

On part of the walls I found the name  Abten, corrupted by the Greeks into Abaton, inaccessible—the ancient name of the neighbouring island of Biggeh. This we explored on leaving Philæ. There is also a statue of Amunoph the Second with his oval, which was, however, so worn that it was with difficulty I deciphered it.

In front of this statue is the ruin of a temple; the columns and portico are cumbered with the clay huts of the inhabitants, in and out of which one has to creep to see its architectural details. In this strange jumble of sculptured granite and of sordid hovels, we acquired more fleas than information for our pains. In one of these habitations the master of the house showed us, with great pride, a granite shrine, which he used as a cupboard for his wife's greasy finery; these articles smelt strongly of castor oil. The flocks and herds of the community appeared to consist of one very lean goat. The temple is not of much interest; it is of late date, and coarse execution. It was dedicated to Athor. But there once stood here a temple of some note, much older than Philæ, dating back at least to the time of Amunoph the Second, as is proved by the statue of that monarch close by. The panorama from the rocks above is worth a scramble. The view of Philæ is very beautiful; that lovely island is always beautiful from whatever point one sees it.

Amongst other inscriptions was one making mention of anniversary festivals over which Rameses had presided in the thirty-first year of his reign, fourth month, third day of the month, and also in his thirtieth and thirty-fourth years. There were also four handsome

cartouches, side by side, surmounted by globes and ostrich feathers, with heraldic supporters right and left, in the shape of serpents rampant, and embellished further beneath with , the sign for Nubia, the land of gold. They were the ovals of Thothmes the Third, and of Psammeticus 1000 years later.

CHAPTER XIII.

PASSAGE OF FIRST CATARACT.

Equitation extraordinary—The Governor of Nubia—An Exciting Experience—Nubian Village Merchants.

AFTER leaving Biggeh we scrambled across the rocks to the cataract, and while there a number of nearly naked Nubians advanced, each carrying a log of wood, bestriding which, they boldly pushed out into the roaring, seething waters, and were presently hurried along at the rate of at least fifteen miles an hour down the rapids. They guided their logs with their hands, sitting their wooden steeds magnificently, never allowing them to turn over or spin round, and keeping an upright position throughout; thus they passed down in procession, a performance not easily forgotten; it was the most skilful and daring piece of equitation I have ever witnessed. The regulation baksheesh for this performance is the sum of one shilling, divided amongst them. They rode the furious torrent with so much ease and grace, that it seemed as if anyone could do. Some time ago a young Englishman undertook to achieve the same feat, but the angry cataract crumpled him up and beat him to death in a moment. We saw his grave among the granite chips in Pharaoh's quarry on our way to the unfinished obelisk. We concluded the day by going down the lesser rapids in a four-

oared boat; it was exciting work, and we were twice nearly swamped, once through the breaking of a row-lock just at the most critical moment.

On the occasion of our former visit, the last viceroy was the most splendid specimen of a Nubian we had ever seen: six feet six inches high, coal-black, and of splendid physique. He had been recently dismissed for certain equivocal transactions with the Abyssinian war, and for flogging men to death. The new proconsul was a man of very mild manners, and opposed to the use of the time-honoured bastinado. He was a native of Lower Egypt. His last office had been that of Controller of the Railway at Alexandria. We were received with great courtesy, and after the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, he introduced the subject of our letter, and promised to facilitate our passage of the cataract by every means in his power, and to urge the sheik, or head man of the cataract, to pass us up without delay. We then took our leave, and prepared for the ascent of the famous Iron Gates of the Nile.

We determined to remain on board during the passage up. Just before we started, the Governor came to return our visit. He smoked his cigarette and sipped his coffee on our ottoman on the quarter-deck. His presence had a favourable effect on the cataract men in keeping them up to the mark, the more especially as he announced his intention of riding out later in the day to a point half way up to see how they were getting on.

After the usual interchange of civilities he took his leave and pushed off in his boat for the other side, and we immediately hoisted sail and stood up the river straight for the rapids. Our deck was occupied by about forty men. Our reis was deposed from this

moment, and the Cataract Reis reigned in his stead. Our faithful steersman, who had remained at his post day and night, and brought us safely through many an intricate channel, was replaced by another Nubian of more intense blackness. The commencement of our progress was quiet enough. We crept along before a rather feeble north wind, the genii of the cataract squatting in groups, smoking, chatting and laughing, and so we left Elephantine behind, with its tall palm groves and emerald-green carpet of young wheat, and then on, past a rugged island of granite, showing many a great cube of stone carved out for some ancient temple, and never taken away; in other places the rock showed rows of holes made to receive the wooden plugs which were to swell and split them open. Presently we turned a corner, and found ourselves in another world. Assouan and every trace of civilization or habitation was left behind. It was a world of rock, sand, water, and sky. There was nothing green, nothing living, except a stray vulture wheeling overhead. The great river was converted into a lake begirt with black granite cliffs, set in golden-yellow sand; its bosom studded with countless islets of shining rounded boulders; the waters were still and quiet, as if fatigued after the excitement of the rapids, and overhead was the blue sky and the bright sun growing hotter and hotter. Our peaceful time did not last long; we turned sundry corners and found ourselves in another lake; there was a sound of many waters, and its surface was covered with eddies. The breeze now freshened; not before it was wanted, for the current was growing too strong for us. The men cast aside their cigarettes, and everyone got to his post. Some were at the main sheet, ready to slacken

or to haul in as circumstances might require; others armed themselves with long poles to push us off the rocks; others were at the ropes, ready to throw themselves into the flood at a moment's notice; others stood by the anchor, ready to drop it on the instant, for there is not much time for deliberation; the channels are very narrow, and at any moment the treacherous wind might fail, in which case we might be borne back on some great rock before we could count ten, and then the chances are the *Gazelle* would be done with for ever, and all our possessions settle down with her and leave us poor indeed.

But though one appears to go through a series of hair-breadth escapes, catastrophes are not frequent. Our crew, swelled by forty additional hands, are now numerous enough to work a frigate, and good for any emergency. Gallant fellows, all ready at a moment's notice to risk their lives in the boiling torrent; for under those black skins beat bold, fearless hearts. The Nubian, at all events, is not inferior to the white man either in courage or in quickness of resource. These men have been familiar with the whirlpool and the torrent from their infancy, and are quite amphibious. While we have been watching their preparations, a struggle has been going on between wind and stream, in which the latter has been getting the better. Our big sails are full and the ropes straining; but for minutes together we do not gain an inch. The pilot steers straight for a rock which divides the torrent and breaks its force a little, and under its shelter we forge ahead a few yards only to fall back again and again, for the pressure on our bows is tremendous. At last the wind increases, the long antennæ-like yards bend

to it, the cordage strains, and the steersman sees his opportunity and faces the full force of the stream, and we are pushed up the rapid into the comparatively smooth pools above it; but soon after this the Nubians suddenly desert us, and leave us to spend the night in the heart of the cataract. It is a way they have got, for they are a fickle lot. I call up our dragoman and threaten to complain to the Governor; but there is no hope of getting them together again. It is within two hours of sunset, so we remain for the night moored to a rock, and sleep none the worse for the continuous roar of the turbulent waters all round us. Next morning the Governor, who had probably heard how we had been treated, came on board, summoned the sheik before him, and gave him a blowing-up in Arabic. He then announced to us his intention of seeing us safe through the cataract himself, a piece of practical civility for which we were not at all prepared. Our letter of introduction had evidently done us good service. The Nubians being now under the Governor's eye, set to work with a will, the more so as his Excellency had brought with him a tall native attendant armed with a bamboo, which I saw him use more than once.

The ascent is tantalizing work. It is really mad for one minute and dead for sixty. There are a succession of rapids to be passed, which the Arabs call Babs or Gates. At each of these they spend an hour or two screaming and vociferating, but not apparently doing much: they are engaged in carrying out cables and making them fast to the rocks. Chateaubriand calls the Arabs *un peuple criant;* that is certainly true of the Nubians. There were at least 150 men on deck and on shore frantically yelling, gesticulating, and trying

to outroar the surging torrent. "Twenty men cry, one help," thus pithily did our native waiter sum them up. The Governor had been captain of a Turkish ship, and he issued some orders which, as an old sailor, he was well qualified to do.

He condescended to share our *déjeuner*. Accustomed, Eastern fashion, to eat with his fingers, he was rather embarrassed by our knives and forks. He was haunted, also, by a suspicion that there might be pork in each dish; and the only *entrée* he partook of with confidence was an omelette. We offered him mustard with one dish, which, being too polite to refuse, and ignorant of its nature, he helped himself to as if it had been some preserve; and he suppressed his emotions with well-bred self-control when he discovered his mistake. Afterwards when we offered him strawberry jam he took it warily, and began with a very homœopathic dose, thinking it might be another rather strong English delicacy. We produced, with pride, an English Crosse and Blackwell tongue; but nothing would convince him that it was not that Mahometan abomination, ham.

We carried on a conversation through our dragoman. He informed us, among other things, that the newly-added provinces near the Equator were, as yet, a dead loss to the Viceroy, costing vast sums and bringing in nothing; but that in time it was expected, when order was established and population and cultivation increased, that the *taxes* would be very productive; that slave-hunting had thinned their numbers and paralyzed industry; but now that was at an end, and an important improvement would soon be perceptible. He lamented that want of funds had arrested the progress of the Soudan railway, for it would have promoted the development of

the Equatorial provinces very much, and materially expedited their advance in the paths of civilization.

But for this obliging functionary we should not have got through even on the second day. The passage of the cataract cannot be said to be quite free from danger, at all events to the ship. We stood an excellent chance, on several occasions, of having her bottom stove in; we went on rocks three or four times with an ominous grinding sound. A rope once gave way, and we swung on to a rock with a bang that made the *Gazelle* shiver in every fibre; and had she not been very strong it must have knocked a hole in her bottom and scuttled her out of hand. The reis smote his hands together in despair, and rushed down into her hold to see whether she had sprung a leak.

The scene on shore was highly picturesque. The rocks swarmed with turbaned men—most of them had turbans on and nothing else; they dived in and out of the water like otters; they were hauling at half-a-dozen ropes like Sir Gardner Wilkinson's picture of the ancient Egyptians dragging a Colossus.

At 4.30 we passed the last and worst rapid, and emerged into the smooth water above Philæ. That beautiful and romantic island, with its temples, stately even in their ruin, burst upon us like a fairy scene as we rounded one of the huge granite cairns amidst which we had spent the last two days. The Governor now took leave and returned to Assouan, and the *Gazelle* spread her white wings and steered for the south. We passed Dabôd at 10 P.M., having a lovely moonlight night and a gentle breeze for sailing, and about an hour afterwards we dropped anchor near the Island of Margos.

Wherever one lands in Nubia, the manner and custom of the villagers is to meet the strangers on the bank, and besiege them with offers of the following articles:—1st, jewellery, such as bracelets, necklaces, and rings; 2nd, skins of wild beasts; and 3rd, with antiquities. We were very much amused at a small and very poor village we landed at, by the villagers offering us, as representatives of these three staples, a pair of brass earrings, a pebble from the river bank, and the skin of a domestic cat! On our way up we met a dahabeeah being towed by a steamer; on enquiry, we heard that one of the gentlemen had nearly shot his foot off while out after crocodiles, and was hurrying back to meet a surgeon, whom he had telegraphed for to Cairo; we heard that the foot would have to be amputated—a sad ending to a pleasure trip.

CHAPTER XIV.

NUBIAN MONUMENTS.

Gertassie—A Royal Winner of all Hearts—Coptic Calendar—Kalabshe—Memorial Chapel of Rameses the Great—Bayt-el-Waly—The Game of Tributes—Dakkeh—An amiable Brotherhood defeated—Coptic Saints and Heathen Gods—The Treasure-chamber—An ancient Fortress—Interesting Stele.

December 31, 1878.—We reached Gertassie at 1 P.M. and visited the Temple, which stands on an eminence above the river, with most picturesque effect; it is dedicated to Athor, and her head appears on some of the capitals. There are no hieroglyphics or cartouches to enlighten one as to the date, but it must belong to a late Roman period, for on the capitals are sculptured bunches of grapes, an ornament of quite foreign architecture. We measured a stone twenty-four feet in length stretching from pillar to pillar. Near at hand are very extensive sandstone quarries, from which the stones for Philæ were cut, as the inscriptions state.

We afterwards walked on to a ruined town a mile further south; the walls are still nearly perfect, built of enormous stones rudely cut and irregularly placed, reminding one of Cyclopean structures; they are double, forming galleries, within which the garrison could pass from bastion to bastion without exposing themselves; here and there flights of steps led up to the ramparts.

The space which this curious fortification enclosed is now occupied by a Nubian village.

A couple of hours later we reached Tahta and visited two temples of unknown date; one of them was in good style, but without sculptures or hieroglyphics, and there was no means of ascertaining to what period it belonged.

Several of our self-constituted Nubian escort were armed with spears and long flint guns; one of these showed us a very handsome hunting-knife presented to him by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in acknowledgment of his services in pursuit of crocodiles; his name was Mahommad Abder-Salem.

The Nubians are so very eager to sell every article they possess for cash, that when he held out the glittering blade towards us we thought he was offering it for sale, and we asked him whether that was so; but he drew himself up very proudly, and said with emotion, the young English "Soultan" had presented it to him with his own hands, and that he would never part with it as long as there was life left in his body.

It was evident that the winning, kindly, considerate manner of the Prince had made him as popular amongst this remote African community as it has done among his own people and in his own country.

There were in the plain a number of ruined buildings constructed of large blocks of stone laid in concave courses, dipping considerably from the corners towards the centre. It is difficult to conjecture what their purpose can have been. We passed a ruined temple which had done duty so early as the fourth century as a Christian church, and contained some creditably painted pictures of saints and a Coptic calendar, stencilled in

red upon the wall. The slayer of crocodiles offered to show me two more temples on the mountain plateau above, and led the way up the rocks. It was very stiff climbing, but the Nubians were rather too officious with their assistance ; the two fellows with the guns revolved about me like satellites, and I should have felt much happier if they had not so frequently favoured me with a perspective down the long barrels of those crocodile penetrators, especially as they were loaded. However, when we reached the summit, I was rewarded with a really magnificent panorama. Immediately below lay the narrow rocky gorge through which the Nile at this point forces its way. That so vast a body of water should be compressed within such a narrow channel seems as great a miracle as the Geni, in the "Arabian Nights" romance of the fisherman, gathering himself together into the copper vessel. It is here very deep, and rushes along with great velocity. To the north, far away on the horizon, lay the serrated range of mountains near Assouan. Towards the south granite peaks and ridges succeeded each other till they were lost in the purple distance, while, like a silver thread running through all, the mighty river gleamed here and there amid its wild setting, and relieved the savage desolation with its belts of palms and its bright green patches of cultivation. The temples turned out to be two more of the buildings I have already alluded to ; they contained fragments of sculpture and fragments of hieroglyphics too broken to be deciphered. We reached Kalabshe at nightfall, and anchored under the shadow of the great Temple, which had a striking effect in the silver moonlight.

January 1, 1879.—We set off early to visit a grotto

cut in the mountain side above, to commemorate the victories of Rameses. Though small, it is particularly interesting. It contains some beautifully executed intaglios of the Egyptian Napoleon. They are cut with very great care, and there is no doubt that they are perfect portraits. Like his modern antitype he had delicately moulded features. The two which interested us most were in the inner chamber. They represent him returning from his first campaign at the early age of sixteen, and being received by his mother, who embraces him most affectionately. His features are drawn with equal care. The group is repeated on each side of the entrance; but, though the attitude is the same, the queen-mother wears a totally different costume in each. She had very noble features, such as became the high-born dame she was, for she was the heiress of all the Pharaohs, and claimed a pedigree reaching back to Menai. She is represented in the guise of the Goddess Anke on the right-hand wall, and in that of Isis on the left. It was a favourite piece of vanity with the Pharaohs to affect that their mothers were divine, and that they were suckled by goddesses; but in these tableaux the portrait of the human mother is given to the goddess, and it will be observed in the instances before us that their features have just the amount of resemblance to those of Rameses that might be expected to exist between mother and son.

It is evident that these bas-reliefs had not yet been discovered by that terrible destroyer the British tourist, for the colours were nearly as fresh as the day they were first laid on; even the colour of her eyes was still preserved—a hazel grey. Rameses is represented in this group as a mere youth, and he is looking up into his

mother's face with an expression of devoted affection. The hieroglyphics above the group state that she is his mother, the Divine Anke.

One cannot gaze upon these portraits without emotion, when one calls to mind that they are the portraits of those who lived before the time of Moses. The bas-reliefs I have described are in the most obscure recess of this rock temple, and they appear to have escaped notice. I have not met with any mention of them in any author or in any guide-book. The remaining sculptures are well known and have often been described. It is evident that the events they commemorate cover a considerable portion of the life of Rameses. There are wars in the south against the Ethiopians, and wars in the north-east against the people of Syria, and there are the usual conclusions at which all ancient wars arrived, viz., the payment of tribute by the vanquished. The sculptures are very spirited; Rameses is slaying his enemies with great slaughter, crushing them beneath the wheels of his chariot, shooting them with arrows, lopping off their heads with swords, and causing them generally to have a very bad time of it. When they knock under, however, he receives their ambassadors graciously, especially when they are accompanied by long trains of tribute bearers; he allows them the honour of being introduced into his presence by his son, and he sits on his throne with his celebrated pet lion at his feet. They know his tastes and have not forgotten that as a mighty hunter he delights in wild beasts, and so they bring him every kind of beast that Africa produces—giraffes, lions, leopards, apes, antelopes, and many more, all figure in the procession. Then there are sacks of gold rings, bales of spices, and bundles of

ivory. If the Khedive can get as much baksheesh out of his new Ethiopian subjects it will be a good thing for the bondholders. On one wall is the siege of a town in Palestine, at which the king engages in single combat with a Syrian chief. These sculptures of war scenes are not in the temple itself, but carved on the face of the rock avenue which leads to it. I believe the temple to have been excavated in his youth as a memorial chapel of his first campaign, and that later in life he added these records of successive triumphs on the outer walls.

In Plate XLVII., at top left-hand corner, an officer is bringing living prisoners before the king, who sits under a canopy embowered in royal asps, to receive them. His tame lion is at his feet; before his snout is his name, Semam-keftu-ef,*—"Tearer to pieces of his enemies." Another group also attends this levee; one of the royal princes is introducing to his father four chiefs.

In the next panel Rameses is placidly performing upon a Syrian a surgical operation which will leave him minus his head; while a dog flies at the unlucky barbarian, bent apparently upon excavating his liver.

To the right the king is seen stepping over the rail of his chariot, with his foot on the pole, seizing one of the flying foe by his scalp-lock.

Immediately below the heir apparent, Prince Amen-hi-kop-sef, whose portrait is given Plate XI., introduces to his father the Governor of the South, who is in charge of the tribute—the Colonel Gordon of his day; his name is Amen-em-ape, son of Paour. The king rewards his successful zeal by commanding him to be invested with

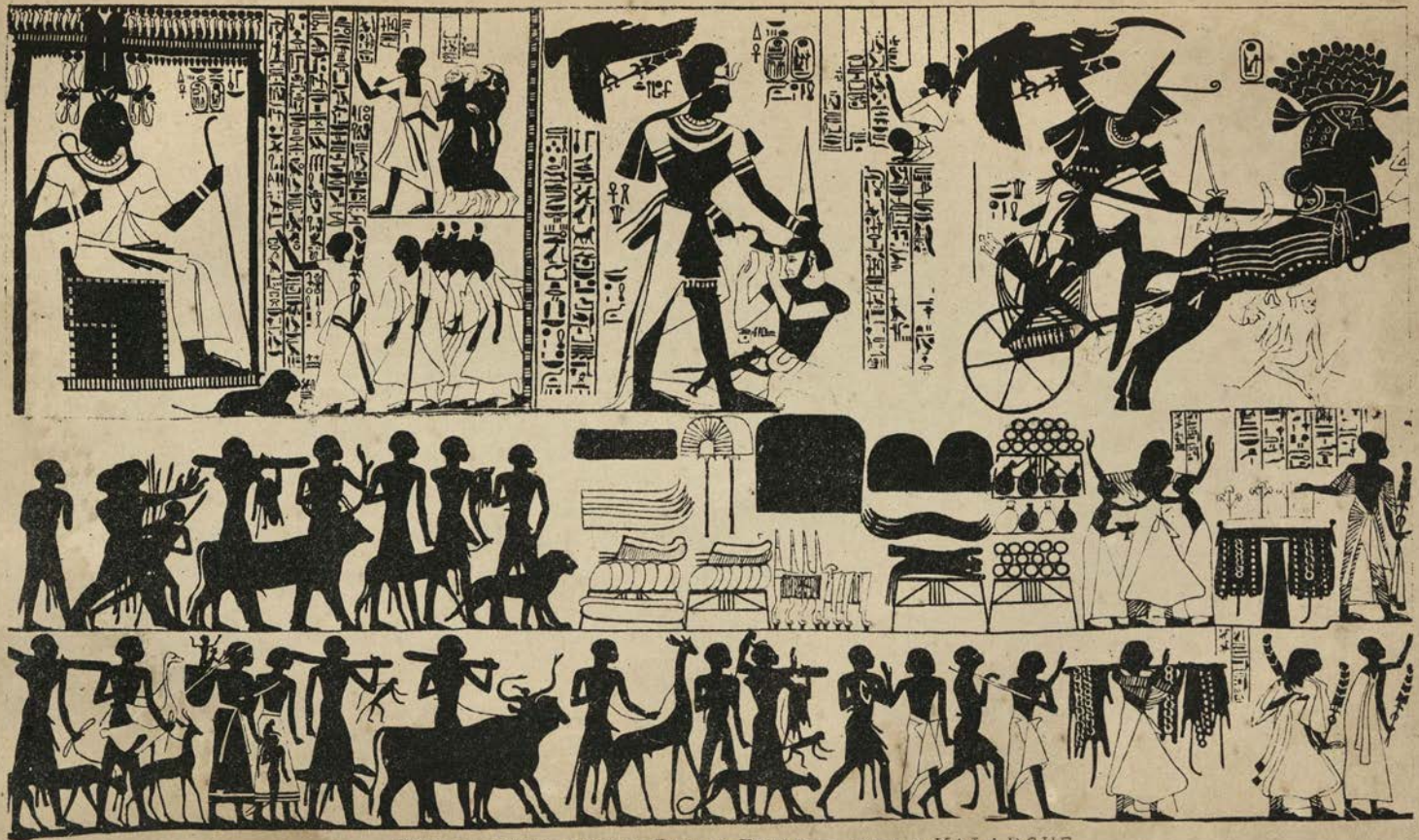
* "Tear'em" is not unknown in modern canine nomenclature.

a collar of honour, which ceremony is being performed by two attendants, who are fastening it round his neck. The lucky envoy has also been presented with a golden cup, which one of the attendants holds in his hand; on the table is a row of specimen plants, probably seedling palms from Equatorial Africa.

The king is seated under a canopy exactly as in the left-hand corner above, but there was not room for this figure. Amongst the tribute may be observed three chairs, no doubt of costly materials, also ostrich eggs and feathers, feather fans, skins of wild beasts, bows, bottles (of red and white wine?), pieces of cloth, &c., &c.

In the procession, at the bottom of Plate XLVII., may be observed a negress carrying her two children in a large basket, which is slung on her back by a band passing round her head; she is also leading by the hand an older member of her family, a boy, upon whose head is perched a long-tailed monkey; several other monkeys also accompany the party, who are preceded by their chiefs under the escort of Prince Khaem. Amongst the animals is an ox with human hands attached to his horns—a negro fetish, no doubt. There are also a pair of greyhounds, a giraffe, an ostrich, a panther, and a gazelle, a lion and an antelope—a happy family of sufficiently miscellaneous ingredients. How they would "draw" at the Aquarium!

We spent some hours here sketching, and then descended to Kalabshe, to inspect the great temple there. It was of vast size, and was evidently intended by its builders to rival Karnak; but, alas! for the vanity of human pride, while many of the intended sculptures were but half finished there came an earthquake, and

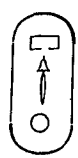


Pl. 47

BAS-RELIEFS FROM ROCK TEMPLE, NEAR KALABSHE.

the huge structure toppled down like a house of cards. I never saw such a scene of ruin as the interior presents, though the outer walls, owing to their enormous strength and solidity, are still tolerably perfect; inside fragments of columns, immense beams of stone, broken sections of capitals, formed mountains of *débris* mixed up in indescribable confusion. On the main walls and on the very few columns still left standing, the figures of gods and Roman emperors and the outlines of hieroglyphics were sketched in red ochre ready for the sculptor, whose work was interrupted by the catastrophe before he reached them. The early Christians had established themselves in a portion of the ruins, for there were still to be seen frescos of saints and angels painted on the walls over the deities of Egyptian mythology. These were less rudely executed than usual, and showed traces of gilding.

January 2.—I visited Dendoor, a neat little temple of the early Roman period. I found in it a cartouche which was new to me, Peraara, *i.e.* Pharaoh, "The Great House of Ra." The Emperor Augustus was sometimes thus designated.



At noon we met Cook's steamer on its way back from the Second Cataract. I boarded it, and gave our letters to post, and we got some necessary stores. Immediately afterwards we reached Gerf Hossein, and landed to visit a rock temple of the reign of Rameses. It must once have been a stately monument. The face of the rock outside had been sculptured, as at Beit-el-Waly, with tableaux of the conqueror's exploits; but some hostile hand had been at work, and had carefully destroyed them, leaving only traces, amongst which his figure is plainly discernible, and a few hieroglyphics. The same

fanatical hands had done their best to ruin the interior of the temple, not only with crowbar, pick, and chisel, but also by filling it with combustibles to the very ceiling and then setting it on fire. The walls were covered with a tarry deposit, and black with smoke; the surface of the stone had been calcined. The sculptures, once richly painted, presented only scanty traces of colour; but here and there portions still remained, having survived the ravages both of time and of fire. That a single morsel of colour should have escaped, is another proof of the wonderful art and skill with which the Egyptians compounded, prepared, and laid on their pigments. Even in its disfigured and mangled condition, there was much grandeur in this rock temple. Six colossal figures supported the roof; they were statues of Rameses himself. In the walls around were excavated niches containing figures of the gods and goddesses to whom the temple was consecrated. In several of these their divine hands rested in friendly attitude on the king's shoulder, who was seated between them. His partiality for the ladies was even here manifest, for it was always between two goddesses he took his seat; and in the hieroglyphics he announced himself still to be beloved by the divine ladies—beloved of Pthah, beloved of Athor, beloved of Isis.

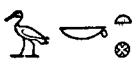
In the evening we reached Dakkeh just at sunset, and went on shore to have a hasty look at the Temple of Thoth there.

DAKKEH.

This temple was built about 250 B.C., on the site of a much more ancient one of the time of Thothmes the Third, by an Ethiopian monarch of the name of Arkamen,

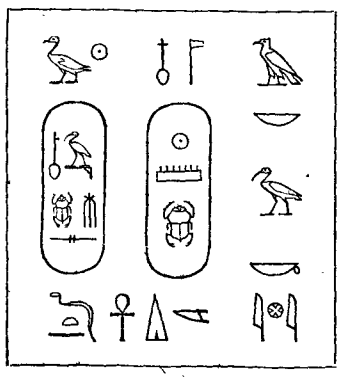
called Ergamene by the Greeks. The relations between the Ethiopian priests and the Ethiopian kings had been peculiar. The latter must have been a most obsequious race, and the former rather exacting; for whenever they thought that their king had reigned long enough, and that change and a little promotion would be desirable, they sent the unhappy sovereign a message requesting him to be good enough to perform the happy dispatch and make away with himself. Now Arkamen had an excellent constitution, and reigned a long time, and there seemed every probability of his reigning considerably longer. "*Il faut arrêter cela*" was the word; besides, they wanted the fun of a new coronation; so the amiable brotherhood sent him the usual message, considerately leaving it open to him to strangle himself, or to stab himself, or to poison himself at discretion. But this time they had mistaken their man. Arkamen possessed originality; he did not see matters in the same light as his predecessors; he thought the argument about the new coronation particularly weak; the request of the priests seemed unreasonable; he did not see any necessity for a new coronation. It struck him that he would be missed much more than they would, especially by himself; so he put himself at the head of a detachment of soldiers and marched down to the sacred college, like an ancient Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament. He pounced upon them before they knew where they were, and had them all beheaded, and reigned happy ever afterwards. In fact he was thenceforward particularly distinguished by his piety, and, amongst other things, rebuilt the ruined temple of Thothmes at Dakkeh, taking good care to put plenty of his own cartouches in it.

January 3, '79.—We landed at sunrise and ascended the great towers of the temple, which command a very peculiar panorama. The whole surface of the desert as far as the eye can reach is dotted over with volcanic-looking cones of a rich red brown colour, changing to purple in the distance. These rise out of the golden sand singly in isolated peaks and in groups of peaks, and occasionally in long ranges of mimic Alps. This scenery extended to both sides of the Nile, and its weird desolation was only relieved by a very narrow fringe of cultivation along the river banks, by a few groups of palms and by stunted bushes of mimosa. It formed a strange setting for the temple, and one could not help wondering how this wilderness had ever supported population enough to require or to build such stately places of worship. The desert broke like an ocean in waves of sand against the very walls of the temple, and had strewn against it piles of stones of an extraordinary variety of colours, and looking as if they had been vomited out of the throat of some volcano. On the opposite side of the Nile, in keeping with the surrounding desolation, stood a ruined city, with huge towers and bastions which still stand sentry over the wrecked chambers and partition walls of houses that had once been the homes of living men and women. In the temple itself, on the ceiling, mixed up with flights of sacred vultures and rows of heathen deities, are painted the figures of Coptic saints. On one wall were also paintings of three men on horseback, life-size, and really fairly executed. In the centre chamber, Arkamen is many times represented making pious offerings to the gods. He is drawn with thick lips and a thick, flat nose, quite Ethiopian, and presents a strong con-

trast to the straight, classic features of Augustus, who added to the temple at a later date, and whose portrait there appears. We found a curious chamber or cell only three feet wide and six feet long, but running the whole height up to the roof. It was quite dark, and must have been intended to conceal the sacred treasures. It was most carefully sculptured throughout, and the sculptures looked so fresh and sharp in their outlines, that they might have been finished but yesterday. In the temple I found the hieroglyphic name of the place  Techka. In the foundations I found the stones of a much more ancient structure, presenting repeatedly the cartouche ovals of Thothmes the Second and Thothmes the Third; and I again in these found the name which is evidently the origin of its present name, Dakkeh: this seems hitherto to have escaped notice. The Greek name was totally different. There is a curious allegory of the Nile on one of the walls—a female decorated with papyrus and lotus plants, bearing in her hand samples of the good things the Nile produces—bread and fruit, and fish, and ducks and geese. Up her legs and back ran in single file a regiment of Nile birds, while at her feet stood a fat bull. The feathered parasites promenading on her back gave us rather a creepy sensation.

We now crossed the river to explore the ruined city. Its walls were 15 feet thick, and in some places about 35 or 40 feet high. From the summit there is a panorama similar to the one seen from the propylæum of the temple, but with this difference, that the temple itself formed a striking object standing there in desolate solitude in the middle of the desert, offering silent evidence

of grandeur and power that has passed away for ever. The end of this city had evidently not been peace; it had been destroyed by fire, and so fierce had been the conflagration that walls of great thickness had been calcined right through as they stood. Not far off we found the remains of a temple, which must have been of considerable size, for we counted the pedestals of sixteen columns still *in situ*, and the pediments of others over a considerable surface; we found stones bearing the oval of Thothmes the Third, and a stele with the following inscription, as I have interpreted it,—



SQUARE STONE FOUND BY THE AUTHOR AT RUINED CITY OPPOSITE DAKKEH, WITH INSCRIPTION OF THOTHMES.

"Thothmes Nofre Kafer Menkephera, Son of the Sun, Perfect of God, Beloved of Horus, *Lord of the town of Techka.* Granted life for evermore."

This stele was partly buried in the ground, and the inscription was underneath, turned upside down; it had only just been unearthed, and thanks to the friendly sand it was in so perfect a state of preservation that even the blue paint still showed in the hieroglyphics. We were very proud of our discovery, because it sets at rest the disputed question as to the ancient name of this

town and its opposite neighbour Dakkeh, and shows that thirty-six centuries ago they bore the same name as now almost unchanged—Techka, pronounced Tekka. It would appear, therefore, that the native population never accepted the new name given by the Greeks, but amongst themselves continued to call these towns by their ancient names, and that when Greeks and Romans had alike passed away, the Arab invaders adopted the name by which it was known among the natives. We also saw a stele with a long inscription and a cartouche no longer legible, but which a few years ago still displayed the oval of Amenemhe the Third of the twelfth dynasty, *i.e.*, 4800 years ago. This stele is of great historical interest; it mentions the eleventh year of the reign of this ancient king, and it is a great pity that it should have been so maltreated; the inhabitants of the neighbouring village have unfortunately discovered that it makes a capital grindstone, and they now grind all their tools upon it; fully half the inscription is thus already destroyed, and the remaining half will soon follow. It is much to be deplored, when these monuments have been so wonderfully preserved through all the long centuries during which they were sealed books to mankind, that now, when at last we have found the key and have power to decipher their revelations, their destruction should proceed at such an alarming pace. In one of the courtyards of the village I found the half of another stele, well preserved, but without any oval to show its date. I saw also the remains of papyrus bud columns of an early period. Later in the day we reached Maharraka: near it is the wreck of the most debased Roman temple we had yet seen; there is, however, a curious bas-relief on its walls of a Roman lady seated

under a fig-tree, and not far off a very Roman boy. The whole thing must have been among the latest specimens of the hybrid Romano-Egyptian art, and as it was the last to come, so it was the first to go. The Roman lady is supposed to be Isis, and perhaps the fat boy was intended for Horus.

This evening we had rain for the first time since leaving Cairo, and it rained quite heavily, after having been cloudy and gloomy all day. About 4 P. M. we passed a ruined city, in which the houses were surprisingly perfect.

Annexed (Plate XLVI.) is a scarce illustration of the bas-reliefs of Beit-el-Waly. The King is seen charging a negro army, or rather an unarmed mob, clad in leopard skins, like the Zulus. They are hopelessly routed, and have lost all military formation; some of them have fled to their kraal, consisting of the beehive-shaped huts still in fashion in Equatorial Africa, overshadowed by palms, also peculiar to the same region. The fugitives are flinging dust on their heads in token of despair. In the background a negress is boiling a gipsy-kettle near her hut, while her son, a mere boy, runs up to her and announces the disaster, probably of his father's death. In vain has the poor widow prepared the evening meal, for the head of the family will never return to share it! The group of the King dragging a chief from the tower of a besieged town has its exact counterpart in an Etruscan tomb, where Hercules is represented dragging the chief of the Lapithæ from a similar tower, and the whole composition of that fresco so closely resembles the bas-relief at Beit-el-Waly that one would suppose the Tuscan artist must have chosen it for his model.

Plate 46.

BAS-RELIEFS FROM ROCK TEMPLE, NEAR KALABSHE.

CHAPTER XV.

VALLEY OF LIONS.

"Where there's a will there's a way"—An Apostle in strange company—Volcanic formation—Billingsgate in the Desert—Korosko—Purple and gold.

January 4.—Cloudy and gloomy. A great change after having had unclouded sunshine for five weeks. At 10 A.M. we reached the Valley of Lions, so called by the Arabs from the avenue of sphinxes which leads to the Rock Temple excavated in the mountain behind. We marched up the valley between the two colossal statues of Rameses, which stand grandly on guard at the commencement of it, and through the avenue of sphinxes, six only of which are visible, the rest being buried beneath the sand. We then passed through the propylæi or great towers, which are nearly perfect. On the face of them is recorded, amongst other things, the victories of Rameses over the Syrians (Rotenou). Behind them is a colonnade of gigantic stones supported on Osride columns which conducted us to the entrance to the temple. We were informed that it was quite impossible for us to get in, and that two years had elapsed since anyone had succeeded in effecting an entrance. This was quite sufficient to make us resolve to effect an entrance at any price. They told us that it was buried beneath a mountain of sand. The last fact was obvious, for where the doorway ought to have been

there was a steep inclined plane of bright yellow sand, which had descended in an avalanche from the plateau above; there were hundreds of tons. We had heard before that the entrance was blocked, and had come armed with a dustpan to remove it. We got a number of natives together and some of our crew; these scorned the dustpan, and set to work in their own fashion with baskets, using their hands for shovels; as fast as they cleared it out it came running back like quicksilver. After hours of labour and the expenditure of many dollars, we succeeded by bringing up water on men's heads from the Nile, a mile off, jug by jug, in wetting the sand sufficiently to give it consistency and so make a hole through it large enough to admit a man's body. As I crawled and wriggled in I realised the sensation of a fox going to earth; once inside I found myself in a temperature like that of the finishing-room of a Turkish bath, and our candles burnt dim. The paintings in this temple were perfectly fresh and scarcely at all damaged. At the entrance of the main chamber Rameses was carrying on a flirtation with Isis, who was stroking him under the chin, resting her other hand on his shoulder and looking into his face in a most coaxing fashion; further on he had proceeded to business, and was hard at work offering to the gods. At the far end he had reserved his grandest offering of all for Ammon, the special deity to whom the temple is consecrated; but the Coptic monks, who were in possession about the fourth and fifth centuries, had substituted a full-length portrait of St. Peter with his keys in his hands, and to him Rameses was presenting Nile geese and other Egyptian delicacies! The painting of St. Peter was in itself interesting as a specimen of early Christian

art; it was not without merit as a picture. Surrounded as he was with all the strange figures of the Egyptian mythology, and confronted by the great conqueror who had been the scourge of the Eastern world fifteen centuries before his time, the effect was very striking.

The Apostle, like the other figures, was painted life-size; but he stood in the place of honour on a kind of daïs at the end of the chamber, and seemed to be presiding over the whole strangely-assorted synod. The Arabs threw the light specially upon him, and I shall not easily forget the effect. There were in this chamber two splendidly decorated sacred boats; the colouring of them was exceedingly rich. There were four other chambers, the walls of which were covered with hieroglyphics and paintings, all in first-rate preservation. In one of these chambers was a mummy-pit, a fact which shows that this must have been intended for a tomb like those at Thebes. I have not seen this alluded to in any author who mentions this temple. I copied all the hieroglyphics on one wall, as I espied the name of more than one city, and thought the inscriptions might prove historically interesting. I was prevented from doing more by the stifling heat, which compelled me to bolt prematurely out of my earth.

The view from the mountain-side immediately above the temple was very striking, the great towers and the avenue of sphinxes forming a most imposing foreground; and the singular landscape of hundreds of square miles of desert covered with the dark purple volcanic cones I have already alluded to, formed a perfectly unique panorama. Later in the day I ascended one of these cones. They are covered with masses of lava of a very dark red, almost black colour. I am not

a geologist, and I may be committing an awful blunder in hazarding an opinion; but the only way in which I could account for the extraordinary appearances which the desert here presents, is to suppose that the whole region has been lowered down by some gigantic lift into the volcanic kitchen in the bowels of the earth, and then when it had been thoroughly done, in fact, rather overdone, it had by the same agency been heaved up again to the surface!

January 5, '79.—Fourteen miles north of Korosko I started on an excursion up into the mountains to examine again the volcanic appearances. The whole region in which it occurs is a sandstone formation, and stratified; but the surface has been fused in all directions, and has run into a dark, very dark purple slag. Sheets of this stuff, while in a semi-fluid condition, have been bent back upon itself, still however retaining traces of its stratification. This lava breaks with glassy fracture. It is excessively hard and difficult to break, and when struck it gives out a metallic sound. Some of it when broken contains lumps of calcined lime and magnesia enclosed in the hard slag; they are in the state of powder, and do not effervesce in acid, showing that their carbonic acid has been discharged by heat, and that their glassy prison had cut them off from re-absorbing it from the atmosphere. Since it has undergone its fiery ordeal, this region has been under the sea, for I found sea-shells similar to those along the Red Sea. I found, also, many specimens of fossil wood. Some of the mountains were as black as pyramids of Newcastle coal.

On my way back I came upon a ruined city. There was a stone building in the centre of it and many houses,

the basement storeys of which were still standing. In these occurred several small arched recesses, and one of these I found full of castor-oil seeds, black and rotten with age. A native brought me a beautifully sculptured Egyptian head, which he had found among the rubbish. The skin was painted red and the hair black; the eyes also presented traces of paint. He offered it in exchange for gunpowder, and with this prize I returned on board; but not long were we allowed to contemplate our treasure undisturbed. We presently heard from the cool recesses of our cabin a torrent of abuse poured down upon the *Gazelle* from the river bank above, in a shrill, piercing female voice. I sallied forth, and found a fierce duel of words going on between our dragoman and a sable matron, who stood gesticulating, screaming, storming, and waving about her arms, which were decorated with handsome and solid silver bracelets. The medium of vituperation was Arabic. They were calling each other names of increasing potency; when Ibrahim made a successful thrust, its effect was perceptible in redoubled passionateness on the part of the lady, but he himself came not off unscathed. It turned out that the apple of strife was the disembodied Egyptian head, which I had just acquired, as I supposed, in fair barter. The man to whom I had given the gunpowder sneaked off on the dame's appearance, and was no more seen. She declared the head was her property, not his, that the gunpowder was a baksheesh to him, and that a certain tale of piastres must be paid to her, the rightful owner, as well. The war waxed fierce and desperate between them; but at last she seemed to have levelled at our champion an epithet of more than common potency, for he suddenly gave in and counted out the

required sum, flung it on shore enveloped in a blue rag, and straightway there prevailed a great calm.

In the evening we passed Korosko, where several parties had pitched their tents, surrounded by bales and boxes. They were waiting for camels to take them to Khartoum, for Korosko is the point at which traders leave the Nile to take the short cut across the desert to Soudan; a dreary voyage of ten days across a region which is absolutely without water. Korosko itself is a mere collection of the usual mud houses, and does not even boast a mosque.

January 6.—Ascended a high volcanic peak. There were plenty of tracks of gazelles, hyænas, and jackals, on the sand at foot. I picked up many shells and some fossil wood. The view from the summit of this cone was magnificent. I looked down into the valley behind Korosko, through which the caravans travel to Khartoum. All around were countless mountain ranges, with sharp Alpine outlines of a dark purple colour, almost black. These rose out of a sea of golden sand.

To the north were the mountains of Assouan, ninety miles off, yet cut clear and sharp, for there was no atmospheric mist whatever. So far as the optical effect went, every outline was as sharp as if there had been no atmosphere.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMADA.

Memorial Chapel of the Family of Thothmes—A pretty Priestess—The Goddess of Letters—An Epic Poem 900 years older than the Iliad—Why Thebes is plural.

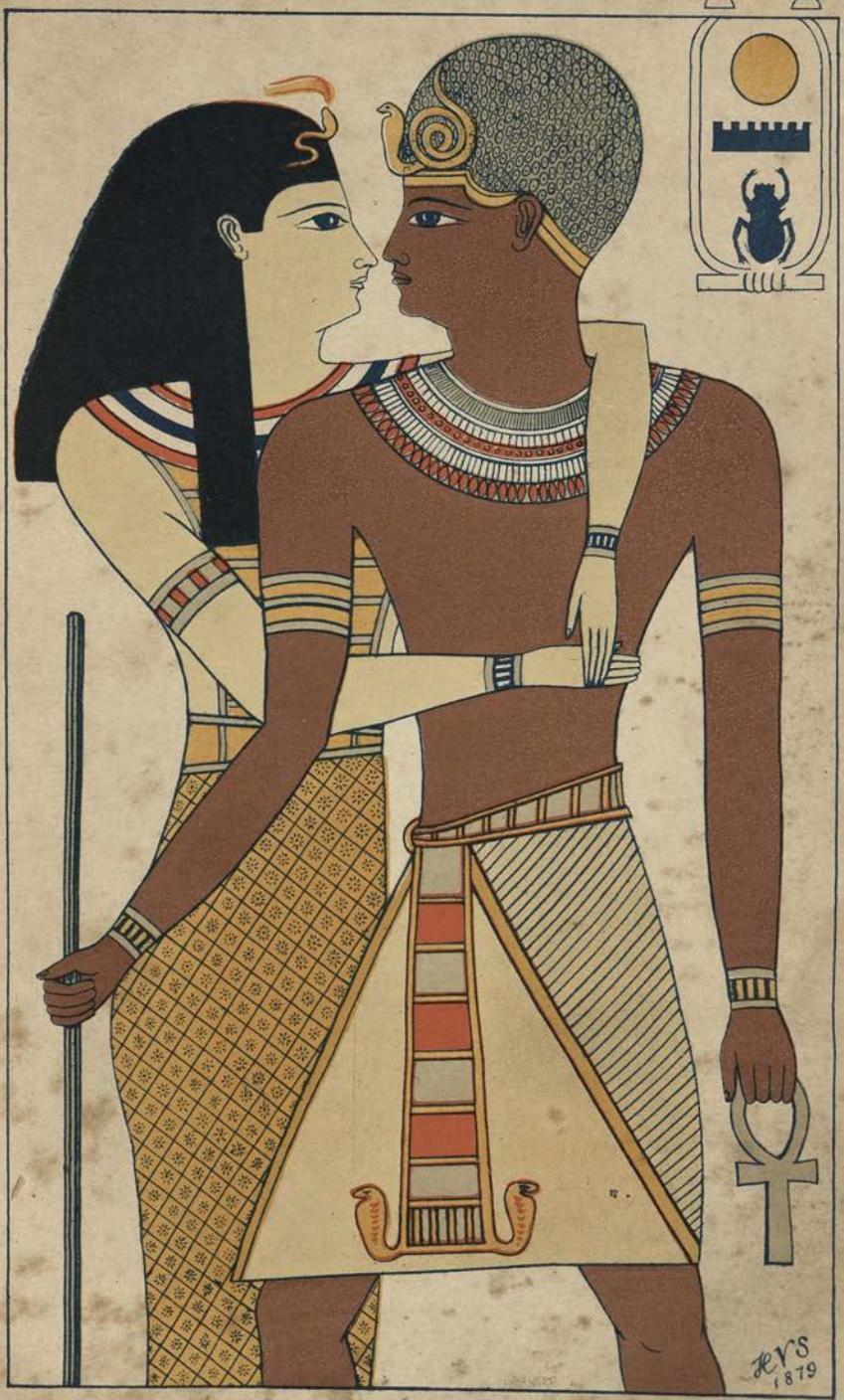
THE Temple of Amada is small, but very interesting. It differs from all the temples of that period, in the primitive simplicity of its construction; there is no attempt whatever at architectural ornament. The portico is supported by plain square pillars, except one row of polygonal form. It seems to have been a kind of family memorial chapel, devoted chiefly to the worship of ancestors. Upon the foremost column of the portico, on the left hand as we enter, is the cartouche of Ousertasen the Third, of the twelfth dynasty, an ancestor of whom Thothmes seems to have been particularly proud, for he built a temple to his memory at Semneh, as far south as the Third Cataract, which still exists in tolerable preservation. It is probable enough that Ousertasen was the founder of the original Temple of Amada, and that it was rebuilt by the kings of the eighteenth dynasty in its original style, which is very antique, the square and polygonal columns recalling the twelfth dynasty tombs of Beni Hassan. The interval that separated the two periods of the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties was from 750 to 1000 years. Upon the other columns

of the portico are many royal ovals. Thothmes the Second, Queen Ha-t-Asou, Amunophs the First, Second, and Third, Thothmes the Fourth; also Sethi and Rameses the Second; so that Amada seems to have always been a favourite family memorial chapel.

On its walls are painted bas-reliefs of almost all the Thothmes and Amunoph kings. Thothmes the Second does homage to his father Thothmes the First; Amunoph the Second does homage to his father Thothmes the Third; and Thothmes the Third does homage to his father, whose name is not mentioned. There is a series of interesting family portraits. Thothmes does not give his sister Ha-t-Asou's portrait; but I found her cartouche. He was on unfriendly terms with her, because she and her second husband, Amense, kept the young hero in leading-strings too long. Behind the door, on the right of the entrance, there is a very pretty tableau of Isis embracing Thothmes. Her face is very beautiful. She is kissing him; and, to prevent misconstruction, the following inscription is placed in hieroglyphics over her head:—"The Queen of Heaven, the Goddess Isis, his divine mother"; while over his head is placed his name in the usual oval.

I warrant me that the king took good care that Isis should be personated upon these occasions by the very prettiest of the priestesses. The bas-relief is damaged, some envious individual having hammered out the lips of Thothmes just as they were meeting those of the goddess. We have restored them in our drawing.

In the group before us, the colours and details of the king's dress are very perfect; but those of the goddess are less so, and have been supplemented from other bas-reliefs of Isis, as, for instance, the pattern on the



Pl. VII.

BEHIND THE DOOR

AMADA

lower part of her dress. The attitude of the pair is an exact reproduction, and so are the faces. The king's may be accepted as an actual portrait of Thothmes the Third. It has the straight nose which characterized almost all the sovereigns of the eighteenth dynasty, except Amunoph the Second, who had an aquiline nose, and is so represented in this temple. We have a good opportunity of satisfying ourselves at Amada that the faces really were portraits, and not mere conventional faces; for there occur on its walls representations of a number of different members of the same family, and there is an unmistakable individuality about them all.

In the tableau of Thothmes and Isis, the king carries the key of life in one hand and a staff in the other. He wears a helmet upon his head with a golden border and covered with rings, probably of chain mail. Over his brow is the royal asp, also of gold. Round his neck is an elaborate necklace, terminating in vermilion drops upon a blue ground; he is naked to the waist, with the exception of the afore-mentioned collar and bracelets. Round his waist is a girdle, from which depends an ornament analogous to and answering the same purpose as the Highlander's sporran. It was heavy with gold, and weighted at the bottom with a couple of golden asps. Both this and the girdle were panelled in blue, red, and gold. Behind this apron is a loin cloth striped red. We have before us a complete representation of the dress and aspect of a monarch who lived about two hundred years before Moses. His companion, the pretty Isis, wore a blue hood with a golden ornament over her brow, resembling a serpent. Her neck and arms are adorned with the usual collar and armlets. Her dress

is suspended by braces; the pattern upon it I have supplied from a painted bas-relief at Beit-el-Waly. In this, as in all other Egyptian paintings from the third dynasty down to the Ptolemies, the lady's complexion is rendered in the conventional yellow, and the gentleman's in Indian red, by way of contrasting the fairness of the one with the brown, sunburnt hue of the other. The features of Isis are wonderfully European.

There are two inner chambers at the back of the vestibule; one of them probably the library, for on the left-hand wall is a life-size group of Thothmes the Third and the goddess Sefekh, "The Lady of Writings," as she is styled in the hieroglyphic inscription over her head. Every temple had a library attached to it, in which the records were preserved by the priests. No doubt Thothmes caused the history of the wars in which he and his ancestors had distinguished themselves, and the treaties and lists of tributes he had imposed upon conquered peoples, to be inscribed in papyrus and stowed away here. Here too, no doubt, were records of his peaceful triumphs, the temples he had built, the canals and other public works he had executed; the provisions for the endowment of the temples and its staff of priests, the local regulations for the government of the surrounding district, family genealogies, and many other things. Would that those precious papyri had survived, what a light might they have thrown upon that remote period; but alas! there is evidence that they perished on the spot in some accidental conflagration, or perhaps in some invasion of the Æthiopians, for the walls of the library are all blackened with smoke and covered with a tarry deposit. Nevertheless the original colours are still visible, and

Pl. VI.

THOTMES III. AND THE GODDESS SEFEKH.
AMADA.

the hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs are in excellent preservation.

The goddess Sefekh is very pretty; she wears a golden star upon her head surmounted by a crescent, a panther skin covers her shoulders and descends nearly to her ankles. She holds in one hand a wand and in the other what looks like a club. She is apparently conferring some mark of divine favour or privilege upon Thothmes, or announcing a reply to his prayers, and I dare say was personated, as in the group behind the door, by some pretty priestess.

Thothmes was not only a warrior, he also had literary tastes, and there have come down to us important illustrations of the literature of his reign, so that there is a significance in his flirtation with the goddess of letters, which reminds one of the story of the Roman king Numa and the nymph Egeria.

Amongst the examples is a poem engraved upon a stele or memorial stone which we copied. We are indebted to Mariette Bey for the following translation, which I render from the French. Ammon Ra, Lord of Nes-ta-ui (Karnak), is represented as addressing the monarch in these words:—

"Approach me and rejoice in the contemplation of my favours towards thee—oh my avenger, Ra-men-Kheper—granted everlasting life. I am glorified by thy vows; my heart swells with delight at thy welcome approach to my temple. I embrace thy limbs with my arms to endow them with salvation and life; dear to me is thy piety in presenting the statue which thou hast set up in my sanctuary. I it is that will reward thee; I it is that gives thee power and victory over all nations. I it is that bring it to pass that thy influence and the fear

of thee are upon every country, and that thy terror has extended to the four pillars of heaven. The dread which thou inspirest in all the world I augment it. I grant that thy war cry penetrates to the midst of the barbarians, and that the princes of all the nations are united under thy hand. I myself stretch forth my hands —for thee I gather together the Nubians by thousands and tens of thousands, the people of the North by the million. I grant that thou overturn thine enemies beneath thy sandals, and that according unto my word thou smitest the chiefs of the unclean. The earth in its length and its breadth, towards the east and towards the west, is under thy orders.

"Thou penetratest unto all the peoples, with joyful heart; none of them sets foot upon the territory of thy majesty, but I guide *thee* so that *thou* reachest *them*.

"Thou hast crossed the great river of Mesopotamia as a mighty conqueror as I commanded thee; thy war cries resound in their ears, even within their caverns of refuge, and I deprive their nostrils of the breath of life.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the princes of Tahi; I hurl them beneath thy feet when thou traversest their lands. I have caused them to behold thy majesty even like unto a Lord of Light—thou dazzlest them even like unto the glory of my countenance.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the peoples of Asia, and to lead into captivity the chiefs of the country of the Rotennou (Syria). I have caused them to behold thy majesty wearing the girdle, seizing thy arms and giving battle from thy war chariot.

"I am come, and I grant thee to smite the people of

the East, to penetrate to their cities. I have caused them to behold thy majesty, even as it were the star Seschet (the evening star), which shooteth forth its flames and bestoweth the dew.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the land of the West—Kefa and Asi are subject to the dread of thee. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were a bull young and full of spirit—his horns are on his brow, and nothing can resist his strength.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the inhabitants of all lands; the countries of Maten tremble with fear in thy presence. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were a crocodile—he is the dread lord of the waters, no one dare approach him.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite those who dwell in the isles; the maritime populations are subjected to thy war cries. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were an avenger who mounts upon the back of his victim.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the Tahennu—the islands of Tana; thy influence has taken possession of them. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were a lion terrible to view, who croucheth upon their carcases throughout their valleys.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the regions of the waters, to the end that they who border the great sea be bound by thy hand. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were the monarch of the wing (the winged monarch) that soareth and graspeth in his view all that he willeth to do.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite those who are in their (deserts ?), to the end that the Heruscha (Bishareen Arabs) may be led by thee into captivity. I

have caused them to behold thy majesty as it were the jackal (Anubis) of the South, who in his hidden course overruns the land.

"I am come, and I grant unto thee to smite the Anou of Nubia, to the end that the Remenem be beneath thy hand. I have caused them to behold thy majesty as it had been they who are thy two brothers—their arms embrace thee (or clasp themselves together over thee) to confer upon thee . . . . . It is I who protecteth thee, oh my cherished son! Horus, valiant bull, reigning over the Thebaid."

One is struck by a certain analogy in this poetical composition with some passages in the Bible—the same ascription of all the power and the glory and the merit to God Almighty, and something of the same rhythmical recurrence of phrase, and the claim of Thothmes to be the God's avenger recalls similar passages of like character in Holy Writ. It will be observed also that the king claims to invade the enemy by the express command of God.

Thothmes was himself an author; his diary during one of his campaigns is extant. In this, like a subsequent famous conqueror, Cæsar, he details minutely the incidents of the expedition, makes reflections on the conduct of his generals, gives a list of the routes they took, the stations they stopped at, the towns they conquered, the spoil they captured, and the tribute they imposed. This unique fragment of history is preserved upon the walls of Karnak.

Even his name illustrates his interview with the Egyptian muse Sefekh, for Thothmes means sprung from Thoth, the God of letters.

On the wall opposite is Amunoph the Second driving

PORTRAIT OF THOTMES II.
AMADA.

before him four calves. They have ropes tied to their legs, after the manner of Irish pigs, and the royal herdsman has gathered the four ropes' ends together in his hand, and is armed with a stick, with which he beats one of them. There is a hieroglyphic before each calf stating its colour, which is, however, superfluous, as their colours are all well preserved. They are black, red, white, and speckled. At the end of each rope is the key of life. The tableau is no doubt allegorical. The animals are exceedingly well drawn and wonderfully life-like.

In another chamber of the temple is a portrait of Thothmes the Second. He has delicately cut features, and wears much the same dress as his brother, Thothmes the Third. He is presenting some offering in a vase, from which issues a flame of fire. He does not wear the royal crown, but a hood with a lappet, like a lady. His reign, though short, was long enough to carry on a couple of campaigns against the south, and to leave his mark on the temple of Karnak. He seems to have reigned jointly with his sister, Ha-t-Asou, and they appear together on several monuments. On his death she assumed sole sovereignty, and banished her youngest brother, who was much younger than herself, to the marsh country near the mouths of the Nile, where his youth and early manhood were spent.

At the end of the principal chamber is a long inscription stating how Amunoph the Second had in his Syrian campaign slain with his own hand seven kings (kings seem to have been plentiful down there); with six of them he decorated his capital Thebes, but he magnanimously spared one and sent it up by water to the metropolis of Æthiopia, to be hung up over the gates

"*pour encourager les autres*," and as a mild hint that he would stand no nonsense.

Among the interesting things contained in this temple is one hieroglyphic form in which Thebes was written.

The *two* cities of Tape pronounced together as Tapui, and accounting for the plural number which Homer uses in speaking of it, and which has been employed ever since—Thebæ. Thebes was in fact cut in two by the Nile, and thus formed twin cities. In the hieroglyphics the T is common property, but each has its own P.

The vowels are omitted as usual; the repetition twice confers upon it a dual termination: that was a rule of Egyptian grammar. It is interesting to observe how well informed Homer was about the Egyptian capital, though it was situated 600 miles inland. No doubt it was known in his time as the head-quarters of luxury, civilization, and refinement, as it also was of learning and of the arts and sciences. However, Amada was built 900 years before Homer's time. This hieroglyphic occurs in an obscure part of the temple. It has been blackened with smoke, but the hieroglyphic is perfect. I have not seen mention of it in any author, and but for some acquaintance with hieroglyphics I should have passed it unobserved.

Other names by which Thebes was designated are Us-no-te, the Town of Us—purity, and simply No-te—*the* town *par excellence*, as we speak of London as town; "I am going to town," *i. e.*, to London. Another of its aliases was No-Amen, city of Amon. Thus is Thebes designated in the Bible. See Jer. xlvi. 25; Ezek. xxx. 14–16; Nahum, 3–8. In Scripture Memphis is called Noph, an abbreviation of its Egyptian name Nofre, the Beautiful.

CHAPTER XVII.

DERR.

Rameses again—Native Politeness—A Nubian Wedding—A Shindy—Ibreem—A Bank garnished with Crocodiles—First View of the Colossi.

January 8.—Landed at Derr to see the Rock Temple. It is in a very damaged condition, having been burnt like that at Gerf Hossein, but on the exterior face we observed the bas-reliefs of the children of Rameses the Great, the boys on the left hand and the girls on the right. There was a column of hieroglyphics placed beside each of them. These were much injured, but I was enabled to decipher one having reference to the eldest son, stating that he had been appointed priest of some god, and in the temple he is represented accompanying his father, and assisting him in offering sacrifice. The Pharaohs themselves, like the Roman emperor, held the office of High Priest; so no doubt the early appointment of the boy to the priesthood was intended to qualify him for the duties he would have to perform when he came to the throne. Everyone who has examined the Egyptian monuments is aware how large a space in the every-day duties of an Egyptian king consisted of religious ceremonials, and that of a very complicated nature, necessitating an early initiation. The eight sons all carried insignia of office, and were clothed in a long dress reaching to their heels.

The nine daughters carried each a sistrum in her hand. It was stated of the third daughter that she had been appointed priestess of Isis.

There had been some very spirited sculptures of battle scenes; these too were much damaged, but some interesting portions were still visible, amongst others Rameses accompanied by his tame lion in an engagement with the enemy. He has the limb of a man in his mouth, and must have added considerably to the terror of his master's onset. In this scene Rameses is fighting on foot. Unfortunately a doorway has been cut right through the lion, but his head and forequarters are still tolerably perfect.

On our way back we called upon the Governor of Derr. His residence is very neatly built of mud, on a terrace overhanging the river. We were shown into a large room, the ceiling of which consisted of rough palm trunks laid side by side close together, exactly like those imitated in tombs of the Pyramid period—5000 years ago. The windows were not glazed, but were filled with lattice work of the midribs of palm leaves. Round three sides of the room ran an ottoman of dried mud, covered with carpets. The first part of our entertainment consisted of small cups of hot syrup, flavoured with otto of roses. This was followed by the best black coffee I have tasted in Egypt, and by cigarettes of excellent tobacco, which his Excellency informed us was grown in Nubia.

Our host was in European costume, except the invariable fez, and appeared to have made his toilette very hastily, for the wrong buttons had been mated with the wrong button-holes, and appeared in a diagonal and irregular fashion. The conversation turned on Mr.

Rivers Wilson. We expressed a hope that his new system might improve the resources of the country. He ejaculated "Inshallah," in a dubious tone, and said that the people were very poor and very tired, the taxes were so heavy.

Our visit over, he immediately returned it, and came on board the *Gazelle*, where we reciprocated his pipes and coffee, and amused him by showing him all our European knicknacks—an enamelled opera-glass especially took his fancy.

A NUBIAN WEDDING.

After leaving Derr we came upon a Nubian wedding party, and stopped to see what was going on. All the women and girls were covered with necklaces and bracelets, and their hair was full of silver ornaments—such hair! plaited into scores of little plaits, and shining with castor oil. I landed with a Palais Royal necklace in my hand, and requested to see the bride. Of course she was the most babyish-looking of all the maidens there. I put the necklace round her neck, whereat the whole party were highly delighted, and there never was such a display of white teeth. They then began beating two big drums, clapping hands, singing in chorus, and dancing, and the men meanwhile squatted round, and smoked and looked indolently on. We sent them a tin of mixed biscuits, a *chef d'œuvre* of Huntley and Palmer's, which set them all munching and grinning alternately, they were such a merry crew. The tin was emptied in a trice and added to the bride's trousseau; said trousseau was contained in a train of huge baskets carried on their heads by the friends of the bride, who marched with

them in procession down to a country boat, which lay under the bank with its lateen sail loose and ready to start. An awning of mats was arranged on the quarter-deck of the little craft, and into this the baby-bride was conducted, and they sailed across the river. One of our sailors, the Giant, amused them very much by taking one of these flat baskets, pretending to play upon it like a tambourine, and skipping about in the most absurd way.

The Giant, by the way, came by a ducking the day before. Two of the crew began fighting, and he and the steersman tried to separate them, but the combatants immediately made common cause and pitched them both, one after the other, into the water. Their turbans were seen floating down the stream, and they emerged ruefully, with their shaven pates bare and their long blue gowns clinging round them, like drowned rats. Meanwhile, others of the crew joined in, and the scrimmage seemed likely to become general. The original combatants were fighting in the bottom of the boat—biting, scratching, and clawing each other, growling and roaring like tigers. At this crisis the reis came on the scene armed with a particularly hard and knotty rope's-end, and began laying about him indiscriminately; and, without at all inquiring into the merits of the quarrel, he collared the first man he could and dragged him by the heels to a convenient part of the deck, and proceeded to administer a shower of blows that made the poor fellow yell and howl. The minute the reis let go he bounded on shore at one spring, and sat on the bank crying like a child, and rubbing himself very hard on the region which had just made such a close acquaint-

ance with the rope's-end. After the reis had applied the same penance impartially to several more, peace was restored. There is a beautiful simplicity in the Egyptian system of punishment. Their maxim is that if wrong is done some one must be beaten, not necessarily the guilty party; in fact, there is this positive advantage in the innocent being liable to suffer, for it immediately becomes the interest of all good citizens to suppress misdoing lest they pay the penalty in their own persons; and then all the cumbrous machinery of petty sessions, and county courts, and swearing-in witnesses, and sifting evidence, is dispensed with, and the administration of justice wonderfully simplified.

In the Derr district the water-wheel nuisance reaches its highest point; they are less than 100 yards apart, and they keep up such a dismal concert of creaking and moaning, as if they were groaning over the taxation and oppression of their country. Such scarecrows the cattle are that work them, for the wretched creatures are kept at it day and night, until they are as transparent as lanthorns.

IBREEM.

January 9.—Arrived at Ibreem at 1 P.M. Here are some so-called tombs in the face of a perpendicular cliff. I was hauled up to them by ropes, and found them terribly damaged, evidently with *malice prepense*. The ovals of the kings had been the special mark of ill-will, and had all been nearly effaced. A careful examination showed them to be all of the Thothmes and Amunoph time and family, except one which displayed the names of Rameses the Second. The same ovals

are on the face of the cliff above them, in such an inaccessible position that they have escaped injury. These grottos are not tombs; they contain no mummy-pits, or any other indication of a sepulchral purpose. They are memorial chapels, each commemorating historical events. One of Amunoph recorded the arrival of a deputation of chiefs from some conquered country, bringing with them, amongst other things, three full-grown tigers. A portion of this scene is fortunately well preserved, and I sketched as much of it as I had room for. I must leave the other two tigers and their keepers, together with some ostriches, giraffes, and the group of chiefs to the reader's imagination.

Amunoph is seated on his throne in state; under a pavilion behind him stands the queen, carrying a wand, surmounted with the emblem of purity; her cap is decorated with the cow's horns, emblematical of the goddess of beauty.

The king is attended by courtiers bearing, the one a sun-screen, the other an ostrich-feather fan. In front of the pavilion the tigers are brought up in procession by three Egyptians—they are beautifully drawn; the animal being unknown in Egypt there was no conventional precedent for it, the artist had to study them and draw them according to his own lights, and he has hit off their characteristics with wonderful success; the outlines are still perfect, but much of the colour has been chipped off; the deep buff ground with traces of red markings was all that was distinguishable. It is a great pity that the rest of the tableau was destroyed. What remains is highly interesting, and I thought it worth sketching; the man who has charge of the leading tiger has his hand resting familiarly on the beast's

PL XLII.

AT A LEVEE OF AMUNOPH II.

WALL PAINTING, IBREEM.

shoulder. Amunoph carries in his hand the axe, the symbol of power, and his name is inscribed above him; behind him is a bowl, mounted on a staff, the emblem of chieftainship Neb, meaning Lord. From the pillars of the pavilion float pennants; over the tigers is a long inscription in good preservation, which I regret I did not copy.

Another of these chapels contained a tableau of Rameses receiving a deputation, but so destroyed that few details were recognizable. Most of the grottos contained a recess with the statues of a triad of divinities. Having succeeded in descending without breaking my neck, I next clambered up to the ruined fortress on the top of the cliff; there is a splendid view, and any amount of shells of houses, mostly two storeys high and built of stone; it is of Roman date.

January 10.—Dead calm; towards evening a slight breeze sprang up, and we crept on slowly a few miles. At sunset we saw four large crocodiles on a sandbank; one of them must have been at least 18 feet long. When he observed the *Gazelle* approaching he got to his legs, and with slow deliberate steps, walked along the bank, keeping his great heavy body well off the ground. I never saw a crocodile show himself off so grandly; he entered the river in the same leisurely fashion, and swam for a couple of minutes with his back above water.

January 11.—I started across the desert. The sun, as it rose, threw its first rays upon the colossal figures of Rameses, who sit on guard like gigantic sentries before the great rock temple of Aboo Simbel; they are visible from a distance of several miles, and it took me nearly two hours to reach them from the time they first

came into view. On the way I found a large oyster shell and some fossil wood. In the desert I came upon the foundation of an ancient city; the walls were seven feet thick and built in straight parallel lines of stone. I found here a scarabæus beetle exactly like those in the hieroglyphics; they are now rare, and as they make their appearance in summer, travellers seldom see them. I descended upon the temples down the steep glacier-like bed of golden sand which, also glacier fashion, is ever moving on, slowly but irresistibly engulfing everything in its route. It has once before buried these huge monuments, including the colossal figures 66 feet high, and in a few years, if left to itself, will have buried them again.

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OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREAT ROCK TEMPLES OF ABOO SIMBEL.

Rameses in his might—His Camp on the Orontes—His tame Lion—His best-loved Queen—His Duel—His Umbrella—His Family Pictures—His Carriage and Horses.

WHEN standing opposite the colossal statues of Rameses which form the façade of the temple, one's first impression is that the faces are full and fleshy—this is owing to the great breadth of the head; a more careful examination from the side, and when the lights and shadows bring out the true conformation, shows the faces to be really thin, as one would expect in the case of so restless a spirit.

We have taken great pains to get the traits correctly, and we can guarantee that our portrait is, at all events, true to the statue.

The lady standing, parasol in hand, upon one of the toes, was the lady's maid; she is in exact proportion, as is also the lad who reclines beside the knee of the giant. Every one will admit that the beauty of outline and proportion in the features is a marvel of skill and art when the gigantic scale of the sculpture is taken into account; but the limbs and body are executed with the carelessness upon which we have observed before. This monster man of stone, repeated in four-fold effigy,

two to the right and two to the left of the entrance, reminded us of the Scripture text, "While the strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace;" it is peculiarly appropriate to all the great Pharaohs. The prosperity, safety, and power of the empire ebbed and flowed with the personal strength of character of the reigning sovereign. Rameses was a type of this. He began his reign by dealing a series of powerful blows to his neighbours all round—north, south, east, and west; he established the terror of his name by a succession of raids upon Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Æthiopia, Libya, and Asia Minor; he was very thorough in his policy. He placed himself at the head of vast armies and marched with them across waterless deserts, broad rivers, and great mountain chains; nothing stopped him—there were no roads, no bridges, no pontoon trains, but his intense personal energy of character overcame all obstacles; he made a desolate heap of every fenced city that opposed his progress; he slew by thousands the populations that refused to surrender at his summons; every camping place was adorned with piles of hands, heads, and other members of the slaughtered enemy. It was one of his daily duties in these expeditions to sit on the tail-board of his chariot, while his officers counted them out and flung them into ghastly pyramids of reeking carrion at his feet, and he looked on, no doubt, with the same amiable benign expression which is imprinted on all his statues; at last an end was made, the invaded tribes, thinned in numbers, broken in courage, heart, and spirit, surrendered at discretion. Hordes of them, men, women, and children, were, with the camp cattle and sheep, driven along before the army to be brought back to Egypt, and to

COLOSSAL STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.
ABOU SIMBEL.

Plate 27.

drag out the rest of their lives in the mines and quarries, the stick their daily portion, and misery, disease and death their final end. The remnant of the people were laid under tribute, and knew well that if they failed, year by year, to appear before their tyrant with the tale of treasure and offerings imposed upon them, the destroying host would soon again be among them. As long as Rameses lived, the terror of his name was on all the Eastern world; none dared to incur his wrath, but remained under his feet in abject submission; his very throne was decorated with groups of prisoners on their knees and with their arms pinioned behind their backs—that was his proudest emblem; thus did he avenge the invasion and long humiliation of the Shepherd Kings. This much is to be said in defence of his policy, that if he had not invaded them they would have invaded him, and have occupied Egypt again as they had done before. When the last nation that yet ventured to struggle for independence was beaten down and, like Alexander, he sighed that there were no more worlds to conquer, and had to seek other outlets for his restless spirit, he became a devotee; he took to architecture with the same devouring energy that he had hitherto displayed in war; he became a great builder; pyramids had gone out of fashion, but he covered all Egypt and Nubia with temples, statues and obelisks, from remote Æthiopia to the mouths of the Nile; and having an iron constitution he continued to wield his sceptre for the long period of 67 years, during all which time his early policy bore its expected fruit; the chastised nations remembered that terrible chastisement and crouched submissively at his feet, and the supremacy of Egypt remained unquestioned.

Such was the man whose portrait we have here given; it is a grand face, and corresponds to the vigour and strength of his character. His name, Ra-Meses, being interpreted means sprung from Ra (the Sun), and he certainly did his best to justify this proud appellation by his deeds, though, no doubt, had he lived in modern times, the justice of his policy might have been challenged, and questions would have been asked in Parliament, but he would not, I think, have stepped down from his throne quite so meekly as the late Khedive.

Following the example of Pepi and Nofrekara of the sixth dynasty, of the Ousertasens of the twelfth, and the Amunophs and Thothmes, kings of the eighteenth dynasties, he shared in person the dangers he asked his troops to face, and was a very Cœur de Lion in the fight, engaging in single-handed combat on foot, as well as scouring the plain in his chariot, followed by his sons, and he filled up the intervals with lion and buffalo hunts. It was characteristic of him that his very pet was a tame lion.

It was not in the nature of things that no retribution should follow these high-handed proceedings; as time went on, the decimated nations recruited their numbers, a new generation arose, who began to forget the lessons of terror taught in the last; they only remembered with vindictive indignation the wrongs of their forefathers, and chafed at the ignominious tribute which they themselves were still required to pay, year by year, to the Egyptian despot. Then, when in process of time, Rameses paid the debt of nature, and was gathered to the tomb; when the once vigorous limbs were bandaged with mummy clothes and laid in the granite sarcophagus

in the painted and sculptured mausoleum, and slid along the inclined way down the dark tunnel into the bowels of the mountain of Bab-el-Melook; and when his thirteenth son, Menephtha, a man of weak character, strove to wield his father's sceptre, then was the signal for revolt. First one tribe, and then another, refused to pay tribute any longer, and a series of ineffectual wars were waged with varying effect, and the supremacy of the empire was shaken. The details of these incidents have not come down to us. One great event only stands out in high relief—the hitherto enslaved children of Israel, who had built for his father the treasure cities of Rameses and Pithom, found a heaven-sent leader to emancipate them from the yoke of the son, and marched across the frontier unopposed by the sympathising vassal tribes that occupied the Isthmus of Suez and the peninsula of Sinai. Rameses had held all those lands with an iron grasp, but the arm of the feeble Menephtha was not long enough to reach them there. Later on a still more humiliating retribution befel the memory of Rameses. Among the subjugated races were the proud and brave Persians; they never forgot their wrongs, and when Cambyses, several centuries later, invaded Egypt, he marched to Thebes, broke open the mausoleum of Rameses, shattered his granite sarcophagus, tore his mummy limb from limb, and scattered the remains on the surface of the desert—the most dreaded fate that could befal an Egyptian, for they believed that their resurrection depended upon the integrity of their bodies being maintained inviolate.

This alternate process of subjugation under powerful Pharaohs, and of revolt under weak ones, was often repeated; it had gone on from an early period, dynasty

after dynasty, and may be considered as an epitome of the History of Egypt.

Memorials of Rameses occur in abundance all along the valley of the Nile, but nowhere are so many mementos of him gathered together as at Abou Simbel. Here his whole life in all its various phases is depicted: beside him is the temple of his first and most beloved queen, Nofretari; at his knees and between his feet stand his sons and daughters; on the walls are perpetuated the memory of his battles, his sieges, his headlong chariot charge, his acts of devotion to the Gods; the details of his camp life, the dress, arms, and accoutrements of his soldiers, and the most carefully executed portraits of himself, as well as the most impressive specimen of his architectural achievements, the world-famed Rock Temple, from the façade of which the Napoleon of ancient times still gazes upon us, the fire of haughty pride still lights up those eyes of stone, and the broad brow still proclaims to us his commanding genius and iron strength of will.

The first view of this wonderful façade is a sight never to be forgotten. It ranks in one's memory with one's first view of Naples, or Mont Blanc, or Niagara. I think it is even more impressive, coming upon it suddenly out of the desert than if approached by way of the river. A masterpiece of human art amid a scene of desolation—such an utter wilderness, that during a five-mile walk I met but two human beings,—a nearly naked African woman accompanied by a boy. They were tending a dozen sheep browsing on the mimosa bushes, of which there was a scanty growth on the sand-hills near the river.

Beside the great temple of Rameses, there is on one

side a smaller one built by his queen, Nofretari, as a memorial of her love for her honoured husband; and on the other side a much smaller temple, dedicated to Thoth, the god of letters. This last is conjectured to have been the priests' library. If so it cannot have been much used, for when opened in 1874 its fresco paintings were as fresh in colour as if it had only just been excavated; and it must have been buried in the sand almost from the day it was completed. There is a very full and minute description of it in the interesting work of Miss Edwards, by whose party it was discovered and cleared in 1874. There was, however, one angle which was not cleared; and in this I discovered the hieroglyphic name which Abou Simbel bore in the time of Rameses = Abbou. The ancient name has, therefore, survived unchanged. On the left of the entrance is this inscription in hieroglyphics:— "Whosoever enters here let him purify himself four times," *i.e.*, let him perform four ablutions. This inscription occurs on the right hand as you enter; and Rameses himself, who stands there in his dress of ceremony, appears to be uttering the command.

The colouring of all the bas-reliefs is very rich and brilliant; we annex an example in the Sacred Boat (Plate XLI.). Attached to it are a pair of long shafts, by means of which it was carried on the shoulders of the priests; the fastenings may be observed between the boat and the platform which gives it stability. The whole structure is placed upon an altar, which has a red table-cloth spread upon it. In the panel are the ovals of the king, and a mutilated inscription in which the words "the property" or "devoted to the service of the

gods" can be deciphered. The inscription above the sanctuary reads, "Thothti, Lord of Abou, Amon Lord of Abou." On the panel of the sanctuary itself are stencilled alternately the emblems of stability and life. The crew of black figures are dolls, not real men; over the prow is the sacred hawk, emblem of Ra; behind him a sphinx, emblem of the king. The sun-screens were carried in procession; they are adorned with the monogram of Rameses; the papyrus and lotus flowers are of course artificial, and, together with the vase of real flowers in front, and those beneath, figure there just as flowers often figure on our altars, as offerings to Ra, whose image is concealed behind the fringed curtain of the sanctuary; two of the crew are kneeling in adoration, fore and aft of the sacred shrine, which the chief priest and the sovereign alone had the privilege of entering. The two stands under the shafts, besides flowers, have vessels of libation ranged in a row; those to the right have spouts, and appear to have furnished models for the coffee-pots of domestic life. In Plate XXXV. the prince is seen using one of these vessels in the act of libation. The two ostrich-feather standards were carried by chiefs who took part in the procession. In the bow of the boat was the eye of Osiris, accidentally omitted in the lithograph.

Abou Simbel occupies a distinguished place amongst Egyptian monuments, if not a unique one, from the daring conception of its plan, and the marvellous art and success with which it was carried through; from its strange position on a lonely mountain spur, which thrusts itself out into the Nile here barring the passage along the shore; and from the historic importance of the record it has preserved safely for our perusal through

Pl. XLI.

SACRED BOAT, ABOU SIMBEL.

the vast period of thirty-four centuries of time. The sculptors and artists who covered the interior with frescos were worthy of the occasion. They have carved a series of painted bas-reliefs which, for vigour and spirit, have no parallel among the paintings of antiquity. The headlong charge of Rameses, sweeping across the battle-field in his chariot like a whirlwind, and followed by three of his sons in their chariots; the tableau of his single combat on foot with the Syrian chief; the scene in which he draws up his chariot, accompanied by his tame lion, in the midst of the fight to receive some prisoners, would be masterpieces in any age. The glimpses we get of the stage of civilization which the nations at war with Egypt had attained 400 years before the siege of Troy, and before the Greeks had acquired the art of writing, are extremely instructive.

The north wall places before us, not only the arms, accoutrements, the strategic system, the minutest details of the camping arrangements of the Egyptians, but it gives the only information we possess as to these matters in the case of their contemporaries. Descending to details, the army is represented in an entrenched camp; the horses picketed in rows and feeding on grass or hay which is brought them by the soldiers. Near one angle is the king's pavilion, watched over by the sacred vultures; but watched over, also, by some sharp sentries, who have just caught a would-be assassin near the royal tent. One man is holding him by the scalp-lock, which distinguishes the Syrians of the Orontes; the other is running him through with his javelin. In other parts of the camp are the infantry: some at supper, squatting, Eastern fashion, round their big pot, and scooping out their food with their fingers, as they

do to this day. The king's lion is being fed by his attendant, who seems rather afraid of him; he approaches "Tearer to pieces of his enemies," pawing the air with his hand in the "poor fellow" style of Pickwick's Winkle. There are covered provision carts passing through the camp, drawn by oxen; there are groups of men repairing broken chariot-wheels or cleaning their accoutrements; there is a brawl going on, and the disputants have come to blows. In several places soldiers, who have got into some scrape, are being beaten with a stick, without the ceremony of a court-martial. In one corner a trooper is trying to stop a baggage-donkey, who has begun to bray, by thrashing him vigorously; but I do not believe that anything short of decapitation ever did stop, or ever will stop, a jackass when once he has commenced that solo performance of which he seems so proud. These and many other incidents of camp-life are crowded into a great bas-relief, giving a bird's-eye view of the Egyptian encampment; and one cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which the artist has managed to represent so much detail in a comparatively limited space.

Near by is the fortified town which they are there to take, with its battlemented walls and tall towers, and the Orontes is made to flow round it, and from its moat the Orontes itself meanders over the whole length of the great north wall, and along its banks are represented all the incidents of the campaign, the flight of peaceable citizens with their wives and children, bag and baggage, the march of heavy infantry with forests of spears and shields, archers and swordsmen, and innumerable chariots charging or flying or meeting in the shock of onset, some of them empty, their luckless crew slain,

PL. XLIII.

AN ANCIENT UMBRELLA.

ABOU SIMBEL.

PL. XII.

DUEL OF RAMESES II.

ABOU SIMBEL.

and the horses taking the opportunity to graze. There are prisoners disarmed and tied together by a rope and led along in single file; in one place Rameses himself has turned about in his chariot, a trooper holds the horses, and the king has sat down on the tail-board while officers count out piles of heads of slaughtered enemies. In another place he is seated on his throne and the prisoners are brought before him; there is a bas-relief of an officer of charioteers holding the king's umbrella (Plate XLIII.), with a great vulture embroidered upon it; he has stepped down from his chariot, and is looking back at some soldiers curiously equipped. They have on their heads a crescent and ball, and they carry in their hands straight pointed swords of great length and breadth and large round shields. They are foreign auxiliaries; an inscription above them states them to be of the nation of Sha-i-tani; they have foreign features, and the artist has manifestly caricatured them.

In the bas-relief several Egyptians intervene between the officer and the soldier, but I have taken the liberty of introducing him into the Plate in order to show the details of his dress and equipment.

On the opposite wall the duel between Rameses and the Libyan chief at once attracts attention. The figures are rather above life size, and the crisis has been chosen when Rameses, having borne back his adversary in an onset of resistless impetuosity, is in the act of despatching him with his spear. The expression of hatred and despair on the doomed man's countenance the painter has rendered with great power, as, while falling backwards, he looks up in the face of his victorious foe, and the last objects he beholds in life are the golden serpent upon Pharaoh's brow and the eyes of fire that

blaze beneath it. The spear point is descending with lightning speed, and in another moment he would be in eternity. This duel is historic. The nationality of the chief is mentioned in the last hieroglyphics of the inscription over his head; the words are "of the Tahennou (the Libyans) chief."

While poking about the temple I saw a head with the side lock appearing above the sand, which I recognized as being one of Rameses' sons. I called up some of the crew to scrape away the sand, and we laid bare a row of eight sons with an inscription beside each, stating his profession, &c. Having seen a similar bas-relief at Derr I concluded that it was, as there, balanced by a corresponding row of daughters on the opposite side; we scraped away more sand and found the young ladies of the family also; there were nine princesses, as at Derr, and each of them also had an inscription to herself. The princesses were rather carelessly sculptured, and were evidently not portraits, being all alike. Much greater pains had been taken with the sons; they were portraits, and their features, especially the eldest, were beautifully cut, and their dresses and insignia of rank minutely detailed; incidental evidence as to the row of sons, which is headed by this prince, being really portraits, presented itself soon afterwards.

Plate XI. is a fac-simile representation of the eldest son. Beside him are two columns of hieroglyphics giving his name, offices and titles, which read thus:—

"Of the order of Nobles a Royal Secretary; Commander of Infantry, having the rank of a chief; eldest son of the king, begotten of his body, beloved of him. Amen-hi-khop-sanef, Prince."

Here, acording to Egyptian custom, the name comes

ELDEST SON OF RAMESES,
CONTEMPORARY OF MOSES.

PL. XIV.

RAMESES II. ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FIGHTING LION.
ABOU SIMBEL.

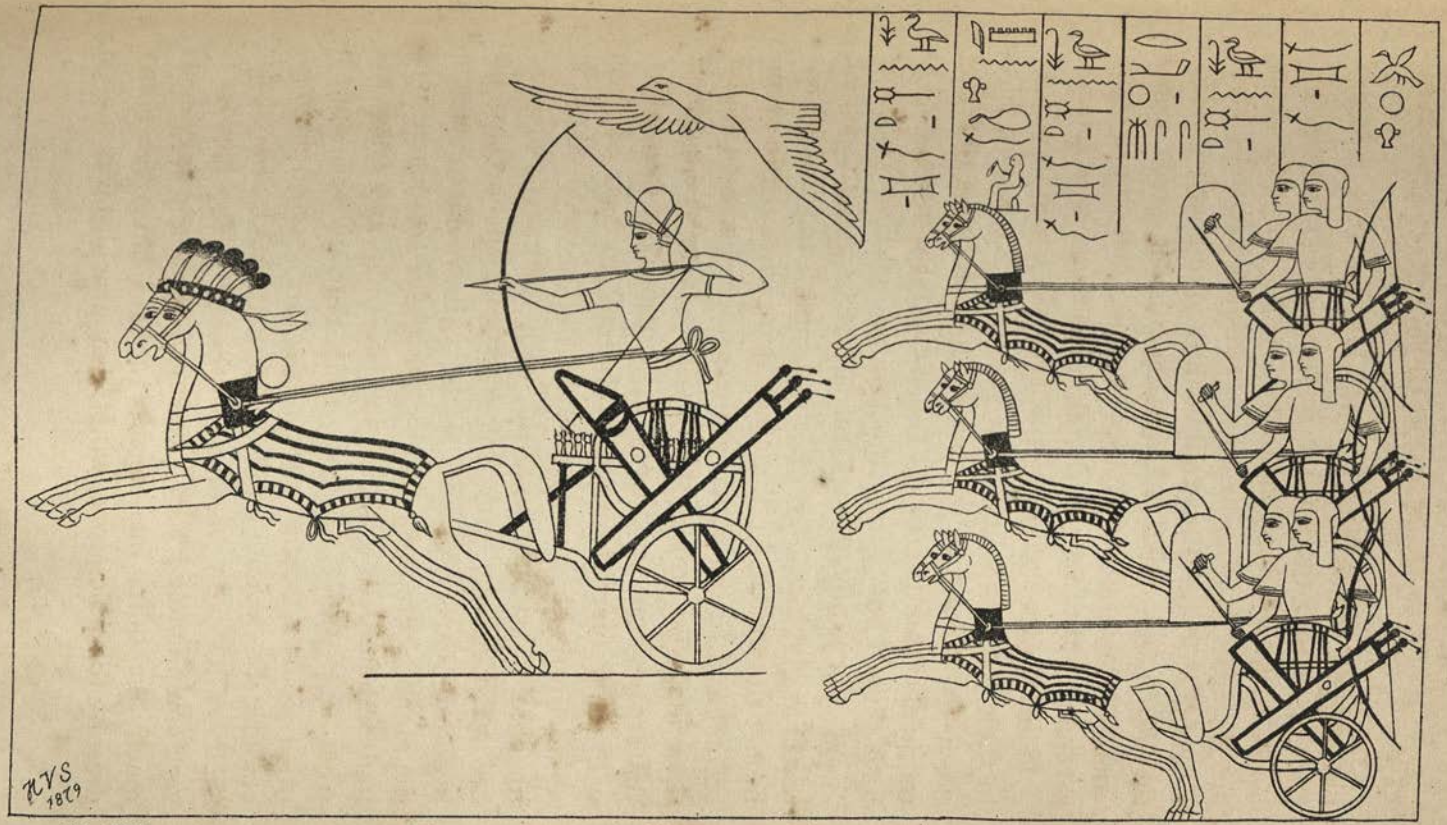
last. The features have a Jewish look. The nose is aquiline, like that of his father Rameses and his eldest sister Ba-ta-Anta. He wears the side lock of the heir apparent kept together by three clasps. (In Plate XXXV. is a representation of a very beautiful and elaborate clasp worn by the prince's father in his youth.) Amen-hi-ḳhop-sanef is attired in court dress, which appears to have been of some semi-transparent material, through which the outline of his arms and breast is visible. It is something in the form of a mantle, the skirt and sleeves of which hang behind him; the latter are retained in their places by fillets or ribbons, which come over his arms, and are tucked in at the waist behind a panelled belt, similar to that of Thothmes in Plate VII. Below this is the usual kilt or short petticoat, which takes the place of the simple loin-cloth of earlier dynasties (see Plate III.). On his ankle and wrists are the collar and bracelets worn by all Egyptians, and almost universal throughout Africa still. In his hand he carries the staff surmounted by the ostrich feather, the insignia of a chief, attached to which are two cords, ending in tassels. The ostrich feather is worked in gold in a conventional form, though no doubt originally a real feather was the emblem used.

Additional interest attaches to this portrait, with its details of the court dress of the period, from the fact that this young prince was a contemporary of Moses, and probably an associate of his, both being members of the royal household, and it is likely enough that before the patriotic instincts of the Hebrew lawgiver developed themselves, he wore the same court dress on state occasions as the brother of his adoptive mother.

Amen-hi-khop-sanef did not live to succeed his father,

nor was he his favourite son. He does not appear to have possessed the warlike instincts of his family, and is not represented as accompanying his governor on the battle-field. It will be observed that his right hand is extended in the Egyptian attitude of homage—that is, towards a bas-relief of Rameses himself, which occurs upon the entrance of the temple, and typifies the reverence paid in Egypt by children to their parents.

While I was sketching the scene in which three sons in their chariots follow their father on the battle-field, I observed that the foremost had features differing markedly from the eldest son, whom I had expected to find there, but I remembered the face as occurring among his younger brothers. I set to work to spell out the hieroglyphics over his head, and found that he was in fact the fifth son; the other two turned out to be the second and third. Each of the princes had a charioteer with him, who protected him with a large shield against the arrows and javelins of the enemy, but their father, with characteristic pride, disdaining to have any man as forward as himself in the fight, stood alone in his chariot, without a shield, with the reins tied round his waist, as he drew his bow without checking the headlong career of his steeds. He would conquer or die alone. Probably, like other great commanders, he had unbounded faith in his destiny, and knew not what fear was. Observe that both in this and in other chariot scenes the horses are clothed in rugs, elaborately striped and patterned, and tied under their bellies with bows and ribbons. The harness is very complicated; they have head-stalls and snaffle-bits much like ours, but neither collars nor traces; they drew by the pole alone, which was provided with a cross



PL. XIII.

RAMESES II AND HIS SONS.

ABOU SIMBEL.

piece, the ends of which were fastened to their withers by an intricate arrangement of belts and straps, which are passed round their necks and between their fore legs, and very carefully secured. Attached to these were rings, through which the reins passed, as with us. In front of the king's chariot extended a projection richly ornamented with a row of golden asps and supported on a stay; the object of this seems to have been for the cap of the quiver to fall back upon when opened.

The upper part of the south wall was devoted to religious subjects. Amongst them was a curious tableau of Rameses kneeling beneath the tree of life at the feet of Horus; he kneels on a footstool, and Horus is presenting him with the emblem of life.

There are six other chambers besides the portico. In some of these hieroglyphics and figures have been outlined in black paint, but left uncut or in various stages of incompleteness; no doubt the great king died before they were finished.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEMPLE OF NOFRETARI.

Royal Robes—A Devoted Wife—Divine Beauties.

THE smaller temple, dedicated to Rameses by his queen, is a monument of the romantic love and affection which prevailed between the royal pair, and is interesting on that account. The numerous portraits of Queen Nofretari which it contains show that she was very beautiful, and they indicate also a strength of character and purpose which accounts for the hold which she retained upon her husband's affection to the last. Her name signifies "the good companion"—a model name for a wife. I was fortunate enough to get some very perfect fac-similes of her face in profile taken from several different groups. The outlines were uninjured, and the colour of one in an out-of-the-way part of the temple well preserved. Outside this temple are four colossi, two of the queen and two of the king, with their children at their feet. Both the colossi of the queen have been much damaged, perhaps by her successor, the Khetan princess, whom Rameses married after Nofretari's death. Enough still remains to give one an idea of her full face, and which confirms the impression of beauty and sweetness of expression conveyed by the painted intaglios within the temple.

The portrait of her, Plate X., is chiefly drawn from a coloured bas-relief at the back of one of the pillars on the left-hand side of the temple, but the details of the dress are taken from one of the other figures.

She wears on her head the coronet which was the distinguishing ornament of royal princesses. On her brow is the asp, which it is the peculiar prerogative of reigning sovereigns and their consorts to wear. Her hood, fringed with gold, is surmounted by the vulture, the emblem of maternity. One of the portraits shows the head of the vulture alongside the asp; in others it is omitted. I have preferred to follow the latter in this respect, as the two ornaments together have a rather clumsy effect. The asp is decorated with horns, between which is the disk, emblem of the sun. It is an interesting fact that her head-dress and lappet are fringed with black lace, of a pattern still in use. Her ear-ring is of large size, like those worn at this day by Indian women, and it passes through the middle of her ear—not, as with us, through the lobe; it was probably too heavy for the latter. Over head is inscribed her name and titles, "Nofretari Mer-en-Mut," *i.e.*, Nofretari, beloved of Maut. Over the name is the inscription "Wife of the King, the Lady Chief." In her hand she carries a sistrum of copper, barred with copper rods strung with large beads; beneath is a head of Hathor. This article, so often seen in the hands of Egyptian ladies of distinction, is supposed to have been used as a talisman against the evil eye or evil influences. In some of the bas-reliefs the royal beauty is represented with a loose flowing dress with sleeves. (See Plate XVI.). In Plate X. I have given her the more old-fashioned dress, supported by braces. The details of form,

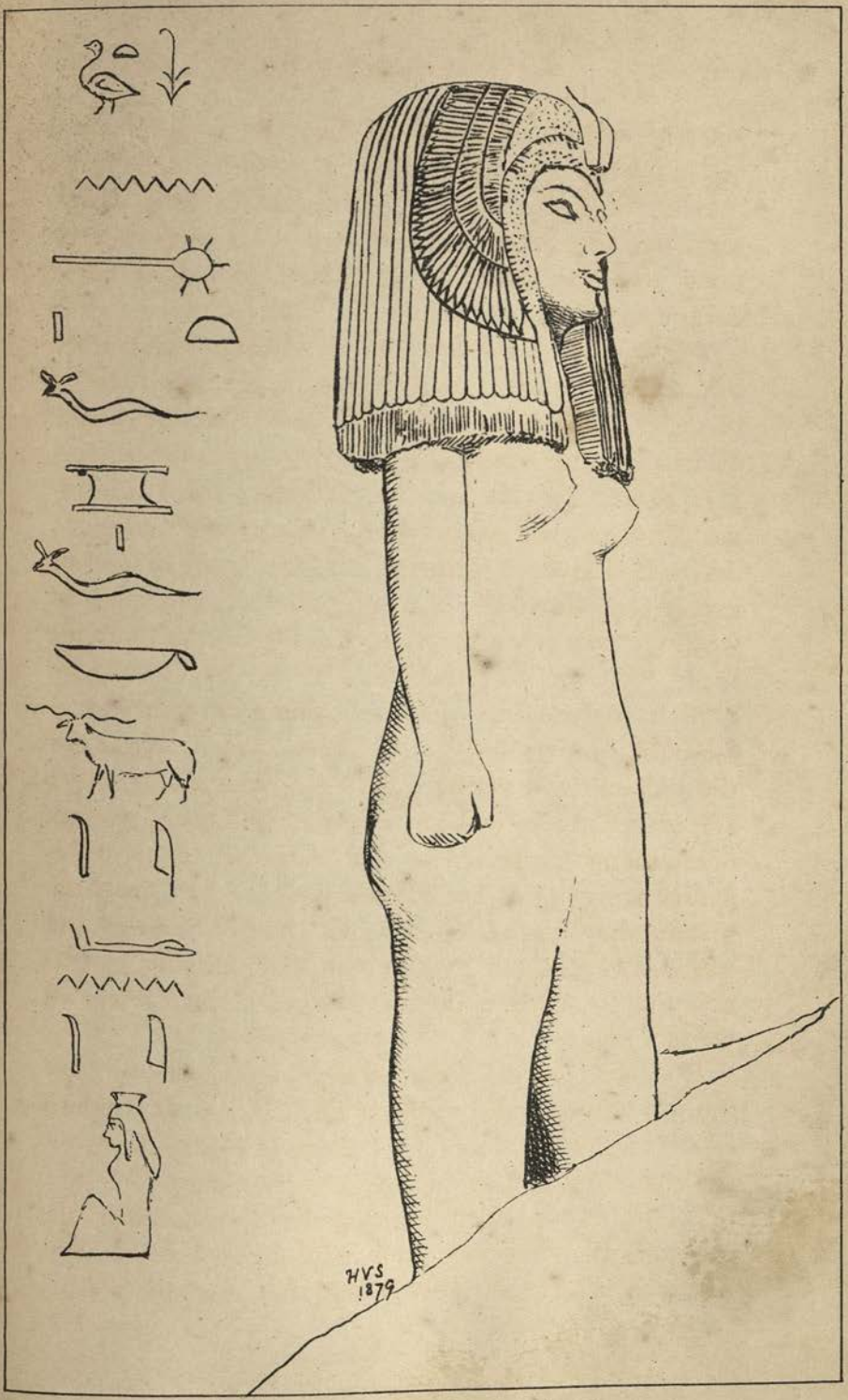
pattern, and colours are all carefully copied from a bas-relief in the same temple.

In the various tableaux the queen is always represented accompanying her husband in his religious functions, and she even stands behind him while he is decapitating his enemies.

The daughters do not appear to have inherited her beauty. They look haughty and disagreeable. One of them is the Ba-ta-Anta who has been made the heroine of an Egyptian novel, "Uarda," by a modern author. Her profile is very like her father's; the same prominent eyes, the same aquiline nose, and the same determined cast of features, but lacking the benevolent expression which he is nearly always represented as wearing, even when thrusting his foes through with his spear. Resembling her father, she ought to have been handsome, but what is becoming in so eminently masculine a personage as Rameses may be very much the reverse in a young lady. I give a sketch of her statue in Plate XV. There is much nobility and strength of character expressed in her features. She is represented standing at her father's feet, and as a matter of history she was the favourite daughter of Rameses, and was even entrusted by him with a share in the government of the empire in his old age, or when absent on warlike expeditions.

It is said that she became queen, but she is only given the title of princess on her tomb. Her portrait, which occurs in the Tombs of the Queens at Thebes, also gives the idea of energy and decision of character.

In the statue great pains have been taken by the sculptor with her face and head-dress, but the limbs and body are executed with the characteristic careless-



COLOSSAL STATUE OF PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER
ABOU SIMBEL

Plate 15

ness which I before had occasion to notice. The statue is of colossal size, and stands up to the knees in the sand-drift which has descended from the mountain above, and is slowly, but surely, burying the great temple again as it has done before.

She wears apparently no dress whatever, except her hood; in fact, she is presented to us in the same bathing costume in which she rescued the infant Moses.

The smaller temple contains paintings of several goddesses. Some of them are very pretty, and must have been drawn from living models; perhaps the queen made her maids of honour sit for them. The dedication of the temple to her husband reads thus:—

"To the sovereign of the two lands, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ouser-Ma-Ra, Son of the Sun (beloved of him?), Lord of crowns, Rameses Mer-Ammon, his loving Lady Queen and princess Nofretari has built a temple in the locality of Abbou by the waters. Grant him life for evermore."

This temple was evidently excavated much earlier than the great one near by. Rameses and his fair spouse were in their prime; their children were quite young. In the other the beautiful queen appears but once; the sons are warriors, the daughters are already *passées*. The king himself, as carved in the colossi, in the interior, has an aged look. This is not the case in the battle scenes, because at that time he was young, and the artist has drawn him as he was at the time the incidents took place. But in the colossi his battles are over; his supremacy in the eastern world is undisputed; and he is resting from his labours, during the long period of peace and prosperity which occupied the latter portion of his reign. It was a long reign of

sixty-seven years, and his great campaigns were fought in the early part of it. He devoted those years of peace to covering all Egypt and Nubia with magnificent monuments and temples, and in beautifying Thebes especially, besides building other cities ; *e.g.*, the cities of Rameses and Pithom, in which the captive Israelites were employed. The former of these was evidently named in honour of himself. This mention of the city of Rameses offers an important landmark as to the much-disputed question of the chronology of his reign.

In Plate XVI. Queen Nofretari—still a bride, not yet wearing the vulture head-dress, emblem of maternity—is presenting offerings to the goddess Anke. She may have been praying for a son ; in her left hand she holds some convolvulus flowers, in the other the emblem of a small temple which she is perhaps vowing if her wishes are accomplished. Her attire is that in which she is oftenest represented ; she has rosettes in her shoes, and her hair is dressed very simply and gracefully. The costume of Anke is here faithfully reproduced, including the pattern and colours of her skirt, waistband, braces, and necklace, as also the throne on which she is seated. The head-dress is quite peculiar to this goddess, who was specially worshipped in Nubia. She also, like the queen, wears blue rosettes in her shoes.

PL. XVI.

NOFRETARI AND THE GODDESS ANKE, ABOU SIMBEL.

CHAPTER XX.

DATE OF RAMESES THE GREAT.

The Captivity and Exodus of the Children of Israel—The Treasure Cities—Nubian Mutton.—Christian Worship in Heathen Temples.

THE translators of our version of the Bible have fixed the date of the Exodus at 1491 B.C., which is a century earlier than that assigned by modern Egyptologists, but the following considerations will show that, instead of fixing too early a date, they have not thrown back the date far enough; for instance, St. Paul (Acts xiii. 20), says, "After that (the Exodus) he gave unto them judges about the space of *four hundred and fifty years*, until Samuel the prophet. And afterward they desired a King: and God gave unto them Saul the son of Cis." This monarch reigned forty years (Acts xiii. 21). David also reigned forty years (1 Kings ii. 11). "The days that David reigned over Israel were forty years: seven years reigned he in Hebron, and thirty and three years reigned he in Jerusalem." By 1 Kings xi. it appears that Solomon also reigned forty years and died during the reign of Shishak, King of Egypt, whose reign is known to bear date 985. The actual date of the plunder of Jerusalem was 979. We have, therefore, 450 + 120 = 570 years from the Exodus to Shishak. Now that would throw back the date of the Exodus to 1549. It appears, therefore, that the Biblical commentators, instead of fixing too early a date for the Exodus, have assigned a date later than appears consistent with the definite and

circumstantial statements of Scripture, but which would be rendered consistent with them if we assume the margin which seems implied in St. Paul's expression "by the space of" to amount to fifty-eight years.

Now it happens that we have another and a quite independent measure for the interval between Rameses and Shishak. Between those two Pharaohs seventeen reigns elapsed, *i.e.* seventeen generations. It has been found that, in counting by generations, we may allow three generations to a century; if we adopt this standard, those seventeen reigns would cover 566 years, which tallies with remarkable closeness with the computation from the Scripture statements. We arrive, therefore, by two distinct and perfectly independent methods of computation, at results absolutely identical, for the very definite Bible statements place an interval of 570 years between the death of Solomon and the Exodus; the computation by generations back from Shishak brings out the interval between him and the death of Rameses at 566; and if we suppose the capture of Jerusalem to have occurred about four years after the death of Solomon, the two results tally exactly to a year! I think, therefore, that we are justified in concluding that the Bible commentators did not assign too early a date when they fixed 1491 as the year of the Exodus; indeed, we cannot consistently with Scripture assume any later. This would throw back the death of Rameses to 1500, and his reign would have begun about B.C. 1567.

The fixed facts we have to go upon are that Rameses the Second was the sovereign for whom the children of Israel built the treasure cities of Rameses and Pithom, because we know from Egyptian records that the city of Rameses at all events was built in his reign, and

we know from Biblical sources that the Children of Israel built it for him. We know also that his reign endured for an extraordinarily long period, viz., sixty-seven years, and that it is implied by the Bible expression, "it came to pass that *in process of time* he died," that the Pharaoh of the Captivity did live to an unusually protracted old age. The same fact also follows from the long exile imposed upon Moses in the land of Midian, while the monarch whose wrath he had incurred by slaying an Egyptian in defence of a Hebrew slave, continued to live. If we suppose that Rameses attained his hundredth year, and that Menephtha had been fourteen years upon the throne at the time of the Exodus, then the eldest daughter of Rameses would probably be the adoptive mother of Moses. It would certainly be inferred from the Scripture narrative that she was the daughter of the same Pharaoh whose long life imposed the long exile upon Moses, and for whom the Hebrews built the city of Rameses. This king lived so long that his twelve eldest sons all died before him, and it was the thirteenth son, Menephthah, who succeeded him. There is in the Memnonium a list of his sons, and there over the thirteenth, Menephthah, a royal oval has been engraved subsequently, no doubt by command of that king himself after his succession.

Our camping ground at Abou Simbel was peculiar. The two temples occupy the feet of two mountain spurs which project into the river right and left, forming the sides of a steep and narrow ravine, down which descends an avalanche of sand, with a slope as steep as the side of the Great Pyramid, and forming as sharply defined a triangle. This sand-slope is fringed along the river side with tufts of mimosa bushes and coarse Halfeh

grass. The first thing our crew did was to land their live stock, and we had quite a little pastoral scene there, two very black and ragged sheep nibbling away at the bushes, and the turkeys and fowl luxuriating in their emancipation from the long confinement of their coops. Amongst them lolled sundry of the crew, their long blue robes contrasting admirably with the orange-coloured sand; now they lay in the sun on their backs, and when they were roasted enough on that side they turned over and took a spell of slumber on their—well, digestion—with intervals of cigarettes. They having nothing to do, the farmyard came in for a considerable share of their attention, and all the live stock became the sailors' pets and were well fed. We looked complacently on at these proceedings, hoping that when the crisis arrived both mutton and poultry would be found much improved in plumpness. The Nubian mutton, by the way, is the best on the Nile, for the sheep are fed on dates, but they are dearer than below; therefore, the dragomen buy cheap skinny wretches in Egypt, and tow them after the dahabeeah all through Nubia, feeding them on stolen food and not much of that, till what between starvation and pining, they become as palatable as an old boot.

January 12 (*Sunday*).—We read service in the Great Temple, amid impressive surroundings. All about us were the varied deities of Egyptian mythology: lion-headed, ape-headed, ibis-headed, eagle-headed, jackal-headed. From out the deep shadows of the vast subterranean hall started the giant forms of the stone colossi at whose feet we sat. The first lesson was singularly appropriate, Isaiah, ch. xliv., in which the vanity of graven images and of human pride is alike denounced.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SECOND CATARACT—WADY HALFEH.

The Second Cataract—Central African Terminus—St. George and the Dragon—Dongola in the distance—Abooseer—A Desert Shipwreck—An Interesting Tomb—A Funeral 3000 years ago—Nubian offerings to Hathor—Korosko—Purchase of two Chameleons—Nubian Villages.

BEFORE service was quite over the steamer arrived, and amongst the passengers were some acquaintances of ours, Mr. and Mrs. B. As the steamer was to tow us back from the Second Cataract, we had to leave at once for Wady Halfeh. We sailed all day and most of the night, and arrived at 11 A.M. on the 13th at the foot of the Second Cataract.

January 13.—We saw, to our surprise, a very fine railway station here,—it is the terminus for the projected Central African line, which was to have opened up the lake districts, to have promoted their civilization and development, and to have dealt the finishing blow to the slave trade in these regions. This magnificent project is, however, for the present suspended, owing to the new policy of economy insisted on by Mr. Rivers Wilson and—want of cash. About thirty miles of the line is actually at work, and a great deal more is levelled and ready for the rails. As a speculation it never could pay; but it would probably be worth carrying out as a great Government work, if they could afford it. The scheme appeals to one's

imagination, and one wishes it success; but I fear hard-headed practical men of business have condemned it as too costly. We called upon the English commissioner here, and afterwards upon the chief engineer of the railway. He and his wife received us very courteously, and the lady complained of the difficulty of dealing with the natives. She showed us a black girl whom she had bought as a slave, and then given her her liberty. This poor girl and her little brother had been kidnapped by Arab slave-dealers while minding some sheep for their parents, who were destined never to see either their sheep or their children again. The price which the lady had paid for the girl was six napoleons. She had evidently fallen into good hands, as was proved by her plump, well-fed figure and happy, merry face. I fear, however, that this Nubian Topsy was not a profitable investment for her kind-hearted employer, for during our visit we heard behind the scenes an awful crash, which must have involved a catastrophe to at least an entire tea-service. A pretty little tame gazelle, a couple of monkeys, and a Cuban dog completed their list of pets, who all had the run of the verandah together.

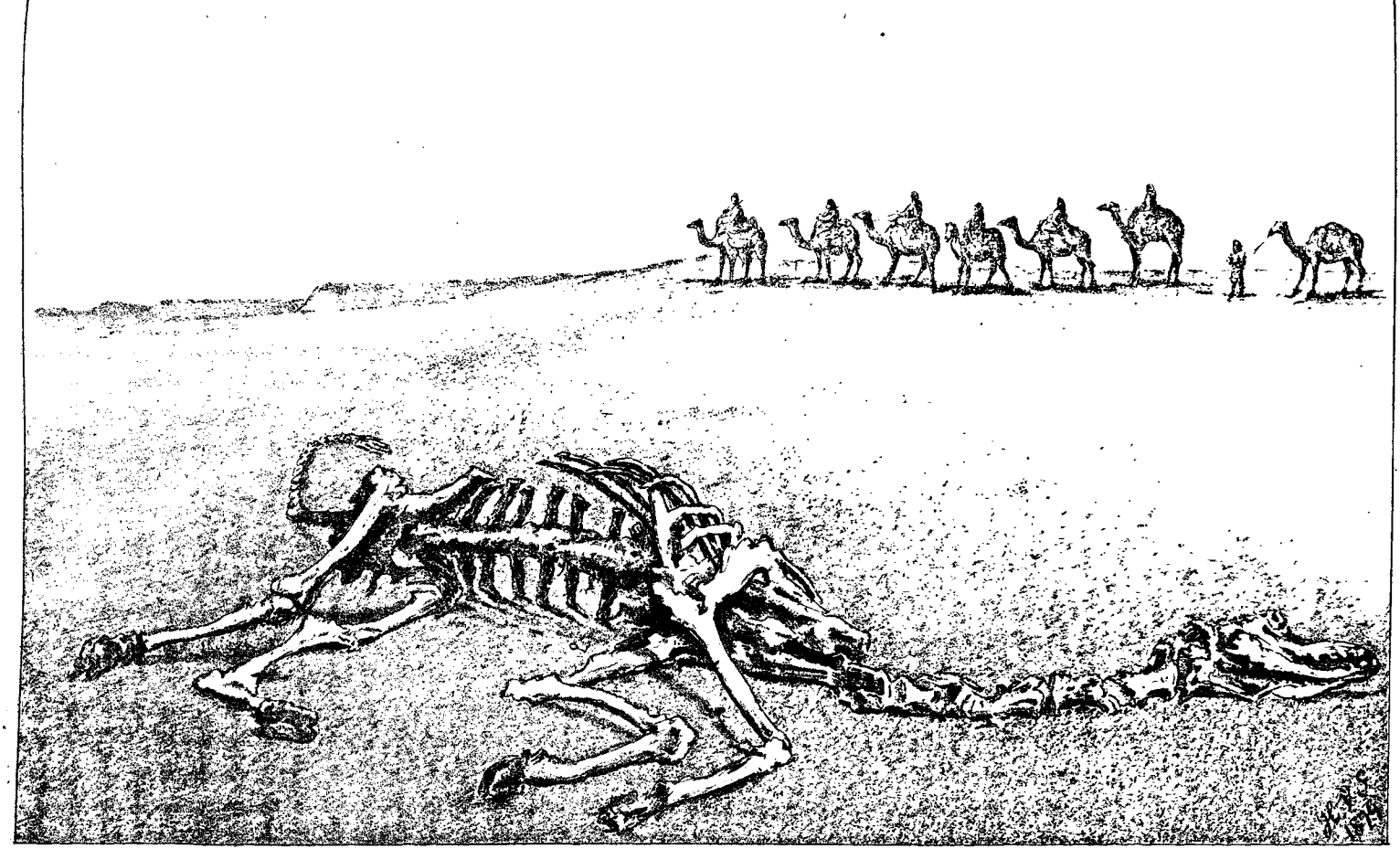
January 14.—We manned our boat with a picked crew, and set out on our exploring expedition up the cataract; it can be ascended by dint of hard work and skilful management about half-way. The Ultima Thule is a singular rock which rises perpendicularly from beside the tortured waters and overhangs them, giving a splendid bird's-eye view of the ten miles of rapids and falls which constitute the Second Cataract. I landed at one point and came upon an old Coptic church, still so perfect that it could scarcely be called

a ruin. The walls were covered with paintings of saints and angels, and with several life-size frescoes of St. George and the Dragon. It is curious how constantly the oldest of things are dished up again under a new disguise. The original of St. George and the Dragon is the ensign of an ancient Egyptian city, which viewed the crocodile as an emblem of the evil one, and adopted, as their favourite sculpture, an Egyptian hero transfixing that reptile with a spear.

The trip up the rapids was very interesting. The scenery is quite different from the First Cataract; not nearly so picturesque. It consisted of hundreds of islands and rocks scattered over the whole width of the river-bed, which here expands to at least a mile and a half. These islets are decorated with stunted mimosa bushes, gum-trees, and an occasional date-palm; but what it lacks in picturesqueness it makes up for as a cataract. It is in some places a succession of falls—at one point equalling Schaffhausen on the Rhine in height. I walked a long way beyond Abooseer and ascended a mountain, from the summit of which I had a splendid view of the entire length of the rapids, extending over nearly ten miles; I saw a range of high black cliffs above the falls, and the broad expanse of the Nile, as smooth as a lake, at their feet. This is the manner and custom of all rivers; there is always an interval of lake-like tranquillity before they engage in the turmoil and conflict that awaits them presently. It is so at Niagara and all other falls I have ever seen. The atmosphere was so clear that the high mountains of Dongola, distant 150 miles, were cut hard and sharp against the southern horizon, betraying their distance by their microscopic proportions, but not by any mistiness of outline. I re-

turned to Abooseer by the caravan route. It was littered with the remains of camels, some entire skeletons, others dried up into huge mummies, their skin stretched over their hoop-like ribs as tight as the parchment of a drum. It was significant that their heads were all turned towards the north. They had toiled across the waterless desert from the far-distant Soudan to drop exhausted, famished, and consumed with thirst within a few hours of their journey's end. Most of them are immediately broken up and carried off by hyænas, limb by limb; but occasionally there is a glut. After the passage of a large caravan there are more carcases than even the hyænas and vultures can devour, and they are left to parch and wither up beneath the burning sun. On our way we had passed some caravans preparing to start for the south. Each of them contained a tent for the chiefs of the expedition, with a high rampart of boxes and bales built round it like a wall and forming a covered yard, affording shelter from wind and sun and sand. Around, squatting on their bellies, were the camels, the motive power of the caravan. Poor beasts! what torments of hunger and thirst and fatigue await them; and how many of them will drop on the death-strewn track.

Abooseer is about half way through the cataract, and our boat had been hauled up to that point with much toil and difficulty, but the return journey was very exciting work as we shot through one rapid after another, and had many hair-breadth escapes from sunken rocks. On the northernmost of the hundreds of islands amongst which the Nile impatiently tears its way here, there are the ruins of an ancient fortified town; it formed the garrison of this part of the valley in the days of the



PL. IX.

EMANCIPATED AT LAST! NUBIAN DESERT

Pharaohs, and some of its tall towers still stand almost perfect, and form very picturesque objects. The temperature to-day was the highest we had experienced; it was 81° in a thorough draught in our cabin, in the coolest place we could find for our thermometer. On shore, amongst the rocks and in the glare of the sand, it cannot have been less than 100°.

While at Wady Halfeh I went to visit Colonel Gordon, Gordon Pasha as he is called here; he was, however, away in the lake district. He is quite a king in these southern Nile regions, and has almost absolute power. He has a pretty residence near the Station, a house enclosed in high walls of mud bricks whitewashed; within these walls is a small tropical garden, in the midst of which his dwelling-house stands. I regretted very much that the absence of the great man deprived me of the honour of making his acquaintance. We had an additional reason for regretting it. We had set our hearts on reaching the Third Cataract; the more so as near it are sculptured on the rocks the annual records of the Nile levels for a number of years during the reign of an ancient king of the twelfth dynasty. These hieroglyphics with their tide-marks prove that at that remote period, over 4000 years ago, the river level was twenty-three feet higher than it is now, an extremely interesting fact, which accounts for the power, wealth, and abundant population of Nubia in those days. We wished to make drawings of these rocks with their hieroglyphic records, but our arrival there depended upon our getting a lift on the railway; in this we failed—it was a matter of courtesy. We had been accustomed to so much civility from all the Turkish officials with whom we had come in contact, that we could not help

regretting that a Turk was not in command here also. Gordon Pasha's viceroy was, however, an Englishman, and we did not receive either the favour we wanted nor any other act of kindness from our fellow-countryman.

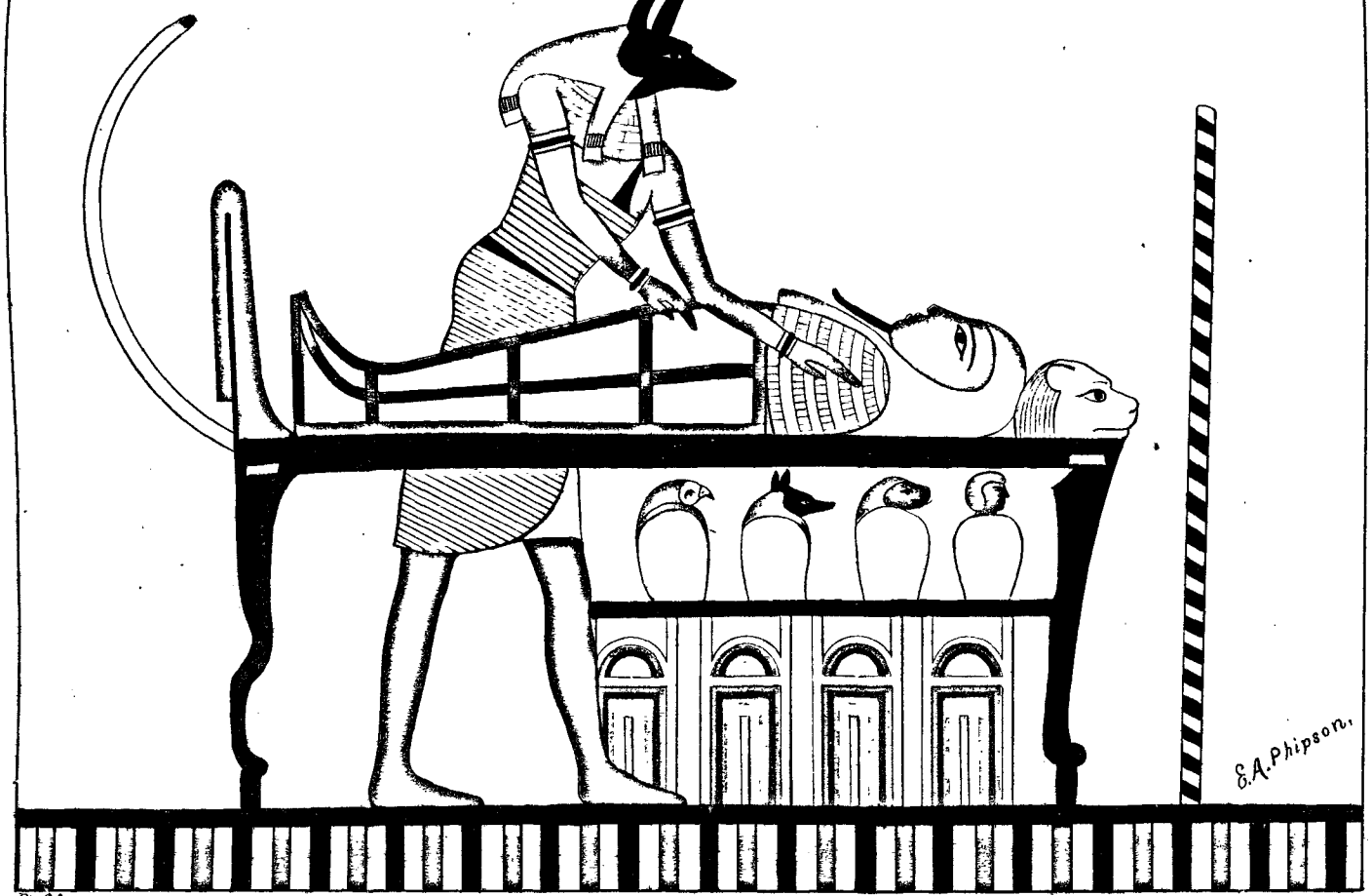
We spent forty-eight hours at Wady Halfeh. The sailors were employed in stowing away the spars and preparing for our return voyage down stream; we were then taken in tow by Cook's steamer. A disaster nearly befel us, however, for about an hour after we started the paddle-boat struck on a sandbank; we rushed past her, and in doing so caught against her sponsons and laid open the side of our cabin. In four hours we reached Abou Simbel again, when the steamer cast us adrift owing to a sandstorm, and we stopped there sketching for three days. On January 19, the storm having abated, we set out on our way home. While at the Second Cataract we observed the Southern Cross for the first time. It is a beautiful constellation; when it first rises it appears in a reclining position with its left limb downwards, lying on its side with its head towards the east, but by degrees it erects itself upright like a true cross, and finally falls over on the other side with its head toward the west, and so sinks below the horizon. We were very sorry to turn our backs upon it and say adieu, at Ibreem, which we reached on January 20. Near this ruined city we took donkeys, and visited a tomb in the mountains. It is on the western side of the river, some miles inland, has been overlooked by travellers, and is little known; it is consequently in a particularly fresh and uninjured condition, the colours being all as bright as when first laid on. Though small, only about fifteen feet square, it

is full of paintings of great interest; one of these is a portrait of the tomb itself, the outline of the mountain shoulder in which it is excavated is faithfully represented, together with the façade of the tomb. Outside are assembled the whole funeral party; nearest the tomb's portal the mummy himself is supported in an upright position by his eldest son; a flower has been placed on the head of the deceased. At his feet kneels his wife throwing dust on her head with one hand, while with the other she touches her departed lord for the last time, and her face is upturned and gazing towards his semblance painted on the outer case. The whole attitude and the expression of her grief is very touching; the son also, with the disengaged hand, is scattering dust on his head. Behind her stands a priest clad in a leopard's skin, and sprinkling from three vases the waters of life and purification; behind him again is a notary carrying a casket, from which he has drawn a square document of considerable size, which he is reading; it is probably the dead man's will; and behind him again came the general train of mourners. This tableau brought vividly before one the incidents of a funeral 3000 years ago. The widow wears dark blue. Above this is a representation of the Judgment. Anubis sits beneath a great balance; in one of the scales is an effigy of the goddess of justice wearing her ostrich feather; in the other scale is the heart of the deceased. On the right stands Thoth, with tablet in hand, the roll of the great book, ready to inscribe the name of the deceased as among the justified or the damned. On the left stands Set, the incarnation of evil, in the form of a hideous beast, looking up wistfully at the beam, and hoping that the soul of the departed may be found wanting on being weighed,

and may become his prey. But see! the scales are exactly equipoised, and he is saved. The next tableau shows the presentation of the deceased by Horus and two other deities to Osiris; behind Osiris stands a ministering spirit, holding in his hand the symbols of three great religious festivals, in which no doubt deceased had taken a distinguished part.

Next these comes a picture of the ex-chief and his wife doing homage to their household gods, Hathor, Horus, and Sebek. Further on, the farmstead is drawn; the work of ploughing and reaping is going on, his cattle are being ferried across the river in boats on their way to pasture, while other boats are carrying home the harvest. Further on he and his wife appear in the presence of the gods to receive their approbation in having built a temple; then they receive company, male guests carrying their batons of office, the ladies smelling lotus blossoms; then they give a dinner party, and there is a table covered with good things, about which the guests are seated, while attendants pour out wine for them. Before dinner the servants pour water on their hands. Above this a public ceremony takes place. Rameses the Sixth is seated under a pavilion upon a throne, resting his feet on a footstool; above his head are his ovals and titles, before him the chief bows low, and receives the ostrich-feather wand, which confers on him the rank of prince. Next to this, in the full tide of his gratitude, he and his wife are doing homage to a statuette of the king.

Soon after this event death seems to have cut short the career of his success, for his wife is standing alone, with her two sons trying to comfort her; however, the signification of this painting is not very clear. On the



Pl. 23

ANUBIS TENDING MUMMY

east wall is a long inscription containing a recital of the chief events of his life. I regret much I had not time to copy it. On the back wall is a very curious painting: on the side of a mountain stands a temple with a conical or pyramidal roof. At the foot of the mountain the chief is on his knees in an attitude of adoration; advancing upon him is the same hideous beast who stood by at the judgment scene; this time he is on his hind legs, and brandishes a club in one hand, and in the other is a creature like a gigantic scorpion. From behind the mountain appears the head and neck of a cow, decorated with the globe and ostrich plumes. This is Hathor, who comes to save him. There were inscriptions, which might have explained it all, but I had not time to copy them. There was also an embalming scene; the deceased prince was laid out on a sofa, and Nephthys and Anubis were engaged swathing the limbs and anointing them with essences.

The mummy pit was in the centre of the entrance chamber, and had apparently never been disturbed—at least the Nubians said so. Behind the portico was a kind of sanctuary, in which was seated a cow-headed figure of Hathor. Hathor's specialité was fecundity; therefore, in pagan times married couples who had not been blessed with children used to sacrifice to her and to make pilgrimages to her shrines, to win from her the wished-for treasures. It is a striking instance of how hard a traditional belief dies, that to this day the Nubians who have no children come to this grotto of Hathor in full faith that their pilgrimage will endow them with fertility and ensure them children. They even, as in ancient days, make libations to the goddess. I observed in the tomb a quantity of modern Nubian

crockery, and was told by the native guide that they are the fragments of vessels which barren couples have brought there full of water; that they pour out the contents before Hathor and then break the vessel, and afterwards spend the night in the tomb at the feet of the cow-headed idol. Vainly has Theodosius and his edicts, vainly have the fanatical Moslems laboured to kill the old mythology, *i.e.*, superstition; it survives still, and Hathor still has her votaries and her offerings.

In the evening we arrived at Korosko. There several caravans were assembled waiting for camels to transport them and their merchandize to Khartoum, and we walked through them and inspected their tents. Some Greek merchants courteously invited us in, and we carried on a conversation in Italian. It is a ten days' journey across a desert in which neither water nor food for their camels was to be found. I asked whether many of them did not die; they said yes, and when they dropped their loads were left by the road-side till next trip, when empty camels were taken to bring them on. They showed us their camp equipment; they had a good stout tent, carpeted with velvet-pile carpet, and two comfortable iron bedsteads. They evidently did not mean to rough it out on the desert more than necessary. We told them we had been at Athens and how much we admired it, but it struck us that they listened to our praises rather coldly; probably they hailed from some rival town. We wished them "buon viaggio" and departed. Amongst the caravans were great heaps of grain and dates, fenced in with matting, but not very safely, for we encountered a lucky donkey who appeared to have been presented with the freedom of the city of Korosko, for he was wandering from one pile to another,

now helping himself to a mouthful of dates, and then taking a dig at the corn; he had made the most of his opportunities, for he was as rotund as a balloon. As the Irishman said, "Sure he'd ate till he'd bust and wouldn't bust after all!" At the end of the town we were shown a crocodile killed on a sandbank opposite. It measured 10 feet 6 inches long. That reptile's last experiences of life had not been very happy; in fact, he had evidently had a horrible quarter of an hour to finish with, for he was chopped and hacked in all directions; there were bullet wounds through his stomach, and deep gashes in his back, sides, head and tail.

The staple of Korosko are caravans and coffee-shops. There is a post-office and a civil Egyptian post-master, who speaks a little French. There is a hill near, from which a fine view may be obtained of the valley along which caravans travel on their way to Khartoum.

Next morning we left for Assouan, and paid a visit *en route* to the Valley of Lions, where we were given some grapes, the only ones we saw in Nubia. We also bought two chameleons, chiefly from motives of humanity, for the young merchant who offered them, a naked little wretch as black as jet, had tied their tails into a knot and was swinging them about in a manner that gave one vertigo to look at. We gave these two interesting reptiles the run of the cabin. They climbed up the curtains and explored the windows, and devoured the flies that there did congregate, and so long as they lived we were free from that fifth plague of Egypt. Their plan of attack was worth watching. They advanced with slow, stealthy, deliberate step and half-closed eyes, and when within an inch of their prey their long tongue was shot out with lightning rapidity and

suddenness and the fly was gone; but a pleased expression stole over the chameleon's features, a perceptible wink flickered for a moment in his eye, as his throat undulated during the passage of the wriggling insect, and the creature's skin assumed a deeper and richer green. This was not destined to be our last zoological purchase that day, for on landing later at Kalabshe we were offered a very strange animal, the fresh-water turtle, which we added to our live stock. We succeeded in bringing him safely to Ireland, but a few weeks after his arrival he died of cold.

Before quitting Nubia I may as well say a few words about its modern condition. The population is by no means homogeneous; in some places there is a strong dash of Abyssinian blood, with comparatively straight hair and mahogany complexions; in another, Arab features predominate, with fairer complexions; in others, the pure Nubian, with frizzled woolly hair and coal-black skins. The Romans were here for centuries; but if any of their descendants survive, they have become so assimilated to the native races as to leave no trace of European blood perceptible.

The Nubian villages differ most markedly from the Egyptian. They are enclosed in high mud walls, neatly plastered. These walls are to keep out the hyænas and other wild beasts. Inside are found collections of huts built of mud and stones mixed. In one place I came upon a village which occupied the interior of an ancient Egyptian fortification. The walls were quite perfect, of immense thickness, and built of large cut stones; the entrances consisted of the usual Egyptian portals, with the winged globe over them. Outside the huts are big cylindrical jars, 8 feet high,

of sun-dried mud, in which they store their grain. The wardrobes in which the women keep their finery are cabinets made of mud and dried in the sun; a door frame has been fitted in while the mud was in a soft state, and in this is fixed a door with a latch for fastening. Burglars in that part of the world must have an easy time of it.

We did not observe above Assouan any traces of the distress which prevailed in the early part of the season below it; in fact, the excessively high Nile which wrought such havoc amongst the crops in Egypt, and caused such widespread starvation and misery, was all in favour of the population of Nubia, for they never can have too much water. Their golden age was that ancient time when the Nile used to rise twenty-three feet higher than it does now, for then extensive plains were cultivated which are at the present time desolate wastes covered with sand drifts.

The Nubians are a most industrious people, taking advantage of every nook and angle in which a little Nile mud has lodged to eke out their little garden patches, and they fight with the desert and contest its supremacy foot by foot, wringing from it every morsel of surface that can by irrigation be turned into cultivated land. They are a fine, hardy, independent, spirited race, very free from crime, and always genial and good humoured.

One of the ancient Egyptian designations for Nubia was Khont-Hon-Nofre, which signifies literally the Fountain-head of the Good Servant, a name still appropriate, for the best servants in Egypt at the present day are Nubians.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT.

An Old Mosque—Beautiful Scenery—Shooting the Rapids—Sehael—Memorial Inscriptions—Kom-Ombos.

January 25.—We spent the day at Philæ, waiting for the cataract men, who were engaged in bringing up two dahabeeahs. From the roof of the temple we had a fine view of the boats passing the last rapid. While here we made an excursion to an old mosque higher up the river—it is built of stones taken from the temple. They are covered with hieroglyphics and limbs, heads, and tails of Egyptian gods and goddesses, which consort oddly with a Mahometan place of worship. I observed on these stones several cartouches of the Cæsars. They had not taken the trouble to obliterate them, but in revenge had turned them bottom upwards; and in that undignified position was to be read the proud title "Autocrat or Cæsar." The view from the upper floor of this mosque was very fine. Apropos of a large lizard I shot, our dragoman informed me that lizards were produced out of the bad eggs of crocodiles. I have no doubt he believed it.

We left Philæ at sunset, and I shall never forget the beauty of the scene. A dahabeeah was just coming up the cataract, the sky was golden, the temples on the

island stood out clear cut against the yellow sky, and the young moon was floating like a crescent boat above; the rocks and boulders of the cataract looked weird and black, rearing their fantastic shapes in every direction as we glided silently past them; it was a charming adieu to Nubia, where we had spent a very happy month.

January 26.—We were awoke before sunrise by a frightful babel of discordant sounds on the quarter-deck overhead. It was the cataract men who had arrived, and were all shouting at the top of their voices, as their manner is, as if trying to outroar Niagara. We soon cast loose, and the servants came in to fasten the windows and stow away the crockery, as the plunging of the ship in going down the rapids may make great havoc of things breakable, and a sea may be shipped through an open window. We were soon on deck, just as the first rays of the sun had tipped the hills with fire. We left pretty Maratta behind us, borne quickly along by the seething waters, and were presently amidst the castellated piles of granite boulders so well known to all who have visited Nubia.

Amongst the personages that took up their position on the quarter-deck was a dervish, who unfurled a faded banner with an Arabic inscription embroidered upon it. We inquired its signification, and were startled at the translation, for it was, "the Friend of God," the same appellation as had distinguished Abraham. The crew firmly believe that the presence of this holy man ensures them against disaster. This saint of the modest banner sat swaying his body to and fro and reading the Koran—the most powerful and efficacious prayers in it—which we were told consisted of curses

and denunciations against the infidels and prayers for their destruction—not very reassuring for us!

The reis gets excited as we approach the first rapid; he shouts to the sailors to pull with all their might. There are twenty men at the oars, two to each, for the boat must have as much way of her own as possible, quite independent of the impetus of the torrent, or she will not obey her rudder. He gesticulates wildly to the steersmen at the helm, and beckons to them to steer first this way and then that as the rocks crop up; and so the *Gazelle* takes her plunge, and tears along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, rolling amongst eddies and breakers. This first performance is quickly over; it is a sort of preliminary canter, a breather to get us into wind for what is coming, for presently we arrive in sight of a confused turmoil of waters, a horribly steeply inclined plane of water, fringed with foam-tumbling waves, eddies, whirlpools, smaller cataracts, and speckled here and there with big black rocks, like plums in a pudding. Our lady's maid, who nearly fainted at the first rapid, now makes up her mind that her destruction is certain, and flings herself on the deck. Our pilots make all on board squat down low. The reis this time looks really anxious; the pilots at the tiller brace themselves up for the encounter; the men tighten their turbans, and partly strip off their clothes, to be ready for a possible swim. We feel the least bit creepy, as the boat rushing on suddenly leaves the horizontal, and the deck from stem to stern forms an angle with the sky. She plunges down the great gate of the cataract at the rate of twenty miles an hour. She glances here and there amongst the rocks much as a walnut shell would; all hold their breath; the men

forget to scream, and the reis telegraphs his orders to the pilots with his arms. The sailors tear madly at the oars, and a dozen hair-breadth escapes are crowded into the space of as many seconds. We glance aside and round a big rock, and the deck resumes the horizontal. It is over, and we are safe through. All set up a loud cheer; there is a sigh of relief, and men and officers, dragoman and passengers, all shake hands and exchange congratulations. We pass some more rapids, but they are trifles to the great gate. I have shot the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but those of the Nile struck me as much the graver venture of the two.

We landed at the island of Sehael, just below the falls, to examine the inscriptions on the rocks; they are very numerous and curious, and extend over a period of 2000 years. The earliest we saw was Ousertasen the Third, of the twelfth dynasty, 2800 years B.C.; the latest, Psammeticus, 600 B.C., a period of 2200 years, during which Egyptian monarchs have recorded their passage on their way to or from Ethiopia, upon the rocks of the cataract in hieroglyphics, adding low bas-reliefs representing them in the act of offering thank-offerings to the gods. Some of these are painted, and still retain their colour, after so many centuries of exposure to sun and sand-storms. Amongst these last is Amunoph the Second, 3500 years old, and yet the colours are bright. He is accompanied by his son, a very small boy, who follows at his heels. There is a special interest about Ousertasen's, for it was inscribed while the Nile was still at its original level, 23 feet higher than now; and accordingly it stands high up on the rocks. I made a sketch on the spot, and I thought it worth copying the inscription. They are all cut in granite, and

Ousertasen's showed its great age by the fact that a process of decay in the granite itself had set in, the once polished surface being corroded and eaten by the tooth of time, and the outlines somewhat blurred. High up amongst the loftiest rocks of the island, however, I found another inscription and a statuette cut in bold relief in a niche which must have been much older even than Ousertasen; the granite had so entirely decayed that the features of the statue had dissolved and were undistinguishable. There were many lines of hieroglyphics in like manner quite decayed and illegible. No clue, therefore, existed to the date except the condition of the stone, which, though in a sheltered angle of the rocks and less exposed than Ousertasen, was much further gone. It may have been of the Pyramid period. The figure wore a long dress and long hair coming over the shoulders.

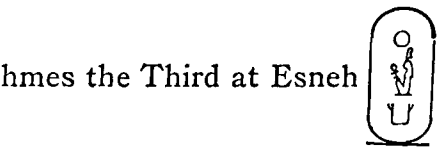
One of the inscriptions was very short, merely "Mer-Hotep, twenty years a chief." Most of the private inscriptions were those of priests and scribes. Amongst the kings were Ousertasen the Third, the Thothmes, Rameses the Second, Rameses the Fifth, and Rameses the Seventh. On rocks near the island occur Psammeticus, Abries, and other late Pharaohs. In scrambling among the granite peaks in search of inscriptions I came upon some magnificent views of the cataract scenery, which is very peculiar and striking.

We left Assouan the same day, after taking ceremonious leave of the good-natured Governor, who had been very civil and of real service in hastening our passage both up and down the cataract. We bade good-bye to Nubia with great regret, having had most agreeable experiences of its climate, scenery, and an-

tiquities, and we found the peculiarities of its very lively and excitable population highly amusing; but, unless partial to the perfume of castor-oil, keep well to windward of them, and don't get into a crowd.

The first place we stopped at after leaving Assouan was Kom-Ombos, a vast mound formed entirely by the accumulated *débris* of generations upon generations of houses, and crowned with the ruins, splendid even in decay, of the twin temples of Horus and Savek—light and darkness. On the lofty southern face of masonry which rises directly out of the river I made out, to my great surprise, the monogram of Unas; it was (Plate LIII., No. 33) in a nearly square shield. Unas was a king of the fifth dynasty. I examined it very attentively. It is in a position which would be perfectly inaccessible, except by the aid of ropes, and it occurs on a stone of considerable size, which has been covered with hieroglyphics which have been purposely erased and scooped out; and my impression is that the stone was brought from some ancient temple and used by the Ptolemies in the construction of this. The oval of Unas is the only portion of the stone which has not been obliterated. It happens that it is very peculiar, and does not resemble that of any other Pharaoh; moreover, under it is the Hon Neter (Servant of God) belonging to the ancient empire. I found also amongst the *débris* two very large stones, both bearing the ovals of Thothmes the Third and of the queen regent, Ha-t-Asou, with the effigy of the former and all his royal titles, and claiming to have built the temple of Savek. Poor Ha-t-Asou was given no royal titles, though her reign was a very brilliant episode of Egyptian history,

as the paintings and inscriptions of Deir-el-Bahari and the obelisks of Karnak testify.

I may observe here that after the death of a sovereign the successors, when mentioning their heirs, did not give them any titles except that of prince, and often gave their name only. Ousertasen is thus mentioned at Amada and Thothmes the Third at Esneh  .

The hieroglyphics to the right of the queen's monogram signify the temple of Sebek. I annex Amennouhat's oval, with the hieroglyphic name of Kom-Ombos. It is thus written —The town of Noub or Noubi.

The city must have been a very ancient one, judging from the mountain of *débris* which had accumulated even before the temples were built; perhaps the first structure of all was built by Unas.

Amennouhat had two ovals— , Ma-ka-ra, "Just by Grace of God," and the one which appears in the Table of Kings, No. 29, and spells Amen Knouhm-te Ha-t-asou, *i.e.*, "Amen Lady Providence, Leader of Princes." It is possible that this title, "Leader of Princes," may have reference to the fact that she was the guardian of her brothers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEMORIAL CHAPELS OF GEBEL SILSILIS.

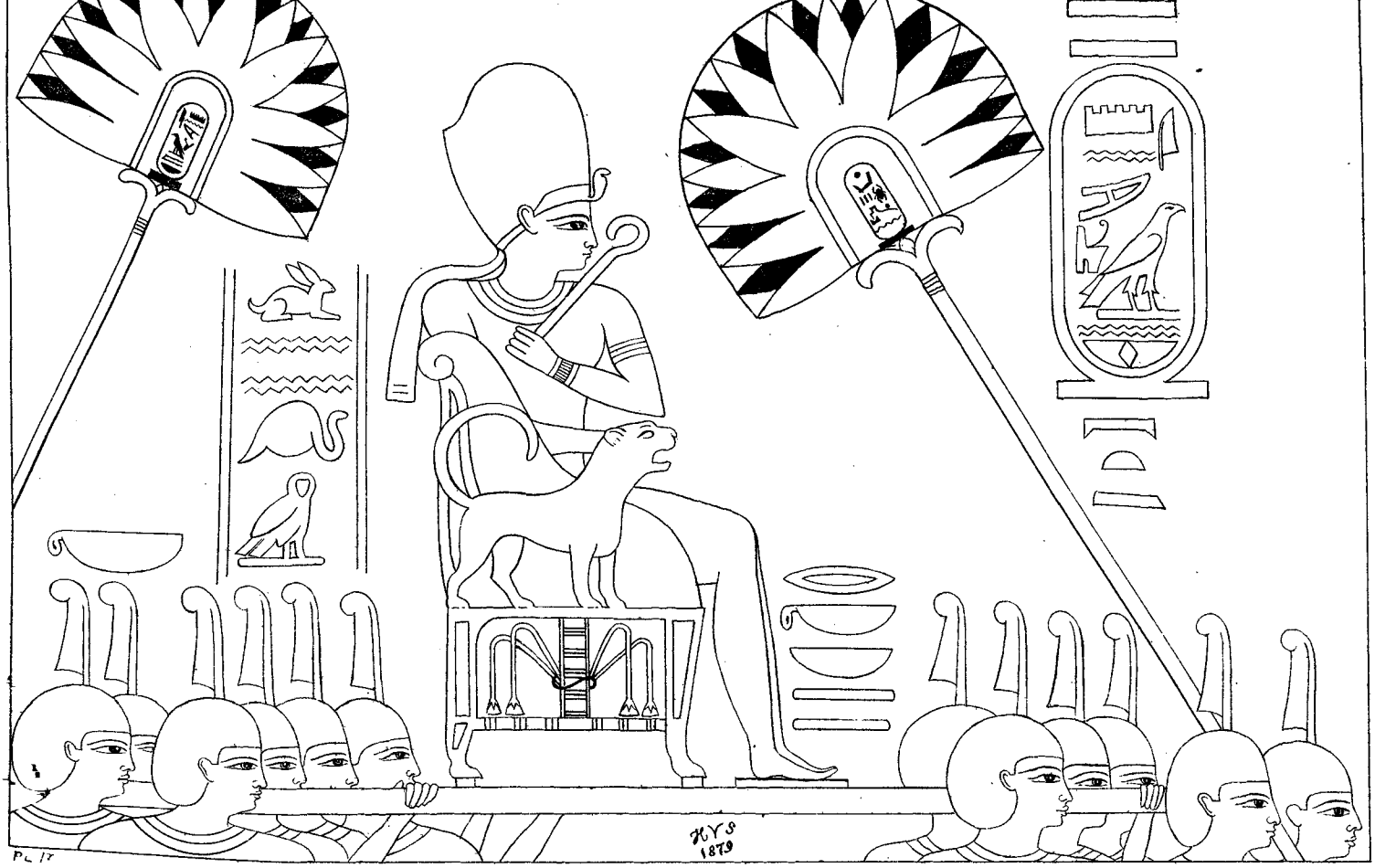
Portraits of Menephthah and Horus—Rameses the Second—The Quarries of Gebel Silsilis—An Egyptian Siberia—Edfoo.

THE strong current bore us swiftly on twelve miles farther down stream to the ancient quarries hewn out of "The Mountain of the Chain." One of the first features that we noticed towards the southern end was what looked like a row of opera-boxes overhanging the river, and excavated side by side. These turned out to be miniature memorial chapels, the interiors of which were covered with sculptures and paintings, all preserving the memory of different kings; in fact, Gebel Silsilis is a most snugly-arranged place for visiting Egyptian royalty. A custom prevailed for each king to hew out a memorial chapel at the great quarries, and these chapels are arranged in family groups. One cluster contains those of the First, Second, and Third Thothmes and of the queen regent, Ha-t-Asou, and of her husband, Thothmes-Men-Kepher-ra-se, the father, sons, daughter, and son-in-law. Another contains Horus, Sethi, Rameses the Second, and Menephthah and their wives in one chapel. A third, the architecture of which is peculiarly elegant and classical, Sethi, Ra-

meses, and Menephthah. These three monarchs had been already included in one extensive Valhalla commenced by Horus; but they seem to have been discontented with only a share in a chapel, and to have made up their minds to do the thing well and to have one apiece.

Then there are unsociable Pharaohs who stand isolated; amongst these are Ousertasen the First, Shishak, and Rameses the Twelfth, and one of them, Amunoph the Third, has crossed the river and established himself in a little temple, all by himself, on the opposite side. Pepi, of the sixth dynasty, the most ancient yet found, contented himself with carving his name upon the rock. The whole period covered by these monuments is, according to Mariette Bey's chronology, no less than the vast period of 2700 years. Nowhere else in Egypt have you so much that is interesting, concentrated into so small a space. It is a very cabinet of Egyptian history; and we have here an opportunity of seeing the portraits of several celebrated kings, side by side, of comparing them and becoming familiar with their features.

We may satisfy ourselves also that they are really portraits, and not conventional faces, for they all differ, and in each group the family resemblances can be recognized and traced. There is a family likeness running through all the Thothmes group, and also through the Rameses group; but the latter have quite a distinct cast of features from the former. I was fortunate enough to find a portrait of Menephthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, uninjured; it has the prominent nose of his father, Rameses the Second, exaggerated almost to caricature. It is a remarkable face, with a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harsh, disagreeable expression, quite consistent with his wayward dealings with Moses.

There is at Boulak, a bust of some king unknown, of which Mariette Bey says "que nous supposons être Menephthah;" but it has not the slightest resemblance to the Rameses family. It has a short retroussé nose, and a weak expression, differing totally from the Menephthah at Gebel Silsilis. We have the portraits of Rameses' children at Abou Simbel, both sons and daughters, and they all have prominent features.

The portrait of Horus, the last of the race of Thothmes's family, is also interesting; it is executed with the care and delicacy of a cameo, and presents a sweetness of expression consistent with the tradition of his character. He is seated on his throne, and carried on the shoulders of twelve chiefs, in a triumphal procession, in which his victorious troops share.

We could not get the entire tableau into our illustration, but we append the central and most interesting figure, Horus himself, together with the twelve chiefs, who carry him. The king's face is a fac-simile of the face in the bas-relief. The throne reminds us of that of Solomon (1 Kings x. 19). "And the top of the throne was round behind: and there were stays on either side on the place of the seat, *and two lions stood beside the stays*." On the right of the king is his official name, "Hor-em-Hib, beloved of Ammon."

In front and behind, sun-screens are borne aloft to shade his majesty; he carries a sceptre in his hand, formed like a shepherd's crook; on the panel of his chair are lotus and papyrus flowers, signifying Upper and Lower Egypt. The twelve men who carry him all wear ostrich plumes, the insignia of a chief or noble.

The hieroglyphics in front and also at the back are fragments only, the rest being obliterated. The ovals on the sun-screens I have filled in on the authority of other similar ornaments; those at Gebel Silsilis had been defaced.

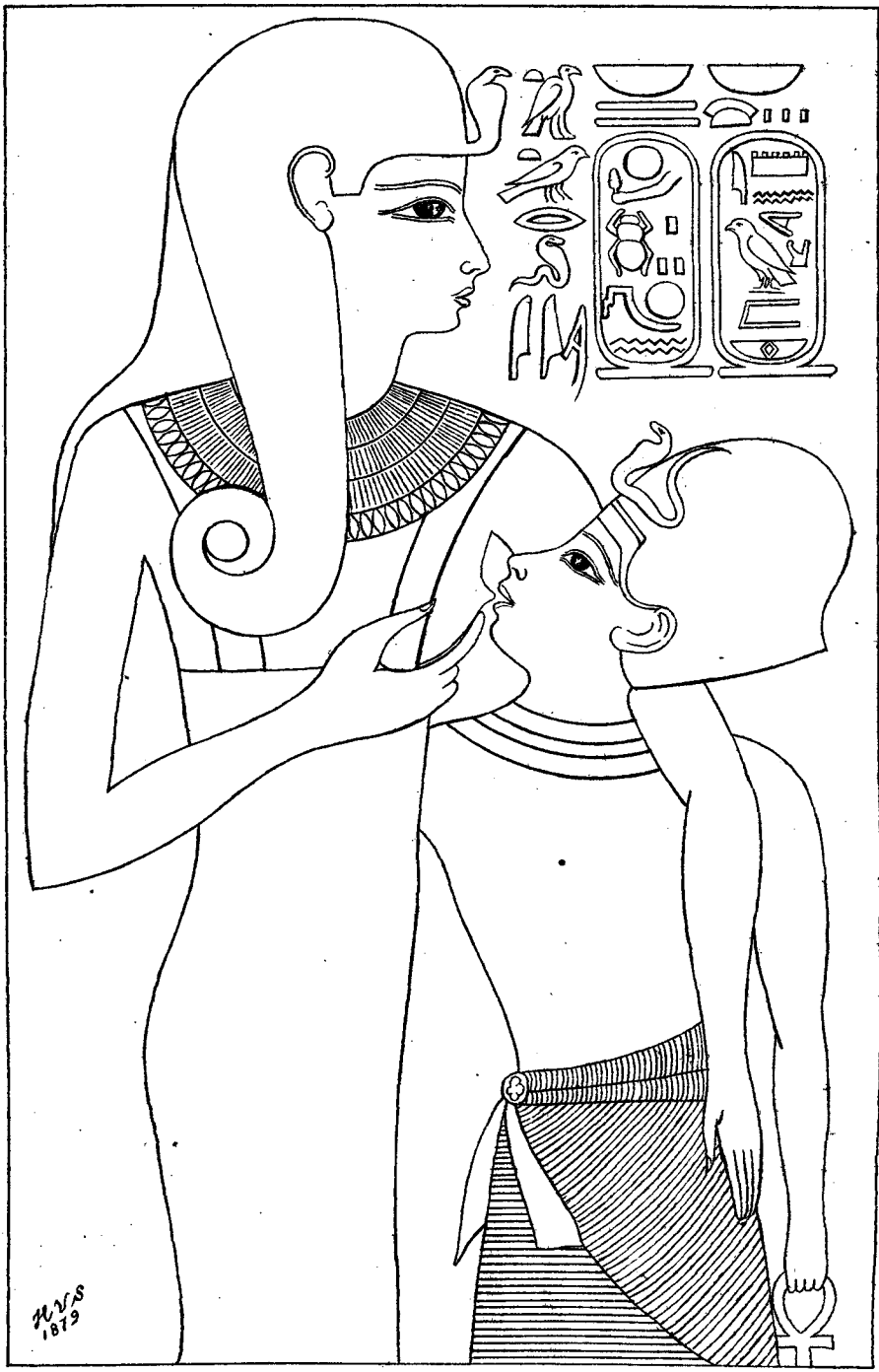
Plate XVII. represents Horus being suckled.

The queen is styled, in the inscription opposite her nose, "his divine mother." The whole legend reads—"Beloved of his mother, the divine lady-chief; master of the two lands; lord of the crowns (of the two kingdoms), Ser Kaferou-ra-Sotepenra Hor-an-em-aheb Mer Ammon." A pretty long name! Like all Egyptian titles, it has its meaning, however, and may be translated as follows: Ra, chief of the illustrious, approved of the sun; Horus of the red crown; the joyous, beloved of Ammon.

The queen's head-dress is peculiar; I do not remember to have seen elsewhere the curling side-lock which she wears. She has the asp, emblem of royalty, on her brow, and in the original bas-relief is pretty, and has a very sweet expression, which has been lost in the hard lines of the lithograph; not a trace of colour remains. Her baby carries the key of life in his hand, and wears on his head the royal cap, to imply that he was born to royalty, although, as an historic fact, he did not reign in his own right, but in his wife's, Sempt-mut, youngest sister of Khou-en-Aten's queen.

The baby face is very like that of the full-grown king, in Plate XVIII.

In the same temple is an historically important inscription, in which Rameses the Second claims to have presided at great national festivals in the thirtieth, thirty-fourth, thirty-seventh, and forty-fourth years of



PL. XVII.

A BABY PHAROAH,
QUARRIES OF GEBEL SILSILIS.

his reign, another incidental confirmation of the long period during which he held the reins of power and directed the destinies of Egypt.

There are also several private chapels belonging to officials, scribes, and superintendents; most of these are, more or less, defaced, but one of them which, by the nature of its subjects and its style, may be assumed to belong to the sixth dynasty, is in a comparatively perfect condition; it occupies a rather inaccessible position, and to that it owes its preservation. This and other early tombs are situated so near the present water-mark of the high Nile, that it is evident that the reef of rocks which once dammed up the river, down to the period of the twelfth dynasty, and caused it to have a much higher level than at present, must have existed above this point. At Gebel Silsilis the level cannot have been higher than it is now, otherwise the chapels would have been under water.

The Thothmes chapels overhang the river, and project over it in the order of their succession, resembling nothing so much as a tier of opera boxes, the entrances being square and low and without ornament, set close together, and ranging in a parallel row. Those of the Rameses family, on the other hand, are embellished with lotus-bud columns and other architectural ornaments.

THE GREAT QUARRIES OF GEBEL SILSILIS.

We crossed over to the opposite side to visit the quarries, and I know nothing which impresses one more with the enormous expenditure of labour during a vast lapse of time than these quarries; there are several great quadrangles big enough to accommodate Trafal-

gar Square, National Gallery, Monument, and all! You find yourself in a world of stone surrounded by perpendicular walls, which in some places must be 100 feet high. In these enormous cavities the sandstone has been cut in square blocks as a farmer cuts his hay into square trusses (this last comparison, which was very appropriate, was suggested by our English maid who accompanied us); blasting was of course unknown, every inch of the stone was obtained by manual labour. The sides of the quarries are in many places decorated with plans of temples and elevations of pilones and gateways cut as models by the architects. In one place we found a huge sphinx nearly finished, but abandoned owing to a flaw, which caused the upper part of the head to split off; upon it are a number of minute measurements and lists of proportions for the guidance of the sculptor; this monster was about 18 feet long. The extent of the excavations looked vast enough to have supplied stones for all the temples and monuments in Egypt, and those of the opposite side are not much inferior. Yet, added to these, there are the great quarries at Assouan and at Toura in the Mokattam range, besides numerous smaller ones. One recoils from contemplating the amount of human toil and suffering which these represent, for it was all done by forced labour; men were torn from their homes and families to wear out their lives here. It was the Egyptian Siberia to which prisoners of war and enslaved peoples were condemned. What gangs of captives left hope behind them as they entered here to die prematurely of excessive labour and despair, goaded on to the last by the stick of the taskmasters, till they dropped dead where they stood! Those great shafts of stone,

those obelisks, those colossi, were moved inch by inch, the sole propelling power being thousands of human hands, for it often occupied a couple of thousand men two years to convey an obelisk from its bed in remote Syene to Thebes or the Delta. The large obelisks were always conveyed by land, and as they came from the quarries of Syene, which are on the east bank of the Nile, it is on the east side of the river only that large obelisks were erected. Some writers have imagined that a mystic reason determined the limitation of obelisks to the eastern side, but the physical obstacle to conveying shafts of stone weighing 300 tons across the Nile sufficiently accounts for the fact without going further. Less ponderous stones were conveyed by water during the inundation.

Gebel Silsilis means in Arabic the Mountain of the Chain; it is said that a chain used once to be stretched across the Nile at this point, and they showed us a great column of sandstone which has been left standing, and which is capped with an umbrella-shaped rock resembling nothing so much as a mushroom on its stalk. The chain was attached, as tradition goes, to this and to its fellow on the opposite bank. The Nile is here at its narrowest, 600 yards in width.

EDFOO.

In the evening we dropped some miles down stream, and next morning, January 28, we reached Edfoo about 8 A.M. I had visited this place twice before; when I first saw it, nearly thirty years ago, the roof and the great tower alone were visible, the rest being buried in the *débris* of the ancient city and of many subsequent

generations of houses. A village occupied the roof, and access to the interior was obtained through a sort of well-hole in the middle of the village; now it is thoroughly cleared out, and is a most magnificent and perfect specimen of an Egyptian temple. It has been so thoroughly ransacked and so exhaustively described that it would be difficult to say anything new about it; I shall not therefore attempt to do so. It is the work of the Ptolemies, and there is not the same antiquarian fascination about it as the temples of the Pharaohs possess, for the national monarchy, the native race of Pharaohs, was extinct. The Ptolemies were Greek by birth and education and instincts. One suspects them in their Egyptian masquerade of insincerity. However splendid their temples, somehow one feels that the real thing is no longer there; one cannot shake off the impression in a Ptolemaic temple that these sovereigns with Greek names and faces consorting ill with their Egyptian dress, are going through a mummery and sham performance in their offerings to Egyptian gods, and in the splendid endowments with which they bribed the Egyptian priests. Their temples are no longer a genuine manifestation of the national life and civilization of an ancient people; there is a consciousness of something hollow and unreal. Edfoo is a triumph of architecture, but the associations that invest temples like Karnak and Abydos with such deep interest are wanting. It is this, and not the lack of antiquity, for Edfoo was begun 2100 years ago, and is older than the Colosseum or the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome, older indeed than most of the Forum or than Pompeii; but it derives some interest from the fact that it is a restoration of an ancient temple that stood here

in the days of the Thothmes kings, for I have seen mention of it in their monuments, and tradition assigns it a much more ancient origin even than that. I saw some sculptured fragments of the old temple, but they unfortunately presented no royal monogram to fix the date.

Apropos of Edfoo being a reproduction from the time of Thothmes, I found here a duplicate of a singular allegory I saw in the Temple of Thothmes at Amada; the king is driving before him four calves, each with a sign attached, a black one, a red one, a speckled one, and a white one. The black one has the sign khem, which stands for cultivated Egypt; the red one is the desert; the other two are still an enigma to me, but are perhaps known to some more accomplished Egyptologist than myself.

I ascended the great propylon, and as I looked down upon the temple I had to admit that it was a magnificent architectural monument. From this tower there is a grand panorama of Nile scenery, and immediately beneath a bird's-eye view of the town that enabled us to act the part of Asmodeus, and to see what the inmates of the houses were doing, for most of them were on the roofs. We also looked down upon a funeral that was going on in the cemetery; the mourners surrounded the grave much as an English funeral party would, and the dragoman told me they were engaged in prayer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE KHEDIVE'S SUGAR FACTORY.

Forced Labour—Large Profits—A Fact for holders of Egyptian Bonds—Brutal Treatment of the Factory Workmen—A Walk across Country—Noisy Dogs—A Water-wheel—Industry of the Fellaheen—Scriptural Allusions.

AFTER leaving Edfoo we landed at a village where there was a sugar factory; the village itself was very clean and neat, consisting of long rows of whitewashed cottages, with flat roofs; in front of them were planted four rows of mimosa trees; it was market-day, and people had brought in their asses laden with wares and provisions; a sort of fair was going on, each merchant having his wares spread out on a mat under the trees; behind this he squatted, cross-legged, smoking the chibouque of tranquillity and awaiting customers. There were many gardens, and amongst others a very large and fine one belonging to the Khedive. We knocked at the gate, which was fastened; a dusky turbaned youth presently appeared, and drew forth from under a stone a wooden key (this last proceeding reminded me of the manner and custom of Irish gardeners), wherewith he gave us admission, and we were ushered into the presence of a Turkish gentleman—the Khedive's intendant; this gentleman very civilly invited us to inspect the garden, and loaded us on departing with fruit and flowers, which made our saloon gay for many days afterwards. We went to see the children at

school; they were squatting all round, with their faces to the wall, doing their writing lessons; they wrote beautifully neat hands, using a reed pen, and writing texts from the Koran, in Arabic characters, upon sheets of tin, which did duty as slates. The schoolmaster, an intelligent-looking young man, in a white turban and blue dress, was much pleased at the interest we took in his school, but our dragoman cut short our stay, whispering the single word—"fleas!" We did not go, however, till the boys had sung us a hymn. We then paid a visit to the sugar factory; this was a busy scene, 1200 hands being employed, besides a whole army of camels, donkeys, and horses; the camel loads of cane are thrown upon a broad travelling endless band, which conveys them along till it drops them into a hopper, where they are crushed between two immense steel rollers, the juice gushing out in torrents; from beneath the rollers it runs through copper pipes into the vats, where it is boiled till it gets quite thick; as it cools it becomes a mixture of crystallized sugar and treacle; this is put into centrifugal cylinders, which, whirling round at the rate of 1000 revolutions a minute, the treacle separates and escapes through the perforated sides, leaving the sugar in beautifully white and pure crystals behind it. The chief manager is a French gentleman; he gave us much information about the government of these factories and the system of forced labour. It appears that this particular establishment employs 1200 men; of these 400 are permanently on the staff, and carry on that portion of the work which requires skill and experience; they do get some pay, and the remaining two-thirds, viz., 800 men, not only get no pay, but they have to find themselves both in

food and in tools; compared with this 2d. a day, and find yourself, would be a rich and happy lot. These 800 men are not, of course, patriotic enough to volunteer; they are obtained in this wise:—The Sheik of each neighbouring village receives notice that he must supply 100 men; it is left to his own discretion to select them; having done so, he marches them up to the factory with their tools, baskets, and provisions, and they have to work there for a fortnight, at the end of which period they are relieved by another hundred from the same village, and they are free to go home and make up for lost time on their farms. While they have been toiling for the Khedive, or rather for the holders of the Khedive's bonds (for to the bond-holders all the profits now go), their wives and children have been carrying on the farm-work as best they can; meanwhile the unfortunate head of the family has not been having a good time of it, and must return home rather cross; not only has he had to leave his own farm-work, at perhaps the busiest crisis of the season, to toil gratis for a man whom he never saw, but he has to work under the shadow of the stick, and in a factory the temperature of which is raised by the boilers and furnaces to that of the stoke-hole of a Red Sea steamer; and (let Sir W. Lawson quote this fact in his next speech) they get through all this without one thimble-full of beer. During three months the work goes on day and night; each man is allowed occasional spells of rest, during which time they fold themselves up, head and all, in their camel-hair robe, and sleep soundly on the stone floors, without even a pillow, and amid all the din of the machinery, so exhausted are the poor fellows by the unremitting toil and heat. The furnaces are fed with the refuse of the

canes, after the sap is squeezed out; they do not use much coal; this factory has, this season, turned out 100,000 cwts. of sugar, worth 4,000,000 francs, of which 1,000,000 is clear profit. All the factories south of Thebes are very profitable, but in those north of it the climate does not suit sugar-cane sufficiently well to make its cultivation pay; it is a tropical plant, and though it will grow, it does not really ripen far north of the tropics. While here I saw a long train of boys and girls carrying immense jars of molasses on their shoulders, and there walked beside them men in fezzes, armed with whips, and they used them too on the backs of these poor creatures whenever they did not go fast enough for them, or whenever they strayed out of line. And yet these poor people are by nature so light-hearted that they sang and laughed as they went along, and minded it as little as the rest of the pack grieves when one hound gets the lash. *Consider, oh Englishmen who hold Daira bonds, that this is the machinery through which your seven per cent. dividends are wrung from the people!* It is true that in each individual case this forced labour, with its miserable accompaniments, only lasts a fortnight, but what a parenthesis it must be in the season's experiences! Before, however, pouring out the vials of our indignation on their ruler, we must remember that he inherited the system—that forced labour has been an institution of the country ever since the Pyramids were built, and that the present ruler has only followed in this respect in the wake of his predecessors from the time of Mena downwards, the only difference being that the old kings built pyramids, while the Khedive makes sugar loaves.

While we were in the factory one of the men fell from

a gallery and was mortally injured; he was carried out in a dying state. On emerging we inquired for him, and were shocked to find him lying in the sun and covered with flies—left to die there like a dog. No man had had the charity to moisten his lips or to carry him into the shade, or to fan the flies away, or to alleviate his sufferings in any way. We indignantly appealed to the overseer, and did not leave until we had seen him made as comfortable as his condition would permit. Poor fellow! his emancipation did not seem to be very distant. His wife and children in some far-off village will await his return in vain when his term of forced labour is expired, and unless by chance they will never know what his fate has been. We fanned his face and spoke to him, but he appeared scarcely conscious.

We were assured that the victims of the *corvée* are often, when their term is up, left to find their way home, perhaps two or three hundred miles off, as best they can—not unfrequently they never return at all.

We afterwards took a long walk across country, from the river's bank to the edge of the desert; they were already harvesting their beans, peas, and barley, and breaking up the land for another crop; the harvest was being carried by the camels, who came staggering along under loads that made them look like walking hay-stacks; it seemed, however, to be a kind of carnival among the animals—all were turned loose to eat up what was left on the ground, buffaloes, sheep, goats, asses, and camels—all were making the most of their opportunity to have a good blow-out, and were as rotund as balloons. Many of the villagers were camping out, so as to be near the scene of their labours; they lived in enclosures made of mats, and open to the sky, and

the pigeons and poultry had emigrated with them, and in and out scampered a parcel of pot-bellied little niggers, whose bill for clothes must have been extremely light, for they had no covering but their own brown skins. Some of the sleeping arrangements were remarkably simple: there were oval enclosures of Nile mud, with a narrow opening at the end, and a sort of cup-shaped hollow at one part; each of these enclosures was the sleeping accommodation for one person, and the cup was to hold a jar of water, to which the occupant might put his lips "when so disposed." Certainly a rainless climate simplifies domestic arrangements wonderfully; here the weather is always perfect; the nights are as fine as the days, and bread and water are the only ingredients required to render life enjoyable—perfectly happy! We came upon a village where they were making large pots on the usual potter's wheel—that and the never-failing supply of Nile mud being their only stock-in-trade. While we were watching the operation, an old woman whose dark bronze features, coloured like a dirty halfpenny, rather resembled an ill-shaped pipkin, rushed up to M—— and kissed her. I am afraid she was not so grateful for the compliment as she ought to have been.

We passed through a village consisting of the usual mud houses with flat roofs, huddled together without any attempt at order; some of them were built of damaged pots, "our failures," the interstices between them being plastered with mud and chopped straw; there were also tall square pigeon towers of the same, the pots serving for breeding places for these birds, which swarm in hundreds round every Egyptian village; overhead a couple of vultures were sailing round and

round, on the look-out for garbage. Here and there were mounds of rubbish, which served as the easy chairs, lounges, and ottomans, for a parcel of long lean dogs; there they lay, basking in the sun, with a pleased smile about their mouths, sometimes lazily twitching an ear, when an extra troublesome fly annoyed them; they were taking it easy, like dogs who had been making a night of it. As they snoozed there they looked the most quiet, peaceable animals possible; who would have believed that these were the identical brutes who kept up such a diabolical chorus of barking, howling, and yelling, all night long—the brutes that the night before we had dreamt with such savage joy of hurling boot-jacks at! That mangy yellow cur must be the very one that came down close to the boat and howled till he woke us; then we gradually became aware that while he was performing this solo, the chorus was tuning up and preparing to join in with them; their friends in the village opposite took up the running, and barked and yelled in competition—it was strophe and anti-strophe—the concert grew fast and furious; the horrid conviction seized us that sleep was impossible, and that we were destined to listen to that fiendish uproar all through the long night, until rosy morn. Then I nerved myself to the desperate effort of arousing the reis, the dragoman, and the crew, and insisted on being moored further off; the drowsy sailors murmured, but at last got up, and calling much on Allah, pushed off into mid-stream, and dropped down until the horrid sounds were softened by distance and stole across the water, mingling gently with our dreams.

We continued our walk across country until we reached the desert. Not far from the edge of it was a

deep well, the water from which was being raised for irrigating purposes, by a sakeer or water-wheel; some palm logs had been stuck upright round it, and mats were laid across, forming a picturesque bower, with a tree overhanging, under the shade of which a pair of bullocks were plodding away at their monotonous round; the shaft consisted of a split palm trunk, and attached to this, behind the bullocks, was a basket in which squatted a naked little nigger, six years old; his duty was to keep the team going, and this he did with his shrill small Arab voice, and with a stick much taller than himself. He seemed quite proud of the responsibilities of office. Over the wheel were strung two cables of palm fibre, to these were attached a number of earthen pots which, as the wheel revolved, dipped into the water thirty feet below, and when they reached the surface they poured forth their contents into a trough as they turned over the wheel; these operations are attended with a creaking droning sound—a melancholy music that accompanies one everywhere, night and day, in Upper Egypt. The groups of natives we met called out "baksheesh," in a good-humoured sort of way; it was only a time-honoured form, for they did not seem in the least to expect that we would give them any. Even the babies in arms, innocent yet of the gift of speech, held out their little brown palms towards us, and acted "baksheesh" in dumb show. One cannot help liking the Fellaheen; their imperturbable good humour, their industry, their perfect sobriety, the wonderful patience with which they bear their hard lot, are deserving of admiration, and they always meet one with a cheery pleasant smile, and are so obliging, and they brighten up so if one does but bestow on them a kind word or

look; for my part I was always glad of an excuse for giving them a piastre or two. Poor people! how happy they would be if there was no forced labour to tear them away from their homes, and if they were allowed to till their bit of land in peace, and without fear of those pale men in fezzes (the Turkish officials) darkening their lives with the shadow of the bastinado, and of bastinado-extorted taxes. While on this subject I may mention some of the abuses under which the peasantry suffer. The collectors of taxes are required to produce from each village a stated amount, but there is nothing to prevent them levying double the sum due and pocketing the difference, or dividing it with those whose connivance must be secured for the success of the operation. The unhappy fellah can get no redress, for if the eyes of Justice are bandaged her palm is wide open, and her decrees are an affair of dollars and piastres.

Then the manner of assessing the proportion due is most mischievous and vexatious. The crops must not be cut till the village mudir has inspected them; meanwhile, in a hot, dry climate, the interval between the ripening of the grain and its shedding is almost an affair of hours. If the crop is to be saved from being half wasted and scattered on the ground, the mudir must be *bribed* to come and view it early. Another serious injustice is the exemption of the Turkish Pashas and the European merchants and shopkeepers from taxation. There is a large population of Greeks, Italians, French, English, and German, who contribute nothing to the revenue, although they have grown rich on the loans, the interest of which weighs so heavily on the country. The sweeping away of this unjust exemption alone would afford vast relief to the native population. If the

taxes were levied evenly, fairly, and on sound principles, the resources of the country would be quite sufficient to meet the interest of the debt and the expenses of government and administration too, without pressing unduly on the peasantry. It must be remembered that part of the sum levied as taxes is in fact their rent.

The prevalent corruption is so great that the Khedive himself is robbed in all directions. A case came under our notice, which, as it offers a good illustration of the sort of abuses that prevail, may be worth recounting. An official was sent down to a certain district by his Highness to superintend the cutting of 500 acres of sugar-cane; when he reached the locality he found indeed the acres there, but not a cane upon them! He reported accordingly, and a commissioner was despatched to investigate the circumstances. This officer judiciously proceeded to bastinado the subordinates; meanwhile their superiors, the real delinquents, who had been drawing funds for large sums for the sowing, planting, cultivating, and irrigating of the said farm, and coolly pocketing the money, laid their heads together, and came to the conclusion that the commissioner must be propitiated. They made up a richly-filled purse and presented it to him. This opened his eyes to their explanations; he transmitted to his master such an account of the transaction as satisfied him that no one was to blame. The real sinners got off with their plunder scot free, and the official who had honestly reported the misdeed was informed that his services were no longer required, and the cause of corruption and abuse triumphed. There are no public-houses in the villages, nor do they ever touch intoxicating drinks, and, as a consequence, there is no crime. I regret to

say that the only exceptions to this immunity from the curse of drink are the Coptic villages, where they seem to consider that their Christianity bestows upon them the privilege of getting drunk, and that each dram they swallow is an additional proof of orthodoxy.

When we got back to the river we met a string of buffaloes coming up out of the mud, in which they delight to wallow, when they have a chance; no doubt it was thus that Pharaoh's kine came up out of the river, all the more ill-favoured for having their lean ribs plastered with clay. The Egyptian buffalo is called the water ox, as it is almost amphibious, and will float for hours with nothing but its nose and flat horns visible. It is wonderful how many passages in Scripture, the force and meaning of which remain otherwise obscure, are elucidated by a visit to Egypt. Job speaks (ch. iii. 14, Isaiah xiv. 18) of the kings and counsellors of the earth building desolate places for themselves. A visit to the tombs of the kings of Thebes, excavated in the side of the most desolate mountain recesses, makes these obscure allusions at once clear. A visit to other tombs, outside which lie the scattered bones of the mummies that formerly tenanted them, gives straightway vivid force to David's expression, Psalm cxli. 7 (Bible version): "Our bones lie scattered at the mouth of the graves as when one heweth wood." For there lie the sun-bleached fragments of what were once the frameworks of men and women, just like chips of wood left by the woodcutter.

CHAPTER XXV.

TOMBS NEAR EL-KAB.

Ruins of Eilythias—Historical importance of Tombs at El-Kab—Genealogical Inscription—Career of a Naval Officer under the Seventeenth Dynasty—His Portrait—Paintings in the Tombs—The Bible and Egyptian History—Esne.

In the evening we anchored near the ruins of the ancient city of Eilythias: its Egyptian name was Nekheb, after a vulture-headed deity who was there worshipped. The Greeks chose to identify this goddess with their Diana, although no analogy is apparent. We wandered about the ruins until it grew dark, and our cook sent an impatient message that dinner would be spoilt. It is well worth exploring; a vast quadrangle, surrounded by high walls of immense thickness, with inclined planes leading up from the interior to the summit of the ramparts, which when perfect must have formed a level coping wide enough for several chariots to drive abreast. From this elevated position one looked down upon the ruins of hundreds of houses, arches, cellars, and loop-holed walls, and one portion of the enclosed space seems to have been specially dedicated to the temples of the gods, the solid stone foundations of which may still be traced. At no great distance, however, up the valley to the east are several small memorial chapels in good preservation, which have escaped the destruction

which has been the lot of those within the city. They date back to the Thothmes and Amunoph period, but there are on the rocks in the same valley inscriptions even more ancient, executed in the sixth and twelfth dynasties, and recording the venerable names of Teta and Pepi. Next morning we started for the hills, which, honey-combed with long rows of tombs, were visible from the deck of the *Gazelle*. On our way we observed every depression in the soil in which the water of the inundation had rested to be crusted with nitre or soda.

January 29.—The tombs at El-kab consist chiefly of a series all appertaining to one family of the name of Ahmes. They cover a period of time beginning with the last kings of the seventeenth dynasty, about 1800 B.C., and extending through the entire of the eighteenth dynasty, that brilliant period which included Ahmeses (Amosis), the Amunophs, the Thothmes, and Ha-t-Asou, and extend into the nineteenth dynasty, the latest ovals being those of various Rameses kings. They, therefore, span an interval of about 400 years. They are of considerable historic importance, for they throw light upon that obscure time when the so-called Shepherd Kings occupied Lower Egypt, and prove satisfactorily that a collateral line of native monarchs reigned contemporarily with those in Upper Egypt. Several members of this family were also long lived. Their careers extended over more than one reign, and in the histories of their lives which their mausoleums contain, they give us the sequence of sovereigns during whose time they successively flourished, thus offering valuable confirmation of existing lists of the members of these dynasties.

While poking about among the more neglected and

dilapidated tombs, which the Arab guides assured me were "Ma fish," no good, I spied the monogram of Amosis peeping above the rubbish that obstructed its mouth, and I immediately set my men to work to clear out the entrance. I found a mutilated inscription containing a connected genealogy of nearly the whole eighteenth dynasty, giving in succession the names of Amosis, Amunoph the First, Thothmes the First, Thothmes the Second, Thothmes the Third, and the Queen Regent, Ammon-nou-het, and underneath that the bas-relief of a royal prince, whose ancestry was probably thus traced, and who was no doubt connected by marriage with the Ahmeses family. I copied as much of the inscription as was legible (and I think it sufficiently valuable to notice). I observed that in this list, as over her memorial chapel at Gebel Silsilis, Ammon-nou-het is not given the titles of absolute sovereignty, but is called princess and lady chief. She did exercise sovereign power for many years, but it must have been as regent.

We copied also an inscription of twenty-five columns of hieroglyphics in another well-known tomb belonging to a naval officer, who began his career under the last king of the seventeenth dynasty, Rasekanen the Second, or the Great, who inaugurated the work of driving out the alien race of the Hycsos, and finished brilliantly a dynasty which commenced in obscurity and national misfortune. This inscription contained the ovals of Rasekanen, Ahmeses, and Amunoph the First; in the course of it was a figure of a chariot, which is important, for it shows at how early a period this engine of war was in use, and as the drawing represents it unharnessed and without horses, the way

in which the pole is constructed at the extremity for attachment to the shoulders of a pair of horses is shown.

Our readers will scarcely thank us for the twenty-five columns of hieroglyphics, but we append the translation, for which we are indebted to that eminent Egyptologist, Brugsch Bey. It is both interesting and historically important, for it is a contemporary record of the final campaign, in which the Shepherd Kings were driven out of the Delta, and Upper and Lower Egypt reunited under one sceptre. This event was consummated under Ahmeses, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, the Amosis of the Greeks. He was the king who "knew not Joseph."

Thus speaks the old veteran, who fought by the side of that monarch throughout his campaign, and assisted at the taking of the last stronghold of the Hycsos, the city and fortress of Avaris I.:—

"The chief of the sailors Aahmes, a son of Abana, I speak to you to all people, and I give you to know the honourable praise which was given to me. I was presented with a golden chain eight times in the sight of the whole land, and with male and female slaves in great numbers. I had a possession of many acres. The surname of 'the brave' which I gained never vanished away in this land. I have completed my youthful wanderings in the town of Nukheb. My father was a captain of the deceased Ra Sekenen; Baba, son of Roant, was his name. Then I became captain in his place on the ship *The Calf*, in the time of the lord of the country Aahmes the deceased. I was still young and unmarried, and was girded with the garment of the band of youths. Still, after I had prepared for myself a

house, I was taken on the ship *The North* because of my strength. It was my duty to accompany the great lord—life, prosperity, and health attend him!—on foot when he rode in his chariot. They besieged the town of Auaris. My duty was to be valiantly on foot before his holiness. Then was I changed to the ship *Ascent in Memphis*. They fought by sea on the lake Pazetku of Auaris. I fought in a struggle with fists, and I gained a hand. This was shown to the herald of the king. They gave me a golden present for my bravery. After that a new fight arose in this place, and anew I fought in a struggle with fists in that place, and I gained a hand. They gave me a golden present another time, and they fought at the place Takem, to the south of the town (Auaris).

"I gained of living prisoners a grown-up man. I went into the water—him also bringing to remain aside from the road to the town. I went firmly holding him through the water. They announced me to the herald of the king. Then I was presented with a golden present again. They conquered Auaris. I gained in that place prisoners, a grown-up man and three women, which makes in all three heads. His holiness gave them to me for my possession as slaves. They besieged the town Sherohan in the sixth year. His holiness took it. I brought booty home from here, two women and a hand. They gave me a golden present for valour. In addition the prisoners from it were given to me as slaves. After then that his holiness had mown down the Syrians of the land of Asia, he went against Khont-Hon-Nofre * to smite the mountaineers of Nubia. His holiness made a great destruction among them. I

* Literally "the Source of the Good Servant."

carried away booty from that place, two living grown-up men and three hands. I was presented with a golden gift another time; they also gave me three female slaves.

"His holiness descended the stream. His heart was joyful, because of brave and victorious deeds. He had taken possession of the south and of the north land. There came an enemy from the southern region; he approached; his advantage was the number of his people. The gods of the southern land were against his fist. His holiness found him at the water Tent-ta-tot. His holiness brought him forth a living prisoner. All his people brought booty back. I brought back two young men when I had cut them off from the ship of the enemy. They gave me five heads besides my share of five hides of arable land in the town. It happened thus to all the ship's crew in the same way. Twice there came that enemy, whose name was Teta. He had assembled with him a bad set of fellows. His holiness annihilated him and his men, so that they no longer existed. So there were given to me three people and five hides of arable land in my town. I conveyed by water the deceased king Amenhotep I.; then he went up against Kush to extend the borders of Egypt. He smote these Nubians by means of his warriors; being pressed closely they could not escape. Bewildered, they remained in the place just as if they were nothing. Then I stood at the head of our warriors and I fought as was right. His holiness admired my valour. I gained two hands, and brought them to his holiness. They sought after inhabitants and their herds. I brought down a living prisoner, and brought him to his holiness. I brought his holiness in two days to Egypt from Khnumt-hirt (that is, the upper spring). Then I

was presented with a golden gift. Then I brought forward two female slaves besides those which I led to his holiness, and I was raised to the dignity of a champion of the prince. I conveyed the deceased king Thutmes I. when he ascended by water to Khont-Hon-Nofre to put an end to the strife among the inhabitants and to stop the attacks on the land side, and I was brave (before him) on the water. It went badly on the attack of the ship, on account of its upsetting. They raised me to the rank of captain of the sailors. His holiness —may life, prosperity, and health be allotted to him!"

Here follows a rent which according to the context is to be filled up in such a manner as to show that a new occasion calls the king to war against the people of the south. "His holiness raged against them like a panther, and his holiness slung his first dart, which remained sticking in the body of his enemy. He fell fainting down before the royal diadem. There was then in a short time a (great defeat), and their people were taken away as living enemies. And his holiness travelled downwards; all nations were in his power. And this wretched king of the Nubian people found himself bound on the fore part of the ship of his holiness, and he was placed on the ground in the town of Thebes. After this his holiness betook himself to the land of the Rutennu to cool his anger among the inhabitants of the land. His holiness reached the land of Naharina. His holiness found —life, prosperity, and health to him!—these enemies. He ordered the battle. His holiness made a great slaughter among them. The crowd of the living prisoners was innumerable, which his Majesty carried away in consequence of his victory. And behold I was at the head of our warriors. His holiness admired my

valour. I carried off a chariot of war and its horses and those which were upon it as living prisoners, and brought them to his holiness. Then I was afterwards presented with gold.

"Now I have passed many days and reached a grey old age. My lot will be that of all men upon the earth. [I shall go down into the lower world and be placed in the] coffin which I have made for myself."

At the end of the tombs was a perfectly preserved portrait of the old sailor and his wife. He was a bluff, resolute-looking man, more European than Egyptian in features, and not handsome. A short and rather snub nose, a low solid brow, and, what is most unusual with Egyptians, wearing his own hair, and whiskers on his lower jaw, and wearing also a short beard curling upwards from his chin, after the manner of mariners to be seen any day at Portsmouth. On his own showing, he took a very important part in promoting the success of his royal masters, both by sea and land. There is one thing which the Egyptian chiefs invariably did well, and that was the blowing of their own trumpets.

In this and other tombs of the same group the sons and daughters of the inmates are represented seated at the funeral feast; the ladies in one row, the men in another, and over the head of each is a hieroglyphic inscription stating the sonship or daughtership, and adding their name.

These names are often of value, for in tombs in which no royal cartouche occurs to determine the date, it can be approximately fixed by the names given to the children, for the practice prevailed of naming children after the contemporary sovereign. In the present instance, the name of the eldest daughter was Taï, a sovereign of

the seventeenth dynasty, while the name of one of the sons was Ahmeses, the first king of the eighteenth dynasty (see Table of Kings). Taï is a name which in one form or other remained in fashion all through the eighteenth dynasty; amongst others, the celebrated Queen of Amunoph the Third bore the name of Tai-ti (see Plates XX., XXI.) As this family seem to have been very prolific, their ingenuity must have been severely taxed to find names for all their sons and daughters. Baba Abana claims to have had no less than fifty-two, and we counted seventeen daughters in this tomb; one of them was named Noub-em-Heb. Some of the younger sons recalled the last monarch under whom Ahmes lived. There was an Amen and a Hotep, thus economically splitting the royal name of Amen Hotep. There was also a Thothti, the name of Amen Hotep's son, Thothmes the First, then still a youth. In Plate XIX. the name Ahmeses appears in the upper right-hand corner as the name of the lady beneath, Ahmeses Nofre-te, *i.e.*, "Nofre-te, child of the moon."

One of the tombs was full of agricultural scenes, but these have been so exhaustively described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and other well-known authors, that I prefer to dismiss them with bare mention. They are very interesting and well preserved.

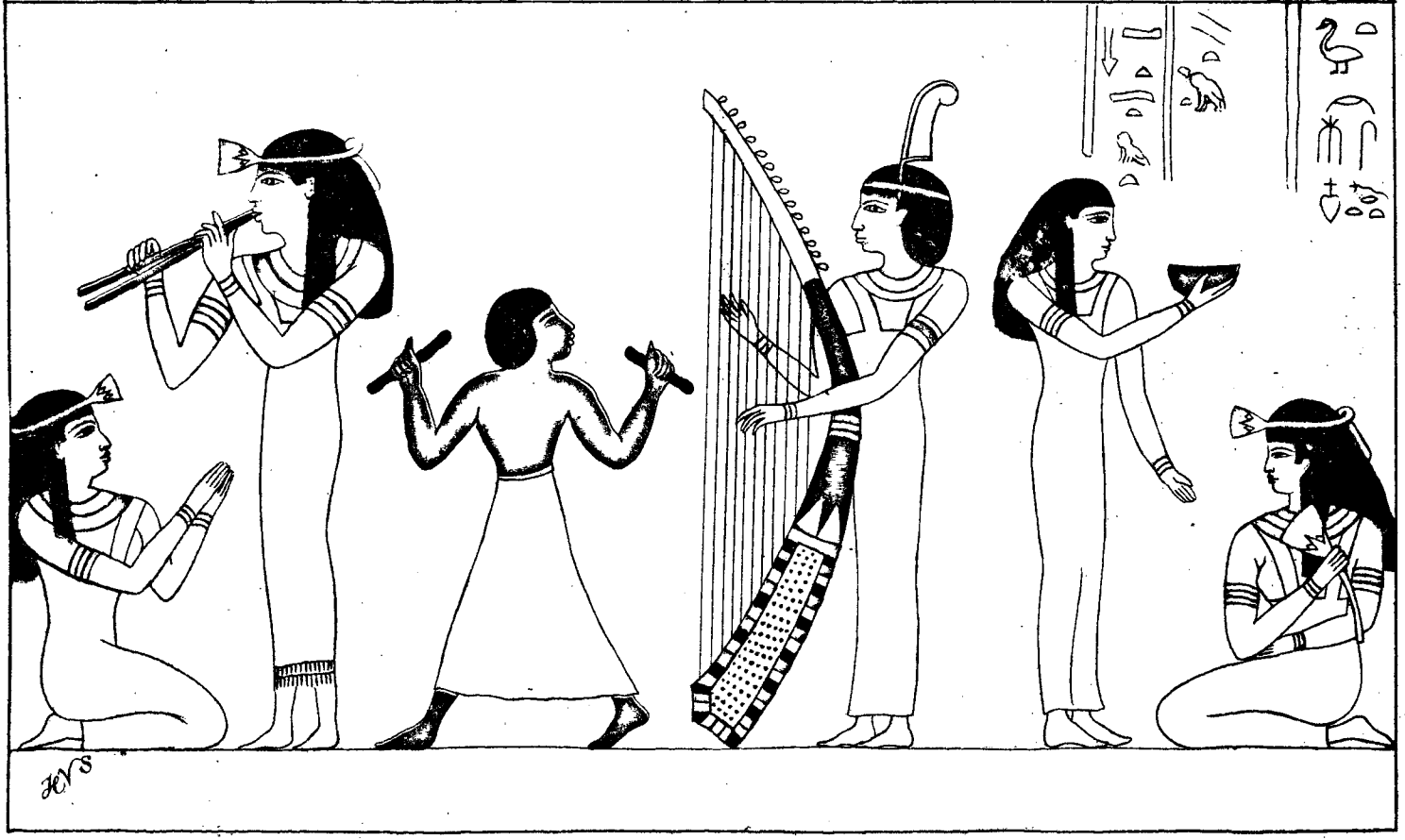
In the same tomb is a capital group of musicians. They are all women. One is giving the time by clapping her hands; one is playing the double pipe; a second the harp, which has twelve strings. These strings were coloured *red*, showing them to have been of copper, (they have, in error, been printed black in Plate XIX.);

while a boy is clattering a couple of bones apparently, so that the Christy Minstrels have a very early precedent for that important functionary, "Bones."

We mentioned the orchestras of *girls* at the cafés chantants at Port Said. It will be seen that it is a very ancient fashion to have both wind and string instruments played by female performers.

While the concert is going on, a member of the band is carrying round a bowl to the guests to collect coppers. It is at the funeral feast that this concert takes place; so the mourners were evidently bent on keeping up their spirits as well as they could. Nor were there wanting baked meats and pots of wine to sustain them in their grief. In another tomb they seem to have been less light hearted; the poor widow is bowed down before the mummy, her long hair thrown forward over her head and hanging before her face, and the daughters are throwing dust on their heads, while further on is a tableau of the coffin being borne to the grave, and of the son, still a lad, walking beneath it.

The processes of washing and embalming the dead are minutely given. It is to be observed that under the ancient dynasties neither funeral subjects, nor the scenes after death, are ever represented, only agricultural scenes, fishing and hunting scenes, festive scenes, and the incidents of every-day life. These tombs seem to mark a transition period, when the two subjects were mixed; later on came a period when the mystic subjects of the judgment and of the Egyptian purgatory predominated. I have already alluded to the fact that some of these tombs were contemporary with the last period of the Shepherd Kings, *i.e.*, contemporary with the period of Joseph. Now, in connection with this, Brugsch

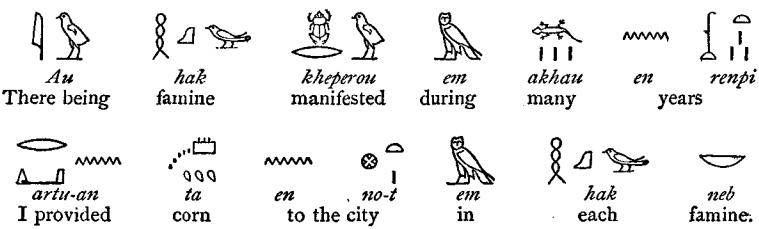


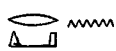
PL. XIX.

MINSTRELS AT A FEAST.

Bey, in his "Geschichte Egyptens," communicates a very important discovery which he made.

The father of the sailor chief, Ahmes Abana, was a man of the name of Baba Abana, and his tomb is close by. In it is a recital of the incidents of his life, especially of those which tend to plead his justification before the gods his judges. Amongst these he pleads that during a famine of many years' duration he fed the people. He says:—



So run the hieroglyphics, and I have put their fortunately particularly plain and indisputable translation beneath them. I have only modified one expression in Brugsch's translation. He renders  (artuan)—"I gave;" it literally means "I prepared," as he himself observes in a foot-note. "I provided" therefore appears to me as close a rendering as can be given, and it is clearly borne out by the Greek word αρτυνω, artuno—used by Homer specially with reference to the *providing of food.* It will be seen that this Homeric word is identical with the Egyptian, both in sound, orthography, and sense, and adds a very interesting illustration of how closely Greek and other European languages are linked with the ancient Egyptian in the relation of stem to root. Now, as a famine of several years' duration is a very rare, if not an unprecedented,

event in Egypt, *and as Baba Abana's time exactly corresponds with Joseph's*, we are warranted in assuming that he is speaking of that very famine that occupies so important a place in the Bible and in the early history of the Israelites. But independently of the very great interest which attaches to this independent and incidental testimony to the accuracy of the Bible narrative, it is also of value in a historical point of view, for it offers an additional point of contact between the Bible and Egyptian history, and enables us to fit in the elements of the latter more accurately in their places. These points of coincidence with the Bible narrative are the sheet anchor of the Egyptian chronologist, and offer the only fixed data he has to go upon in calculating the chronology of the early dynasties preceding the nineteenth. In those times points of contact with the history of other races was impossible, for either they had no written records or those records have perished. Egyptian history for ages pursued its course solitary and alone; it acquired a companion and a parallel record for the first time when Moses wrote the annals of his race. The performances of Baba Abana appear to have been great in every way, for he tells us that he had fifty-two children, and adds that he had provided beds and chairs and tables for each, and the milk of three cows, fifty-two goats, and eight she-asses. The perfume consumed was one *Hin* (this is obscure, and leaves the way open to conjecture). He quaintly adds, "if any one should suppose that I am joking, I invoke the god Mont as a witness that I speak the truth." Talleyrand must have had Baba Abana in view when he said, "Un père de famille est capable de tout." He goes on to say, "I gave curdled

milk in jugs, and beer in the cellar in more than sufficient measure. I provided corn, loving the good God, I attended to seed time, and a famine having manifested itself for many years, I provided wheat for the town in each year of famine." (See page 237.)

We concluded that Mariette Bey had removed this precious inscription to a safer place, for having spent the whole day in hunting for it, and having run through endless columns of hieroglyphics, we failed to find it.

I append yet another translation by Brugsch Bey. It is an inscription on one of these tombs; it belongs to a generation later than the old sailor, and is historically interesting as carrying on the sequence of sovereigns of the eighteenth dynasty, and confirming the accuracy of the table of Abydos.

"I served the deceased King Aahmes. I gained for him as booty in the land . . . a living prisoner and a hand. I served the King Amenhotep I. I seized for him in the land of Kush a living prisoner. Again in the service of the deceased King Amenhotep I., I took for him in the north of the land of the Amu-kahak three hands.

"I served the deceased King Thotmes I.; I seized for him in the land of Kush two living prisoners besides the living prisoner which I took away from Kush. I do not count that here.

"Again, in the service of the King Thotmes I. I seized for him, in the land of Naharina, twenty-one hands, a horse, and a chariot of war. I served the deceased King Thotmes II. I brought for him from the land of the Shasu a great number of living prisoners. I do not count them here."

This short inscription gives us the names of four successive sovereigns under whom this officer served. He began his career at the end of the reign of Ahmeses; he continued it under that of Amunoph the First, and under that of his successor Thothmes the First; he finished his long term of military command under Thothmes the Second. The land of Naharina means the land between the two rivers, *i.e.* Mesopotamia.

This private record is a good example of how the table of Abydos and other lists of kings are confirmed, and the accuracy of the sequence of reigns placed beyond doubt by contemporary records. We saw similar inscriptions on fourth and sixth dynasty tombs of individuals whose lives had spanned three reigns, and in whose epitaphs the names of the successive monarchs under whom they had served are given, together with the nature of the services they had rendered and of the rewards they had received.

In Plate XLVII. we have a tableau of an officer bringing prisoners to the king, and we can thus realise the scene in which the hero of the above presents himself before his sovereign with his leash of living prisoners from the land of the Shasu.

It will be observed that we write the name of the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, Ahmeses, instead of the conventional Ahmes; our reason for doing so is that the last two hieroglyphics of the monogram spell mēses—we have the authority of Manetho for it. He writes the name in Greek Ἀμῶσις. Then there is the analogy of Ramēses, which terminates with the same two characters; for the same reasons Thothmes ought to be pronounced Thothmēses, and it is in fact written Θουθμῶσις by Manetho, who no doubt gave

the nearest rendering he could to the Egyptian sound of these names.

In the evening we returned to the *Gazelle*, having spent ten hours in exploring these very interesting tombs and in copying inscriptions.

Next day, January 30, we reached Esne, and paid a second visit to the temple of Knouhm Ra, and spent some time in the town exploring the bazaar, specially with a view of judging of the condition of the population. It seemed to us that the distress had abated very decidedly, and business had revived. The harvest promised well, and quantities of cotton and grain were being brought into town by long strings of camels for shipment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEDINET ABOU.

Interesting Sculptures—Home Life of Sesostris—An Ancient Temple—Visit to the Ramesseum—The Tombs of the Queens—Curious Sepulchre at Kournet Murrae—Tomb of King Ai—Mummy of Amunoph the Third.

January 31.—We reached Luxor before midday, and moored the *Gazelle* to the east of a canal which enters the Nile near the great temple. Our object in placing the canal between ourselves and the town was to interpose that obstacle between us and the dogs that infest it, and as a matter of fact we found it a quiet berth for our floating home.

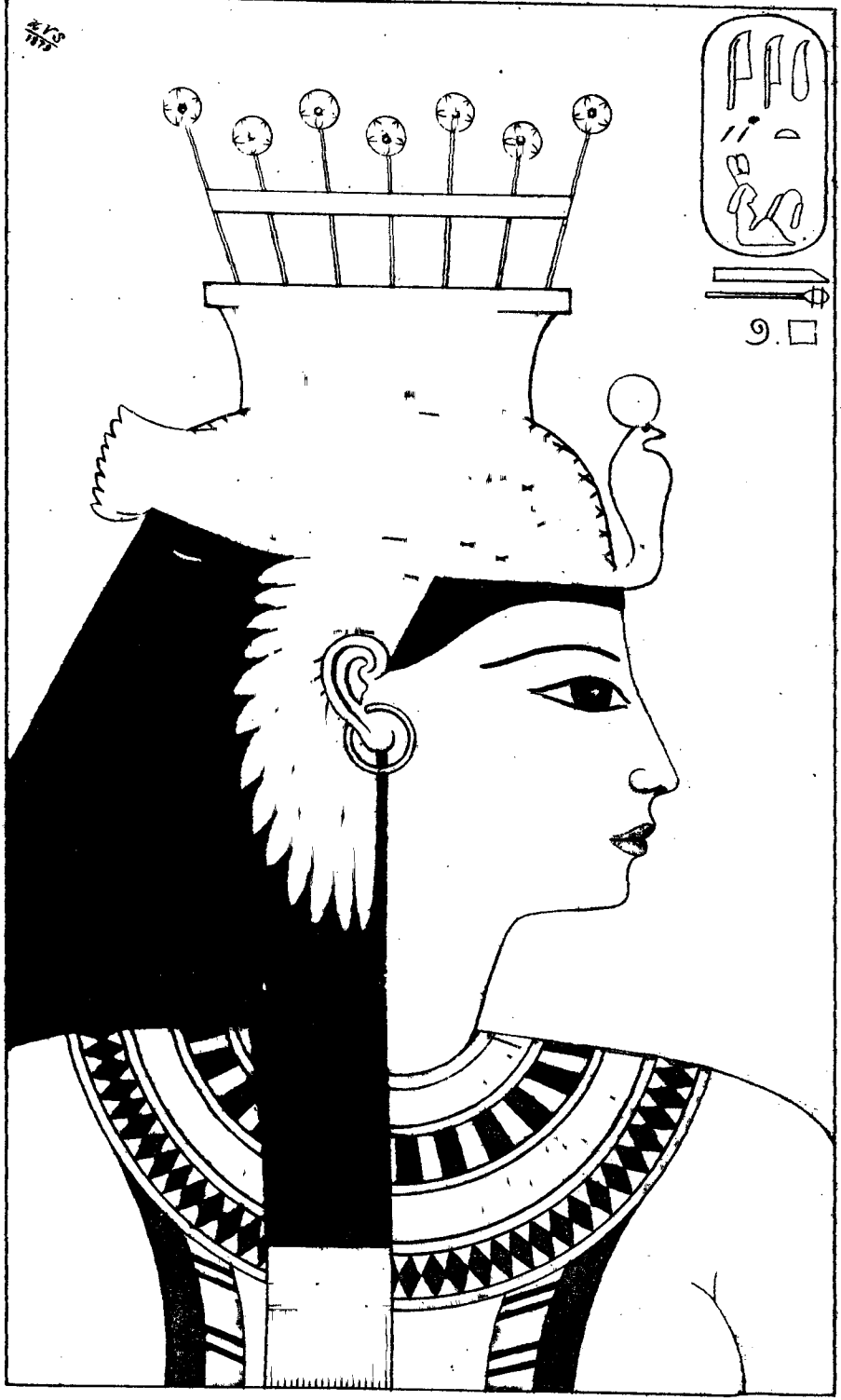
On our way to Medinet Abou, the Memnonium was passed, which we observed had become greatly dilapidated since our visit two years ago. To our indignation we learnt that they had been quarrying stones there to build a canal embankment. We passed also close by the colossi, and I noticed over the head of the queen, who stands at the knee of the giant, the same oval that I met on the table of genealogies at El-Kab—Ta-i-ti (see Plates XX., XXI.). She was the queen of Amunoph the Third, in whose honour these colossi were erected. They stood at the entrance of a great temple built by him, and in the rear of them the scattered stones of the temple may still be seen, with Amunoph's cartouche upon them.

Medinet Abou was built by Rameses the Third, whose reign was sixth in succession from his great predecessor, Rameses the Second. They are now even often confounded. Rameses the Third was also a mighty conqueror, and as he lived nearer the commencement of Greek history, he was better known to the Greeks, and is in fact their Sesostris. He lived about 1300 B.C.

Medinet Abou was built by him to commemorate his exploits, and it differs from other similar monuments in combining a royal palace with a temple, or rather in having a royal palace annexed to it. At its entrance still stand in good preservation several apartments of this structure; it was three storeys high, and its lofty walls were crowned with oval pointed battlements, suggested by the shields of the soldiers who lined the parapet of a besieged fortress. I climbed up into one of the chambers armed with a powerful opera-glass, and I was enabled to make out the details of the very interesting sculptures that adorn its walls far better than we had succeeded in doing on either of our previous visits. There were several groups; in one of them the king is seated in his chair, behind him are two eunuchs carrying short-handled fans; close by them is a table with refreshments; in front of his majesty stands the queen, wearing the coronet which distinguishes royal princesses; this coronet is surmounted with a diadem, and beneath this ornament the opera glass revealed a strikingly beautiful face, admirably executed, and with an amount of expression unusual in Egyptian sculptures. She is caressing the king with one hand, while she holds his crown with the other; I annex a sketch to show her head-dress, but it does not by any means do justice to her beauty (see Plate XXI.). On another wall was a

group in which the king is seated as before; behind him are two ladies, one holding a fan, the other a tray with fruit, and an ostrich feather mounted on a short handle; in front of his majesty the queen is represented again—he is chucking her under the chin. In a different apartment the royal pair are engaged in playing chess or draughts; she is standing and he seated, and the chess table is placed between them, but her figure is so much defaced that it is difficult now to discern the traces of it. When I first visited Egypt it was still in good preservation.

A recent authoress has mistaken the coronet on the queen's head, in these groups, for a basket of flowers; but if she had taken the trouble to visit the tombs of the queens, she would have seen there that this coronet was worn by several of the royal ladies, by Ta-i-ti, wife of Amunoph the Third, and by Isis, wife of Rameses the Fifth. In the tomb of Ta-i-ti its structure is minutely detailed; it consists of seven stems of gold springing out of the usual princess's diadem, and surmounted by discs of gold, patterned and engraved. The same queen's crown occurs also in the tombs at Bab-el-Melook, in a tableau representing the king accompanied by his consort; and we observed it in one of the private tombs. A doubt has been expressed as to whether the chambers so decorated really were the apartments of a royal residence, and it has even been conjectured that the sculptures that adorn the walls are allegorical, and illustrate the king's visit to the abodes of the blessed, and that the crowned beauty is in fact a personage corresponding to the Mahometan houri; the grounds for these doubts are the absence of precedent for the annexation of a palace to a temple, and the absence



XXI. TAI-TI, CONSORT OF AMUNOPH III.

TOMBS OF THE QUEENS.

of the queen's oval. But the nature of the sculptures and the character of the building appear to us to settle the question. The edifice differs totally from any temple or portion of a temple in having battlements, and indeed in every other respect it is quite distinct from the main structure, being merely joined on to it, and architecturally incongruous; the fact of its being an isolated example of a royal palace may be due to the custom of each king building a new residence for himself and destroying that of his predecessor; a wasteful practice still in vogue with Egyptian viceroys and other Oriental potentates. As for the tableaux that adorn it being allegorical, such an allegory would be utterly without precedent and opposed to Egyptian religious thought and ideas.

The subjects of the sculptures are unmistakably domestic, and show us Sesostris at home in the bosom of his family. This is so palpable that some of our crew who accompanied us exclaimed spontaneously, "The hareem of the Soultan!"

It was the well-known practice of the Egyptians to cover the walls of any chamber with representations of the scenes that took place there, thus illustrating the purposes for which it was designed. The tableaux here are suitable to the king's dwelling rooms, but incongruous with any religious or state uses; and as the sovereign was also pontiff and high priest, there was nothing unnatural in having his residence attached to his temple, just as the Vatican is annexed to St. Peter's. As for the absence of the queen's oval we have observed other instances of it. The royal pair had thrown aside in their home the cares and ceremonies of state, and the lady's crown proclaimed her rank suffi-

ciently. It is also possible that there may once have been a cartouche there containing her name, which has been subsequently erased by the jealousy of some successor; that, at all events, would not be without precedent. Be that as it may, her head-dress and surroundings leave no room for doubt that she was the crowned consort of Rameses the Third. We know from other sources that he had a lawful wife. I annex her

cartouche. Isis Ma-ta-ro-ta, queen of Upper and Lower Egypt. Her tomb is still extant in the valley of the tombs of the queens, and in a neighbouring valley we saw a very beautiful stele representing her with the king and his little son on some state occasion. In this interesting tableau the king is presenting offerings to the gods at one of the anniversary festivals, while the mama is amusing herself by kissing the child.

Having examined the group attentively and sketched the queen's head-dress by the aid of a powerful opera-glass, by means of which I verified every detail, I cannot be mistaken. I can, however, readily understand that as the sculpture is high overhead, the crown might on a superficial inspection be mistaken for a basket of flowers, an error into which even Sir Gardner Wilkinson appears to have fallen. The only difference between the diadem at Medinet Abou and that of Queen Ta-i-ti, figured in Plate XXI., is that the latter has only seven stems and balls, whereas the former has *nine*.

Rameses the Third evidently pulled to pieces other temples to construct Medinet Abou, for I saw in many places built into the walls, topsy-turvy, the ovals of older kings, especially of Sethi and of Rameses the Second. These temples must have been nearly brand-

new when he broke them up to furnish material for his own, for Rameses the Second lived only 150 years before him. Shades of his ancestors! Dead lions seem to have been no better off in Egypt than elsewhere! Nor were these the only plumes he borrowed. He is suspected of having annexed sundry of his renowned ancestors' exploits, and to have clapped them on his own monument. There was one, however, of his forefathers whom he did respect, and that was Thothmes the Third. There is a small temple which intrudes most inconveniently into the plan of the great one, it was built by that monarch, but Rameses had not the heart to throw it down, and so it stands to this day. An examination of this ancient structure reveals the fact that Thothmes also worked up the materials of yet more ancient temples in building his, for I found, inserted upside-down in the masonry, stones bearing the ovals of kings of the twelfth and other early dynasties; and some very curious names occurred amongst them. He also, however, had his scruples, and he has spared a portion built by Amenemhe the First, which is still extant. Its date is about 2800 B.C.; it is, therefore, 4700 years old. It comes, as a temple, next the Pyramids and the Temple of the Sphinx in antiquity of structure. Stele and rock tombs of the sixth and even earlier dynasties occur; but I know of no temples of so early a date.

The entire length of the great south wall of Medinet Abou is covered with hieroglyphic numbers; inventories, apparently, of the properties of the temple, and of the rations furnished for the support of the priests, and for offerings to the gods. If these have not already been deciphered, they would be well worth copying.

The north wall, its battle scenes by sea and land, and its lion hunts, are too well known to need description. I observed among the Egyptian troops some soldiers *wearing* the same curious equipments as the Shaïtani at Abou Simbel, with ball and crescent helmets, but no longer armed with the enormously long knives and sheaths, which here appear (see Plate XLIII.).

On our way back we visited the Ramesseum, a monument devoted to ancestry by Rameses the Second. There occurs in it, in two places, an array of the sons of this king, with their names over their heads; similar lists exist at Derr and at Abou Simbel; but whereas at these last places there are only eight, they have increased here to twenty-two. The first eight bear the same names, and even in the same order as at Abou Simbel and Derr; it may, therefore, be assumed that they are placed according to seniority. I observed that in a blank space was the head of the thirteenth son. A royal oval has subsequently been introduced, thus confirming the fact that his successor, Menephthah, was his thirteenth son. Both the oval and the name have been defaced purposely. Rameses must have outlived twelve of his sons.

There is a curious tableau representing the conception of Rameses, and even here he is represented wearing the crown of sovereignty. This difficult subject is in allegorical form; it is most delicately and ingeniously managed.

We rode on from here to the Tombs of the Queens; they are situated in a valley quite as wild and desolate as those of the kings. The way to them lies behind Medinet Abou, from which they are not very distant; they are in a narrow ravine of white chalky material,

and at mid-day the glare of light and the heat are intense.

The guide books say that all these tombs have suffered by fire, and little can be traced except in that of Queen Taia; but I saw six tombs on which the colours were quite fresh and bright. The fact is, the guides are a lazy set, and will never show more than they can help, unless you stimulate them with a promise of special tips for each additional tomb they bring you to; by this means I got out of my guides several interesting stele in neighbouring valleys, in addition to the tombs I have alluded to.

One would have supposed that a tomb excavated in the rock would offer no material for a conflagration, but the bodies of the poor princesses have been dragged out of their resting places, their mummies torn to pieces, in search for jewellery, &c., and then piled in a heap in the tomb and made a bonfire of; and as they are enveloped in linen clothes, saturated with bitumen, they burn very freely. The heat has been sufficiently fierce to calcine the walls in several instances. Thus they themselves have been cruelly made the material for destroying their own tombs; an outrage as inhuman as seething a kid in its mother's milk. Amongst these ill-fated mausoleums is that of Ba-ta-Anta, the eldest daughter of Rameses the Second, and the supposed benefactress of Moses. There has escaped, however, one very perfect cartouche, and one profile portrait which, while preserving the same aquiline features as her statue at Abou Simbel, gives a much more favourable impression of her temper. Her oval reads, Ta-Ba-ta-aa-on-An-t-a.

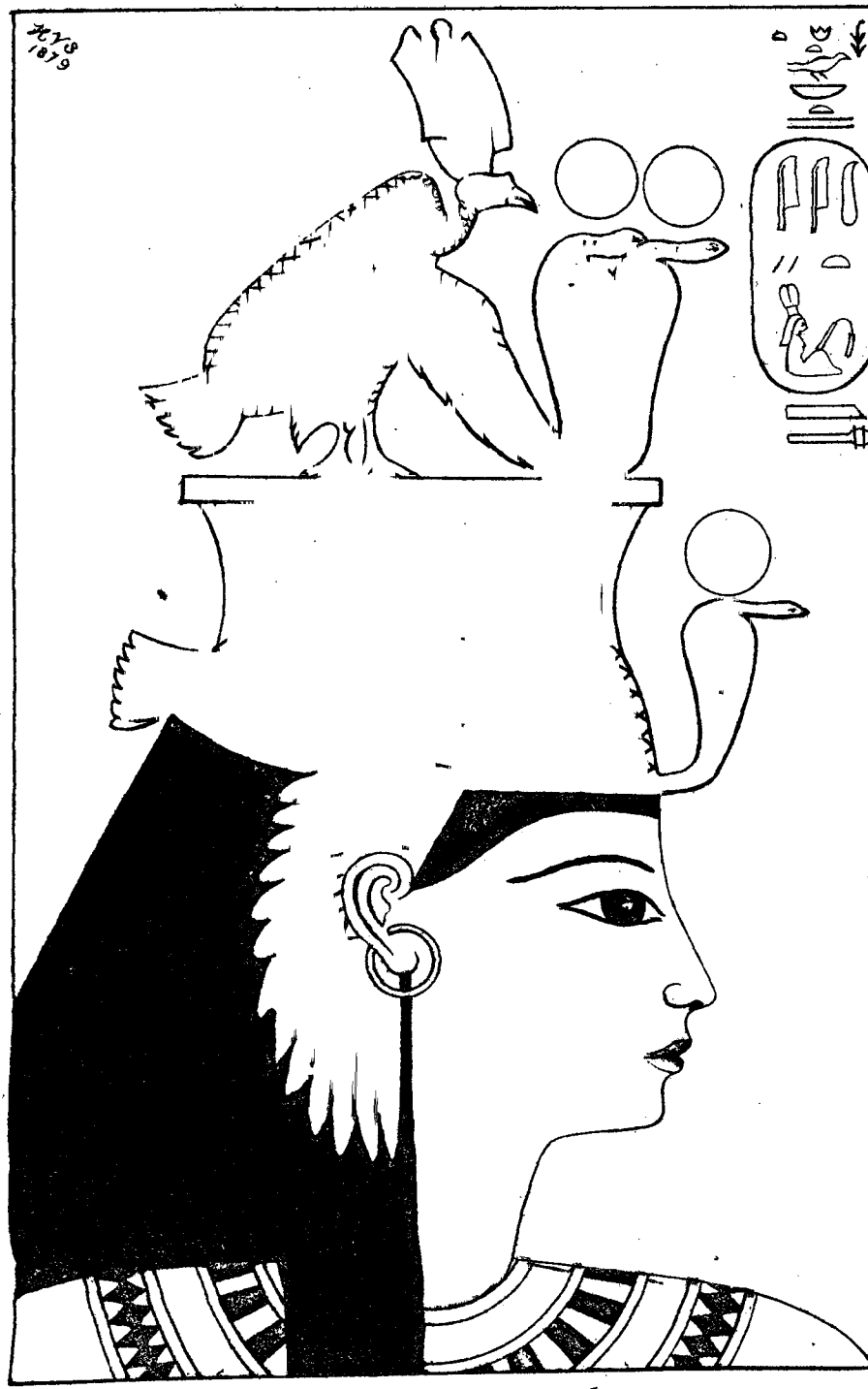
In the tomb of Isis Ma-ta-ro-ta, queen of Rameses the Third, is a broken sarcophagus and some paintings.

One of them represents the goddess Hathor as a cow being ferried across a river, and in the boat before her is a large vessel full of grass for refreshment *en route*. In that of Ta-i-ti, Hathor is represented standing at the foot of a mountain.

The most interesting tomb, and the most perfect and richly painted, is that of Ta-i-ti. She is a personage of some historic interest, because she was the mother of Amunoph the Fourth, who is supposed to have subverted the established religion of Egypt, and introduced foreign customs. She herself, however, is represented on her tomb as worshipping the usual Egyptian deities most piously, and as the tomb must have been decorated with her sanction, she at all events cannot have been the authoress of the religious eccentricities referred to. I have entered fully into this question, however, in a previous chapter on the subject of Tel-el-Amarna and its historic indications. Ta-i-ti's son is represented on her tomb offering to the memory of his mother. He does not at all resemble Khou-en-Aten, with whom he is supposed to be identical (see also page 295).

This queen must have been very beautiful, to judge by her portrait which occurs here. Contrary to the usual custom she is given a pale pink complexion. She wears a foreign costume richly coloured, and open in front.

It is a kind of Persian tunic, with long sleeves over the arms, adorned with fringes, and it is quite open all the way down the front, with a very rich and beautiful border of divers colours. The lady does not appear to have worn any under dress; prudishness was evidently not the fashion of the day, and both in this and



TAI-TI, CONSORT OF AMUNOPH III.
TOMBS OF THE QUEENS.

many other instances we must admit that the costumes of Egyptian queens did some violence to our sense of decency, though the modern eel-skin costume ought to have inured one to that. Ta-i-ti wore a rich but very peculiar head-dress. Her coronet was of gold, surmounted by a vulture wearing the crown of Upper Egypt; the bird's wings were outstretched, as if protecting the head of his beautiful mistress. In front of him were two asps erect, symbolizing the sovereignty of the upper and lower country. Over her brow she wore the royal asp, and beneath her coronet the usual vulture head-dress, emblematic of maternity. This complicated and cumbrous tiara would have looked top-heavy, had it not been for the lovely face that peeped out from beneath it; but beauty will carry off almost anything, and lend attractions to the most ungraceful costume.

The portrait we annex (Plate XX.) we can guarantee as a faithful and accurate reproduction of Queen Ta-i-ti's features, and it acquires additional interest from the fact that her toilette apparatus is in the British Museum. There, under a glass case, will be found the little porcelain vases in which she kept her cosmetics. They have her monogram and that of her husband engraved or stamped upon them; they were discovered in her tomb.

Opposite the royal beauty, and on level with her face, were her titles and the usual oval containing her name (see Plates XX. and XXI.). They read as follows:—"Wife of the King, chief lady (of the realm), mistress of the two lands (of Upper and Lower Egypt), Ta-i-ti princess—she is blessed." Her hood has been printed black, but it was blue in the original. The names of

her father and mother are Juah and Shuah. She is believed to be a foreigner owing to these names, which have an outlandish sound. Her own name, however, is thoroughly Egyptian. Another circumstance which is relied on to prove her foreign origin is her complexion, which is fair instead of the conventional yellow. But this is not conclusive, for we have seen pink complexions in undoubtedly Egyptian tombs, though it was not usual.

On the wall on the opposite side of the corridor is the same queen wearing a different coronet (Plate XXI.). It is similar to the one which I have already described as adorning the brow of Isis Ma-ta-ro-ta, consort of Rameses the Third. It consisted of seven slender shafts rising out of the coronet, and terminating in disks engraved with a pattern; the whole idea was taken from a quiver of arrows, which were not tipped with feathers, as with us, but with circular pieces of some light material—perhaps leather. This fresco has been much defaced, the crown alone being uninjured. We have, however, fortunately been enabled to supply the missing portions from the duplicate portrait *vis-à-vis*, which is particularly perfect and fresh in colour (see Plate XXI.).

Our Arab guide offered an explanation of the calcined condition of so many of the tombs of the queens, which is, that the Romans in after times brought their dead there to burn, and constructed their funeral pile of the mummies, which they used as fuel, found ready to hand on the spot—to such base uses may we come!

On our way home we saw a curious tomb at Kournet Murrae, belonging to one Hooi, a royal prince. He had occupied a government in Ethiopia, and the walls

of the tomb are covered with tableaux of deputations from semi-independent tribes of Abyssinia and Equatorial Africa, who had come to offer homage and bring gifts to the king, and whom he introduced into the royal presence. The most remarkable figure was a negro princess in a chariot drawn by hornless oxen, like the polled Angus breed. She was elaborately dressed, and wore on her head a diadem, *fixed to the top of which* was a much decorated umbrella—a head-dress hardly suited for windy weather!

There were paintings of the large Nile boats in which she and her suite had travelled, and her chariot appeared on the deck, and her oxen in the hold. She had quite a fleet, bringing giraffes, leopards, bales of tropical produce, gold rings and vessels, ingots of copper and iron, &c., and a curious trophy representing a negro beehive-shaped house, with giraffes nibbling the palm-tree tops outside. These animals were evidently common in those days, and were rather a nuisance, as they are represented stealing the fruit.

Having heard of two tombs far away in the mountain which are seldom visited, we, in our capacity of gleaners, set out to explore them. They are in a valley to the west of the tombs of the Rameses family, and are situated in a *cul-de-sac*, surrounded by precipices garnished with water-worn columns, at least 700 feet high, like those in Saxon Switzerland, but arid and burnt up, and as devoid of life as the Mountains of the Moon.

The first mausoleum I entered descended at a very steep incline down into the hard limestone. There were no hieroglyphics or paintings in the succession of long tunnels which we traversed, but at last we reached a great hall. The centre of this was occupied by a sarco-

phagus of rose-coloured granite. It was beautifully executed; at each corner stood a goddess, embracing with her outspread wings the two sides of the angle. It was covered with hieroglyphics, but the cartouches had been utterly effaced except one, which had been overlooked. It was quite unknown to me at that time, but I have since ascertained that it contains the name of a sovereign who married a daughter of Khou-en-Aten, and reigned in his wife's right. He is known as King Aai, but that is but a small part of his entire name, which reads, Kafer-Kaferou-ra-ar-ma-Nuter-Aai-nuter-hic-ouas. But notwithstanding the length of his name,

OVAL OF KING AAI, PRECEDED BY TITLE.

the Egyptians regarded him as a usurper, and did their best to efface it after his death. He is said to have governed wisely and well. It is worth observing that he calls himself *Prince*, not king.

Khou-en-Aten died without surviving male issue. The son who figures in one of the tableaux at Tel-el-Amarna as being fondled by his mother as a little child, never came to maturity; but his sisters, of whom there were several, throve and grew up, and married officers of their father's court, who subsequently became kings' consorts, and reigned in succession. None of them seem to have left any children, and when the last of them was laid to rest the throne reverted to a collateral branch of the royal family, from which sprang the distinguished series of the Rameses kings. On the great wall facing the entrance was a procession

consisting of two princes being led along by goddesses into the presence of Osiris. The princes had Egyptian complexions, but with square, heavy jaws, and not at all resembling either the Amunophs or the Rameses kings; but the Osiris was represented as a negro—black, and with negro features, flat nose and thick lips; the cartouches were destroyed everywhere, evidently on purpose. The second tomb was that of Amunoph the Third. The approach was similar,—a succession of long tunnels without sculpture, turning and twisting zigzag fashion, as if the mummy had been trying to escape its pursuers by doubling like a coursed hare. Alas, in vain; for, on reaching the great hall, there stood the sarcophagus broken and rifled. Behind it I found the mummy all dismembered and scattered about the floors in fragments.

Amunoph must have been a big man, judging from the length and stoutness of the thigh-bone, which measured 19½ inches in length; the skull still had the scalp attached, and was unusually thin. The fashion of covering the sepulchral chambers with mystic subjects does not seem to have been introduced till the nineteenth dynasty. There are none here nor in any of the eighteenth-dynasty tombs that I have seen. The subjects of the paintings were the introduction of Amunoph into the presence of Osiris by sundry gods and goddesses; he himself is everywhere portrayed with the regular Amunoph features. The colours were perfectly bright and fresh and the paintings uninjured, thanks to the fact that few travellers take the trouble to come here.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS.

Our Cavalcade—Ayeesha—In Hades—Tomb of Sethi the First—Rameses the Third—The Serpent Myth—The Egyptian Purgatory.

NEXT day, February 3, we devoted to our first visit to Bab-el-Melook. This name is purely Arabic, and signifies the gate or gorge of kings; it is applied to the narrow ravine in which the mausoleums of the Rameses family are situated. It is a long expedition, and therefore an early start is necessary, both to give time for all the sight-seeing that has to be crowded into one day if possible, and also to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun. Accordingly, at daybreak, the sand-bank to which we were moored was occupied by a group of Arab donkey boys and their much-enduring quadrupeds, patiently waiting for the Hawagis to appear. So, toilet and coffee completed, we summoned Talhami to give some final injunctions about lunch, then stepped forth, mounted our steeds, and took our way across the sand, which was knee-deep. We soon came to a shallow branch of the Nile, across which we waded up to the saddle-girths in water, our donkeys plunging and floundering along among the holes in the muddy bottom, threatening every minute to disappear bodily from under us, and give us the benefit of a bath gratis; however, two tall Arabs placed themselves on each side of M——, and

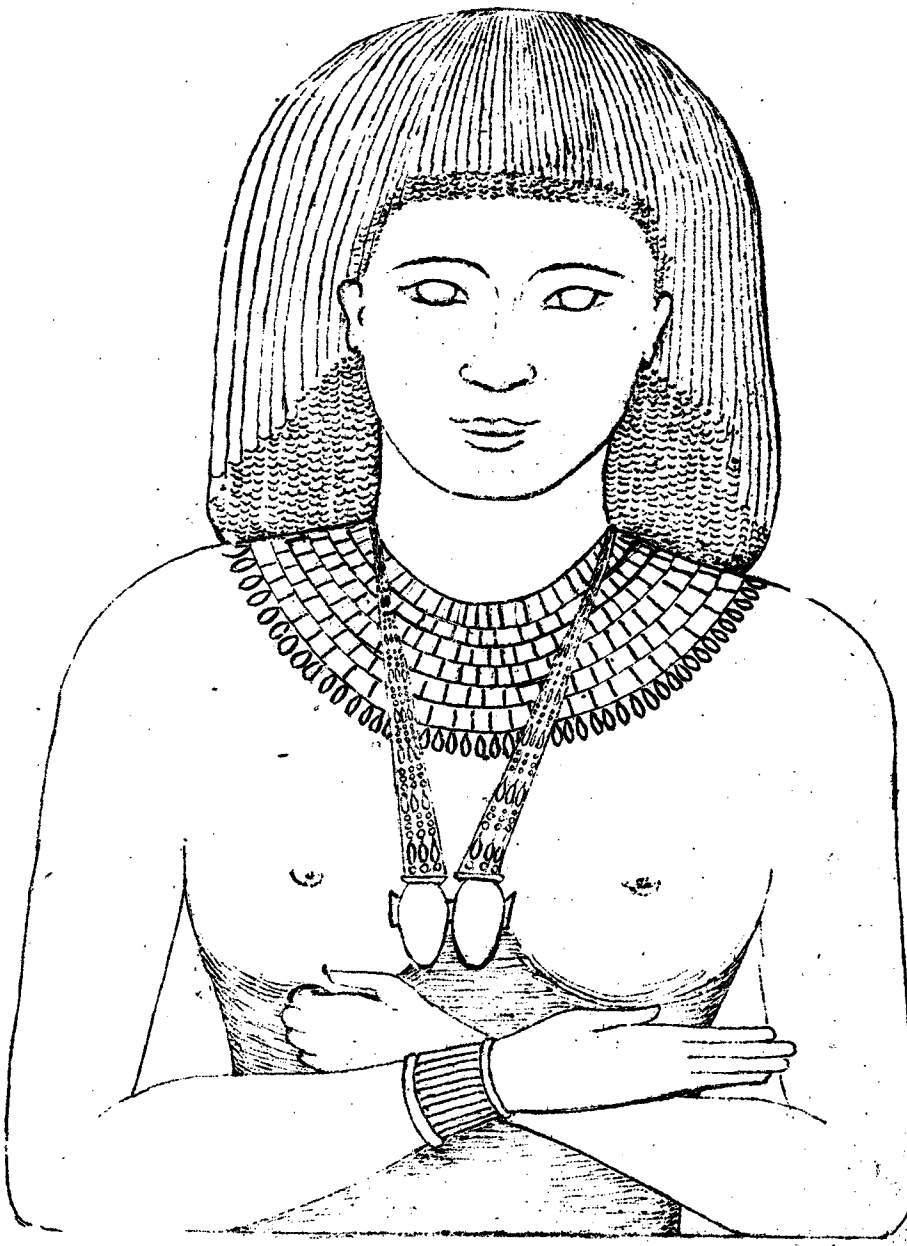
PLATE 58

PLAN OF TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

(BAB EL MOLOOK.)

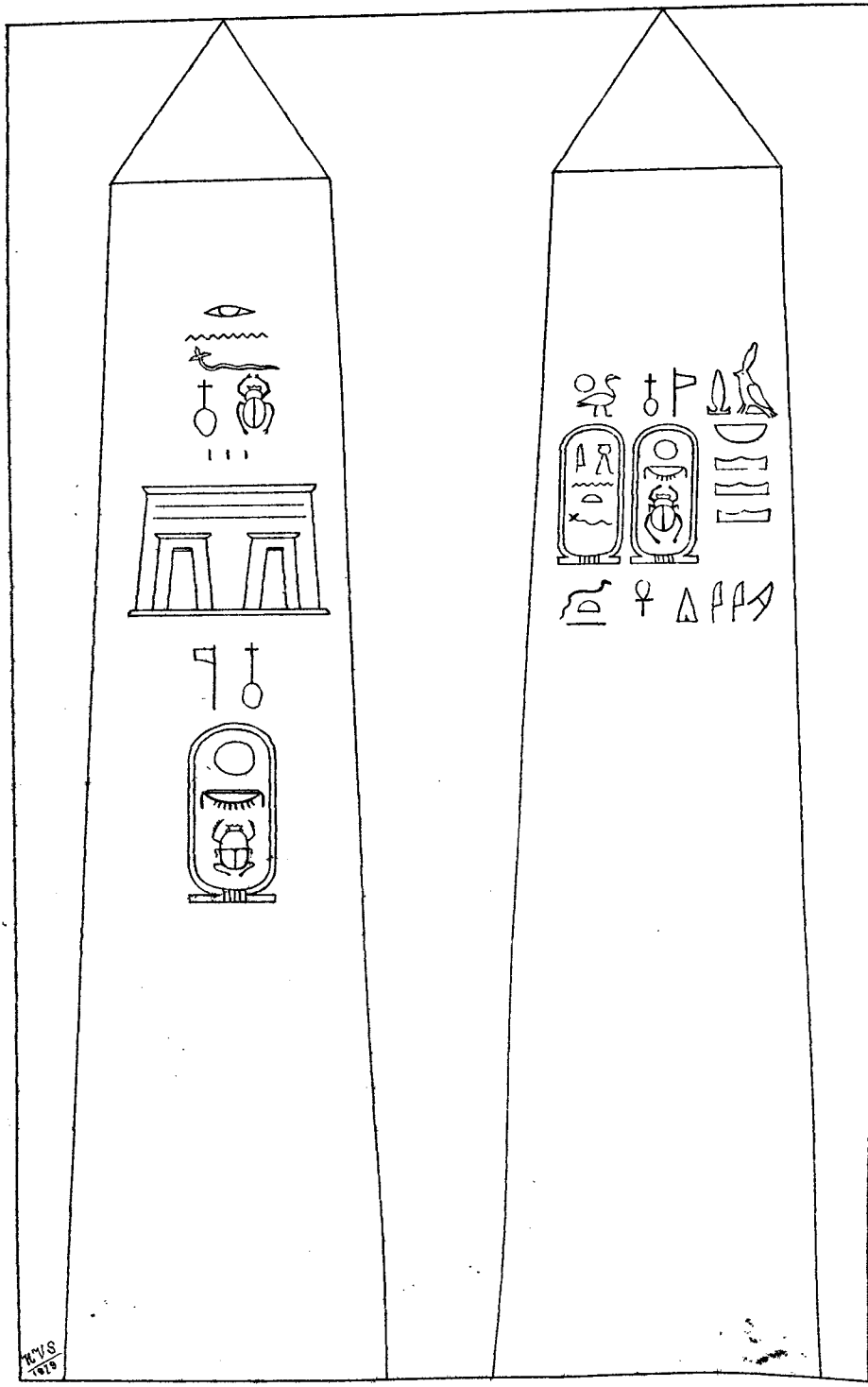
held up her and her donkey together. In returning, our dragoman, steed, and all, disappeared beneath the waves in company, so that the danger of a ducking was by no means imaginary. The cavalcade consisted of Talhami, a couple of guides, our sailor body-guard, a sumpter mule with the lunch, and two very pretty bright-eyed Arab girls carrying water-bottles on their heads for our benefit. The prettiest of them was called Ayeesha, but unluckily her water-bottle was old and broken and dirty, whereas her rival had a very smart new one. Poor little Ayeesha! she trotted after us over hill and down dale, and across the fiery Libyan hills. With her bright eyes and her merry laugh, and chanting her little English phrases to us in the most musical of voices as she tripped along. On our next expedition she had bought a new jug, and made me drink out of it so often that I felt as if I was assuming its shape and rotundity. M——'s donkey kept up a sort of grunting, grumbling solo all the time, so we christened him the vocal Memnon. Egyptian donkey-boys are most ingenious in their pleas for baksheesh. One of these heard us lamenting that our steeds were so badly fed, so presently the little wretch came up and said, "I say, Mas'r, donkey very hungry, baksheesh for donkey, I no money buy grass." After about an hour's ride we entered a wild weird valley, utterly destitute of life: on either hand were barren, desolate mountains and rocks of fantastic shape, reflecting back the glaring light and fiery heat of the sun with terrible intensity: for another hour we threaded our way along this gorge in silence and perspiration, until it ended in a *cul-de-sac* closed in by an amphitheatre of peaks, between which avalanches of hot tawny sand descended into the valley. The whole scene

was the wildest and most desolate that can be imagined, and called irresistibly to mind David's expression,—"The valley of the shadow of death." Certainly they could not have chosen a more appropriate place for the royal cemetery of the Pharaohs. Here and there among the limestone *débris* holes were discernible in the mountain side, they looked like holes and nothing else; these, however, were the entrances of the tombs. They had once had magnificent façades, sculptured and painted; these were destroyed by Cambyses, who also broke open and defiled the sarcophagi containing the royal bodies, and scattered their contents, twenty-five centuries ago. Then the curtain of sand and rubbish descended on them, and hid them out of sight, to be again discovered and again forgotten, until they have now been discovered for the last time for the benefit of tourists, and the hordes of travellers, who are fast destroying finally and for ever the venerable and interesting paintings and sculptures which Cambyses spared. The corridors leading to the great rock-chambers, excavated in the heart of the mountain, are covered with tableaux illustrating the every-day life of the Egyptians; but in the chambers themselves you seem to have taken leave of earth, and to be transported into a world of phantoms. Serpents and strange monsters twine about the walls; gorgons and chimeras dire march in grim procession; the soul appears in the presence of its judges, who each execute their special office, and each god of the Egyptian mythology executes his peculiar function. One brings in and introduces the spirit of the deceased; another weighs his good deeds in the scales against an ostrich feather; the heart of the deceased is put into the balance, in the shape of a heart



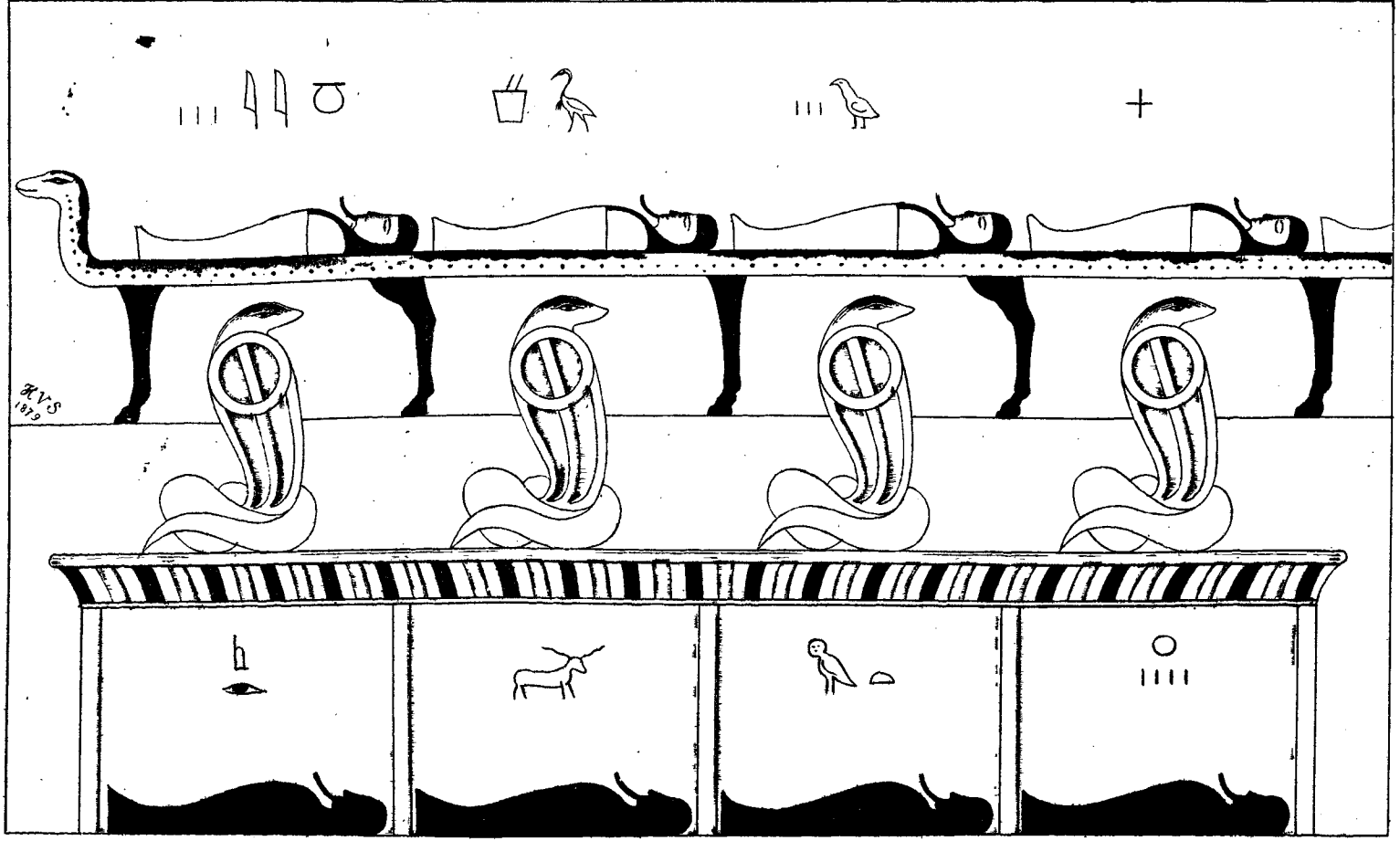
SKETCH FROM STATUE OF A NUBIAN LADY,
PERIOD OF AMUNOPH.

Plate 55.



THE MOST ANCIENT KNOWN OBELISKS IN THE WORLD.
DRAH ABOU 'L NEGGAH.

PL. XXXIII.



PL. XXII.

MUMMY COUCH & CONSOL TABLE

with a cross. Happy he who is weighed and not found wanting. Behind stand the Egyptian Minos and Rhadamanthus, backed by the ape-headed executioners; then comes the purgatory, in which the soul is represented going through its appointed periods of purification, 3000 years in all; each period is marked off by a door. Damned souls are depicted in the shape of swine driven along by malicious-looking baboons, armed with scourges. Ceilings, walls, and columns—whole acres of polished rock are covered with these gloomy pictures; and we issue forth again into the daylight with the sense of relief of a man waking from a nightmare. The colours are still fresh and vivid, and we had with us magnesium wire; even that powerful light scarcely sufficed to illumine the gloomy vaults overhead; but as it burnt fitfully, strange and portentous forms seemed to start out from the indigo background of the roof—the whole ceiling was dotted with golden stars. The temperature of the tombs is about 80°; but that seemed cool in comparison with the fiery atmosphere we had to face when we emerged into the blazing sun outside.

As one gazes on the strange, grim, tableaux within, bats glide about—silent and ghostlike, and their wings lightly brush one's face; and they seem to belong to the phantom world around, and to lend reality to them. While reading a powerful novel we know that the characters are fictitious, and yet we cannot shake off the feeling that they were living personages, and our sympathy is with them for the time, as if their trials and sufferings were real; so is it in these tombs, one knows that these paintings are but expressions of extinct superstitions, and yet they are so vivid, and their remote and venerable antiquity, and their strange situation there in

the bowels of the mountain, give them such power over us, that we cannot help feeling while in their presence a sensation of awe; nor must we lose sight of the fact that they are a very vivid expression of the great principle of future rewards and punishments, and of the immortality of the soul.

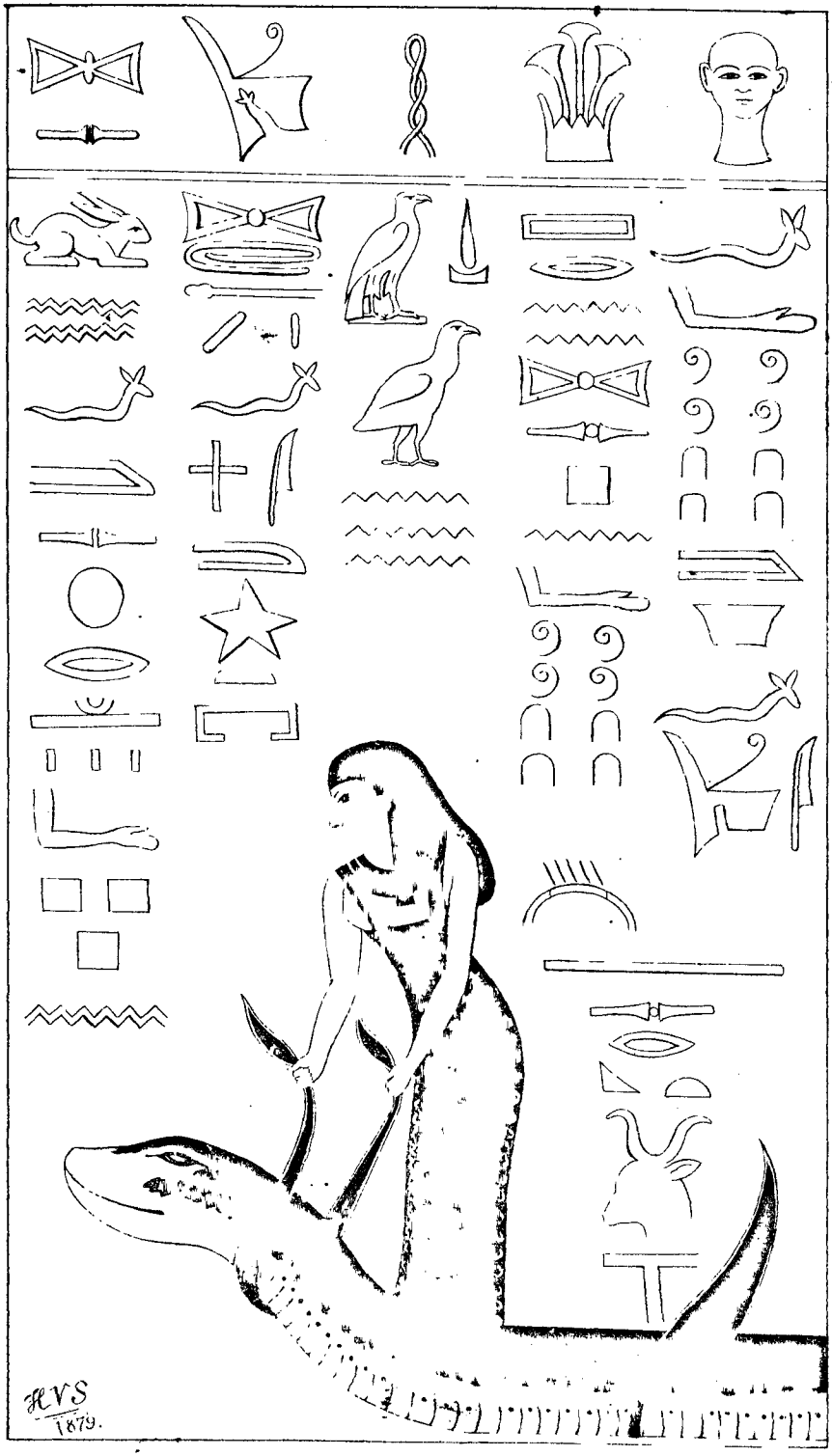
The Arabs told us a story of a boy who lost his way and was left all night in Belzoni's tomb; in the morning he was found there raving mad; he never recovered to narrate his adventures or what dire apparitions had robbed him of his wits.

Any one who has a taste for solving allegories, let him bring a good supply of provisions and come and stay for a month in one of these royal mausoleums, and he will have a most delightful time of it.

Some of the tableaux, I feel bound to say, have but a very thin veil of allegory over them, and are easy to interpret, but these are outrageously indecent.

The most beautifully executed tomb of all is that of Sethi the First; the figures and hieroglyphics are in bold relief, and are beautifully painted; they have such a very fresh new look, and the colours are so brilliant as to be absolutely startling; they are not even dusty, for as the air in these subterranean recesses is quite still and motionless there is no dust.

But alas! what time has spared, what the Persians and all succeeding generations of destroyers have left undisturbed, have been terribly marred and mutilated by a man of our own generation, and that by one from whom one would have expected some veneration for the monuments of antiquity, for he is himself an eminent antiquarian, but he has not scrupled to cut and carve the sculptures and inscriptions in the most ruthless



CAPTURE OF THE MYSTIC SERPENT

manner; out of the very heart of almost every inscription he has hacked a great square as if to put it beyond the power of Egyptologists and of future travellers to read them, and to ensure that he himself should be the last traveller to see this beautiful tomb in its perfection. We ourselves saw it twenty years ago, and it was then perfect, but the ruthless Goth came since and spent two or three years in rifling it. Could Belzoni behold its present condition, he would regret that he had ever opened it! I am happy to say the havoc has not been committed by an Englishman.

One of the prettiest allegories that remain are the twelve hours of the night, represented by twelve female Genii, each with a star over her head and her name in hieroglyphics beside her; the hours of the day are represented by twelve male Genii, also wearing stars. The allegory of the Resurrection occurs in the tomb of Rameses the Third, and is represented by the horizon of heaven, supported by a female figure and the sun just rising above it; this is so placed that a ray of light can penetrate from the entrance of the tomb 350 feet off and pass over the sarcophagus and illuminate this emblem of eternal hope.

A large number of the subjects which cover the walls are illustrated chapters from the book or ritual of the dead, and much of the hieroglyphic text is of the nature of prayers to different divinities at various stages of the soul's progress after death. Many of them have also reference to the passage of the Sun in his sacred bark through the realms of night and the infernal regions back to the East. I have selected one tableau from this curious and interesting series to illustrate this subject.

Plate XXIV. might have borne the title of the Beauty

and the Beast. The pretty lady in the starry dress is named in the inscription behind her, "The Serke or Cirke;"* she has managed to fascinate the huge serpent, and holds him in bondage with her kerchief; this is one of a series of tableaux which depict the adventures of the Sun on his way back to the East. The Egyptians had not attained to a sufficiently advanced point in science to solve the problem of how the sun in his daily course, having sunk behind the western horizon, returned to rise at the opposite quarter of the heavens. They therefore made a romance of it; they supposed him to be conveyed in a boat along a subterranean river, and to encounter on the way a series of adventures, dangers, and difficulties, which were warded off or surmounted by the aid of certain supernatural beings. In the tableau before us he has reached a bend of the river, in which a malignant serpent called Apophis resides; this monster has sinister designs upon the solar bark and its occupants, and is advancing to the attack, but a benevolent enchantress called in the inscription Serk or Circe, gets him into her power, creates a diversion, and makes Apophis a not unwilling captive. We are indebted to Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, for the following translation of the hieroglyphics:—"The back bend of the river" (top line). The rest reads in vertical columns from left to right.

"In this is the Apophis of this bend in the Hall or lower world of Hades—navigable part of the waters is the name of this bend of the river, 440 cubits in its length, 440 cubits in its breadth."

The identity of the Egyptian goddess Serke with the

* Owing to the omission of the vowels we cannot tell whether it should be written Sirke or Serke; in either case it would be pronounced Cirke.

Greek Κίρκη and the Latin Circe is confirmed by Homer's statement that the latter was the daughter of the Sun; now Serke was daughter of Ra the Sun, and we see her here engaged in exerting her fascinations over the serpent, the enemy of her father, in order to defend him from the attack of his mystic foe. The fact that she is leading the monster with her sash, a pleased and willing captive, implies witchcraft; she has cast some spell upon him; and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that this star-begirt enchantress is the original of the Circe of the Latins and the Greeks, and why not? it is only one more instance of how Egypt was the first source of Greek and Roman tradition.

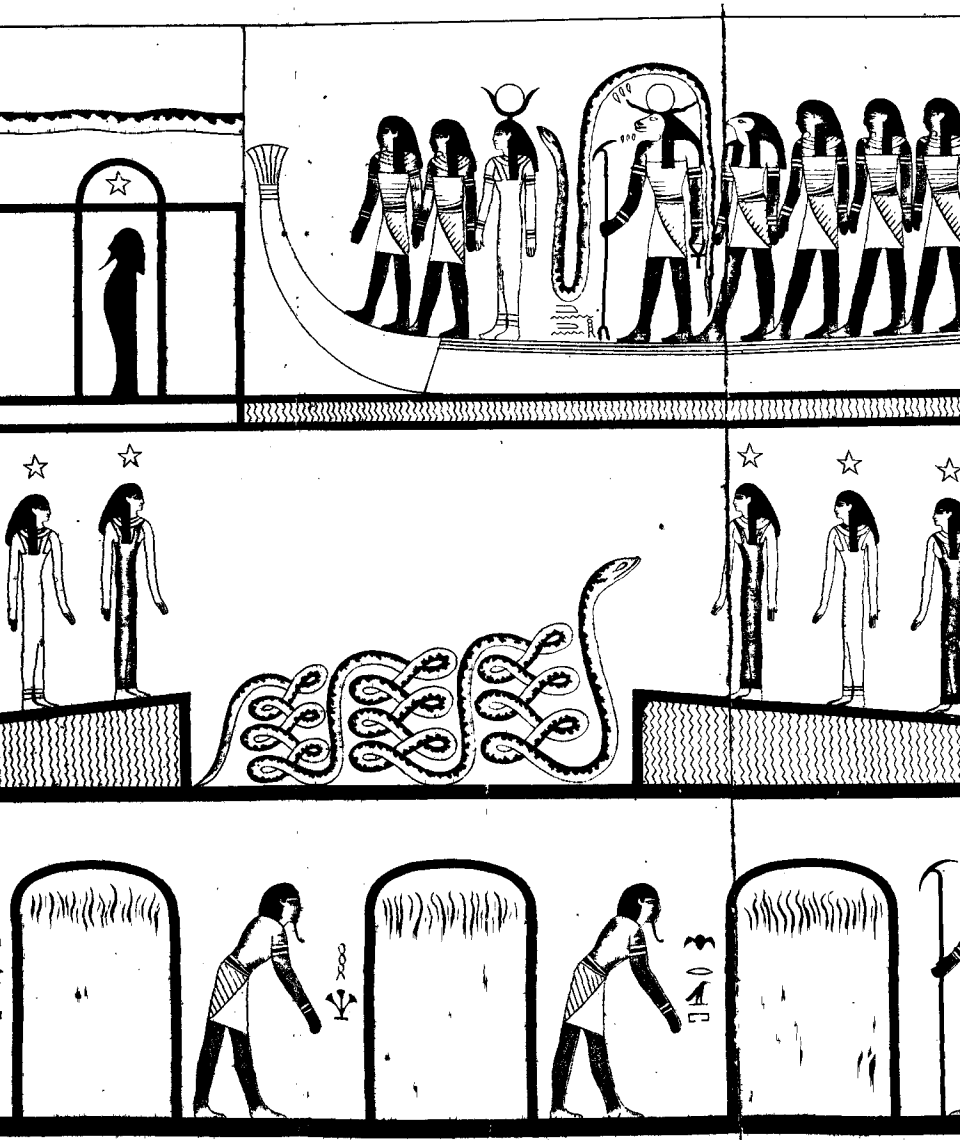
It is a remarkable and striking fact that the Chinese have a precisely analogous myth of a malignant serpent, who swallows up the Sun; and I have seen a most curious group of sculpture brought from the remote forests of Cambodia, where they occurred in a ruined temple; it consists of a procession of men carrying an enormous serpent, and it has its exact counterpart in the tombs of the kings in several places. The Chinese also, in their most ancient form of writing, have the same sign for the sun as the Egyptians, viz., a circle with a dot in the middle. To the left is a continuation of the tableau exhibiting the solar bark advancing on its course; in the bow stands the goddess, Nephthys, with her arms outstretched in the endeavour to ward off the serpent. Knouhm-Ra himself is stationed under a pavilion in the centre of the vessel, the crew consist of Genii, one of whom is at the helm and steers by the double rudder. There is an illustration of the solar bark in the double plate (page 264) which is much the same, with the exception of the goddess in the bow.

The double Plate XXXII. gives four distinct subjects from the Tombs of the Kings.

The scene of all of them is laid in the infernal regions; two have reference to the adventures of the soul after death, the other two to the passage of the solar bark referred to (page 262). The panel at the left-hand upper corner records the passing of the deceased through a succession of mansions representing transmigrations, a certain series of which must be accomplished before he can attain to the blessedness of a perfected spirit.

There are long rows of these with a hieroglyphic name over each gate; but as they do not differ except in the hieroglyph, we have contented ourselves with two; over one of them is inscribed Ar Pir; over the other Seb (see Plate XXXII.)

The lower panel appears to represent the purification of the soul from sin by fire; each furnace bearing a different name. The analogy between these scenes and the doctrine of purgatory is obvious; the attendants who stand at the mouths of the furnaces are Genii, the obedient slaves of the mystic figure, who stands a head and shoulders taller than they to the right of the Plate. He holds significantly in one hand a staff surmounted with the emblem of *purity*, in the other the sacred Tau, the key and emblem of life; the colours are all correctly given as in the original. The solar bark offers a good illustration of the mode of steering adopted in ancient times, viz., by two oars suspended from upright posts; when the pilot wished to turn his craft to the right, he raised the left-hand blade out of the water and immersed the right; when he wished to turn to the left, he raised the right-hand blade and immersed the left;



IN AMENTI, THE PLACE OF THE DEPARTED SPIRITS.
TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

when he wished to steer right ahead, he left both immersed. The tassel-like terminations of the boat have a very ancient origin; they perpetuate the memory of the primitive times when men knew not how to fashion boats of timber, and built them of bundles of reeds, bound and knitted together by transverse ties, the ends forming a brush or tassel at the extremities, where they protruded beyond the confinement of their bonds; however, we must leave such sublunary considerations, and remember that we are in the Egyptian Hades.

Foremost among the crew stand two Genii, and behind them the goddess Isis; the centre is reserved for the most important passenger, Knouhm-Ra, the sun god, beneath a bower consisting of a serpent, not the hostile Apophis, but a friendly monster, whose name appears beneath him, "Men-ha-men."

Knouhm-Ra appears to have been the supreme deity of the Egyptians, corresponding to the Jupiter Ammon* of the Greeks, and signifying *The* Supreme Spirit; he is represented as taller than Isis or than Ra, to show his pre-eminence. But why was he represented with the head of a ram? Behind stands Ra, the sun god, who seconds his supreme chief. May not this be an Egyptian way of saying that the sun carries out the purposes of the Almighty? Behind Ra come three more Genii, and last of all comes the coxswain, who, like the same functionary in an Oxford eight-oar, appears to have been selected as a light weight.

The central panel represents some situation in Hades which we cannot explain. The serpent, no doubt, is Apophis, but who are the fairies? Are they casting a spell over him, or is he menacing them?

* See Appendix, Note on Jupiter Ammon.

They are walking along the bank of a river—probably that very bend of the Stygian stream of which it is said (see Plate XXIV.), "In this is Apophis."

There are twelve of these ladies in all, but we had only room for ten in our illustration; they, perhaps, signify the twelve hours of the night. In another chamber the twelve hours of the night are so represented, and each of the fairies has the name of the hour over which she presides, attached to her.

In such charming company Apophis will, no doubt, forget his designs upon the solar bark; he appears to have had a weakness for the fair sex; witness the facility with which Circe captivates him and leads him off with a silken scarf.

In the great hall, in which the latter scene occurs, there is a console table, extending round three sides of the apartment (this is figured in Plate XXII.). It is richly painted, and appears to have been designed to place the mummies of the royal family upon. On the panels beneath are representations of mummies, each with a hieroglyphic over it. On the walls behind are processions of the hours of the day, represented by male Genii, with stars; and the hours of the night by fairies, with stars. There are also many other subjects of a strange and mystic nature. In one place there is a row of hooded snakes, which have been figured (Plate XXII.), and a long settle, in the form of a serpent, supported on legs, upon which rest more mummies. The extent of one of these tombs would be about equal to a great cathedral, and every inch of the walls and ceilings is covered with paintings and sculptures.

The ceilings are covered with highly allegorical groups, having an astronomical signification, and

bearing upon the Egyptian Calendar and the Heavenly bodies.

Endless other subjects crowd the walls of these cavern mausoleums. They would fill many albums, and are strange, mysterious, and sometimes bizarre to the last degree. The work of sketching them is not a pleasure, for the heat is very great, and those who object to bats have here a bad time of it. We are glad to make our way back to daylight, and to take our repast at the entrance of one tomb, while our donkeys were stabled in another.

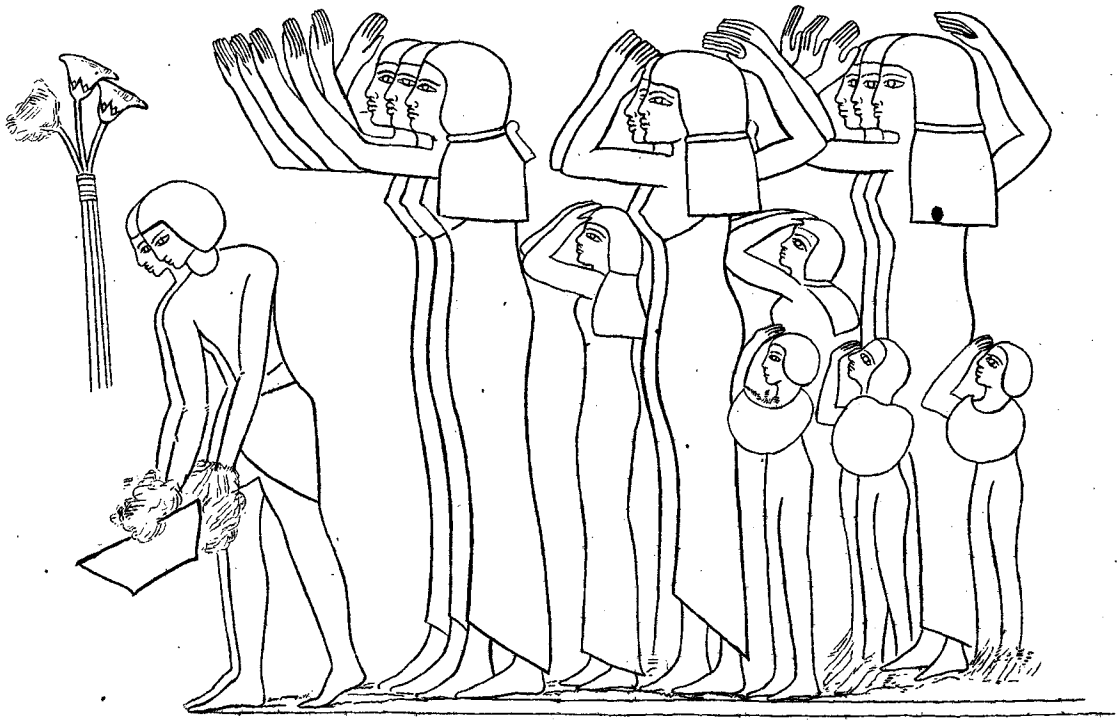
CHAPTER XXVIII.

A THEBAN CEMETERY.

A Nile Panorama—A Mummy offered for Sale—Lunch with a Turkish Gentleman—Tombs Occupied as Residences—Eleventh-dynasty Tombs—Ancient Obelisks—Mummy of Queen Ah-Hotep.

We returned across the mountains by a pass the guides knew of instead of by the way we came, and while ascending often looked back into the desolate amphitheatre below, and into the valley along which such stately processions must in the old time have wended their way to deposit the Pharaohs in their last resting-place. From the summit of the pass we had a magnificent view over the Nile and the broad expanse of the Theban plains, with its two colossi in the centre sitting as they have sat there for the last three thousand years. Scattered over the plain were the ruins of great temples including Karnak, Luxor and Medinet Abou, and between us and that plain lay a vast cemetery, honeycombed with tombs of the men who had planned and executed such vast works, and had been the living units of the most ancient empire in the world. While crossing this city of the dead we saw a jackal scuttling away—the only living thing visible besides the long shadows of ourselves and our donkeys, cast by the setting sun.

When I was in Egypt before, any one might, without let or hindrance, plunder these tombs and hunt for mummies; the consequence was, that the ancient ceme-



Pl. 26

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

teries were littered all over with fragments of mummies and their cere clothes. They were dug up by hundreds and torn to pieces in search for jewellery and antiquities. This robbery of tombs is now strictly prohibited under severe penalties, and those ambitious of possessing a mummy can only acquire one under the rose. One day while we were among the tombs, we were mysteriously invited to visit a certain cavern; an Arab conducted us along its dark recesses until we came to a door—this was constructed of thick planks, across which were marching long processions of Egyptian gods; it was in fact a patchwork of mummy cases 3000 years old, the sycamore wood of which was so hard that it was with much difficulty that nails were driven into it. Having passed this curious portal, we found ourselves face to face with a mummy in the most perfect state of preservation: the colours were as fresh and brilliant as when first laid on; the face was evidently a portrait—that of a young and pretty woman. This treasure was offered to us for sale, and it was suggested that we might on opening it, find jewellery worth ten times the amount demanded. The price, however, was large, and we felt that it would be rather like buying a pig in a poke. The cave had once been a tomb, and now formed the dwelling-place of our host. We saw his wife, to the extent at least of one eye; she shyly covered the rest of her face with her gown—she had with her a queer quaint little girl, with a lemon-yellow face, and a long bright pink gown; to her we gave some baksheesh, and took our leave. The den reminded me much of Crusoe's cavern.

We were invited by a Turkish gentleman, whose acquaintance we had made, to lunch with him; he had

a sort of chalet upon the mountain slope among the rocks. It was a curious place for a summer house, for the mountain side was all honeycombed with tombs; but the view over the plain of Thebes, and across the Nile to Luxor and Karnak, was superb. His banquet hall was a long narrow room, with no other furniture than a well-cushioned divan running round three sides of it; on the fourth were the windows and door, the former carefully shaded to keep out the sun. A low table was placed in the centre of the room, round which we all squatted Turkish fashion on carpets. The first dish presented to us was a sort of thin pancake soaked in milk and lemon juice—to appreciate this dish, one's palate must be educated. We had brought with us a mayonnaise of fish, which we asked leave to produce, and which our host appreciated enormously without any education. Cold chicken and other things followed, and between the courses, milk acidulated with lime juice was handed round. Our host spoke English, and gave us much interesting information about Egyptian matters. After dessert, Egyptian servants brought round a silver ewer and basin and a towel, and poured water over our hands; we were then invited to recline at full length on the ottoman, leaning on our elbows, and some excellent Mocha coffee was handed about in little cups in silver sockets; the next proceeding was amber-mouthed tchibouks and Latakia tobacco of first-rate quality; when one pipe was finished, our attendant brought a fresh one ready lighted. M—— declined to join in this ceremony, whereupon our host, thinking she must be tired, insisted on tucking her up on the ottoman, and made her take a nap. Our *déjeuner* was an interesting little Oriental experience.

Amongst the curiosities of smaller tombs belonging to private individuals in the Theban cemeteries is the way in which the natives have taken up their residences in them. You will find them living in apartments, the walls of which are covered with sculptures and paintings of men and women whose lives and whose loves and feasts were contemporary with the Amunophs and the Thothmes who bore sway between 3000 and 4000 years ago. On the walls are depicted their feasts and their funerals, their furniture and fashions of dress and ornament, their amusements and employments, their private pursuits, their public exploits and achievements. Often they have recorded some great and memorable occasion where they have received some honour from their sovereign, and then the Pharaoh himself is represented seated in state beneath his canopy, and receiving the worthy to whom the tomb belonged.

If he was an officer, processions of soldiers and of chariots are arranged along the wall, and he is marching at their head, or if he is a priest he is sacrificing to the gods. In these tombs the ladies of the family are not forgotten. The wife sits close to her husband, with her head lovingly laid on his shoulder, and all along the lower part of the wall is often a dado, consisting of their sons and daughters, each with his or her name in hieroglyphics over their heads. They are seated on stools, the boys on one side, the girls on the other; the walls being covered with the family history, written in hieroglyphics wherever there is room to squeeze them in. In these old-world sepulchral grottoes, and amid these scenes, the natives bivouac. They have erected cupboards and wardrobes built of Nile mud. They have no bedsteads or chairs; they sleep on the floor on a

little durra straw; that is their whole stock of furniture, with the exception of pots and jars of Nile mud, baked in a kiln, and amongst these roll the babies, with their little eyes almost eaten out of their heads by flies which neither they nor their parents ever dream of brushing off. Mixed up with these a couple of goats and two or three sheep, and perhaps a buffalo calf, complete the family circle. The pot is boiled over a fire made with camels' dung and durra straw, and perhaps a limb or two of a mummy—a very witches' caldron, and the pungent smoke rolls back, blackening and soiling the paintings and sculptures with a greasy soot. In the background, far in the rear at the extremity of the tomb, in a recess, sit up in state two figures larger than life, and black with the smoke of ages. They are the portrait statues of the former tenants of this weird dwelling-place. What makes the combination still more incongruous is that figures, statues, the likeness of any graven image, is an abomination to the Mahometan.

The state of things I have described is found in the tombs on the Theban plain and on the lower slopes of the hills, and of course the colours in these are anything but fresh. High up in the hills, however, are tombs which have never been used as dwellings; in some of them the colours are ridiculously brilliant, as if only completed yesterday, but large patches have been broken out of the walls at the instigation of unscrupulous travellers, and of course always the most interesting portions are selected by the destroyer. In a few years these relics of the most ancient civilization in the world will have disappeared for ever.

There is a vast cemetery belonging to the eleventh

dynasty where this has actually occurred. It is several square miles in extent, and is so honey-combed with tombs that you can only cross it by picking your way along the ridges that divide one mummy pit from another. It is often like walking along the edge of a knife, while right and left of you yawn pits of unknown depth, once filled quite full of mummies, while whole streets of funeral chambers, with square-cut portals, are beneath your feet, and in almost all of these the paintings and sculptures have been destroyed. Even here, however, we managed to glean some interesting remains, for by persevering search and promises of baksheesh to our guides, we came upon eleventh-dynasty tombs in which some paintings survived, and they were all interesting, and differed from those of later dynasties. Here was found the mummy of Queen Ah-Hotep. Close to the place where the poor queen was dragged from her resting-place I saw two broken obelisks, the inscription on which stated that they had been erected by King Entef.

The obelisk at Heliopolis is supposed to be the most ancient in Egypt, being of the twelfth dynasty, but those figured in Plate XXXIII. are more ancient still, for they were erected by a king of the eleventh dynasty. They lie broken up into several large pieces. These were partly buried in the sand, but I set a party of Arabs to work, and in a couple of hours' time we had them cleared to the base. I present my readers with drawings showing two of their faces. The inscription on the right-hand monolith reads as follows:—"The crowned Horus, Sovereign of the Mountain Lands, Perfected of God, Son of the Sun, granted life for evermore." The inscription on the left-

hand one reads, "Noub-kafer-ra, Perfect of God, made for himself good and splendid temples." The hieroglyphics in these obelisks were very well preserved, owing to the friendly protection of the sand beneath which they were buried. They are the most ancient that have yet been discovered, being at least one thousand years older than the one that now stands on the Thames Embankment. It was close to them that the mummy of Queen Ah-Hotep was found, and near by also were discovered the coffins of several kings of the eleventh dynasty. They were covered with gold from head to foot; round the neck of the queen was a necklace of solid gold, consisting of nine rows of ornaments, each row being different. In the coffin were also found magnificent earrings, consisting of large golden bees. There were besides enamelled bracelets of very beautiful workmanship and daggers with gold handles: amongst other ornaments were two lions chasing each other down the blade; these were inlaid in gold, and were executed with great spirit. These royal ornaments are striking examples of the artistic taste and skill of the Egyptians of that remote period. To give an idea of the antiquity of these interesting ornaments I may mention that King Entef reigned upwards of 2000 years B.C. It has always been supposed that there were no obelisks erected on the western side of the Nile, and it was thought that some superstition limited them to the eastern bank of the river. These monuments of Entef, however, are on the western side, and prove that no religious scruple existed on the subject. The fact that the majority of the obelisks were on the eastern side is probably owing to the quarries of red granite, out of which they were hewn, being on that side. Their

enormous weight proved an insurmountable obstacle to carrying them across the river, as we observed in the description of Gebel Silsilis. In reference to the difficulties of getting them across the water it is significant that the two obelisks in the island of Philæ are comparatively small, probably owing to this very difficulty, and that is the case also with the pair I have here figured.

Feb. 2.—We attended service at the comfortable hotel established in Luxor by that enterprising firm, Messrs. Cook & Co. The lessons were read by a member of Parliament, who was collecting facts about the famine, which in due time he dispensed from his place in that august assembly. I never heard the Scriptures more impressively rendered. The sermon was on the resurrection of the body, a subject which derived additional point in that region, surrounded as we were by evidences of the firm faith of its ancient inhabitants in this doctrine.

Before we left Luxor Prince Hassan arrived, and there was a grand illumination in his honour. All the European and native dahabeeahs were decked with hundreds of lanterns, and the reflections in the broad mirror of the Nile had a beautiful effect. The blaze of light on the water was rivalled on land by the consulates and other houses, which were festooned with lamps, and sent forth bouquets of rockets to the great delight of the natives.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HISTORIC NOTES.

Egyptian History Repeats Itself—Origin of the Ancient Egyptians—Analogies of Language—European Character of Egyptian Features—Influence of Climate—Cyprian Antiquities, showing close connection with Egypt in remote times.

BEFORE describing our visit to Deir-el-Bahari it will be well to make a few observations upon the course of Egyptian history and the origin of its people, because there are inscriptions on this ancient temple which throw considerable light upon the origin of the race who have played so important a *rôle* in the civilization of Europe. The attempt to trace back Egyptian history to its source is much like tracing back the Nile to its head-waters, as, after following up its stream for hundreds of miles, you will still find the same villages, the same palm-trees, the same mountain ranges in monotonous uniformity; so in the stream of Egyptian history the same events, the same triumphs in peace and war, seem to recur again and again. If you begin with the nineteenth dynasty, you find Rameses the Third invading his neighbours, overthrowing Libyans in the west and the wandering tribes on the east, carrying his arms into Syria and triumphing over the kings and chiefs of Asia Minor, or building new temples, and developing the gold, silver, or copper mines of Sinai, or the alabaster quarries of Egypt. If you go back five reigns, to the annals of Rameses the Second, you find the record of his exploits so exactly similar that you

PL. XLV.

INSCRIPTION OF SENOFRE-OU AND OUSERS RA, MINES OF SINAI

might suppose that his descendant had borrowed them for his own glorification; or go back to a previous dynasty, the eighteenth, and you find the great warrior kings, the Thothmes and Amunophs, fighting the same list of enemies, and achieving the same triumphs; or skip over six dynasties and go back to the twelfth, the triumphs of peace and war seem but vain repetitions: the story is the same, the name alone is changed. Or spring back another six dynasties, to the times of King Pepi and Nofrekara, and you still find them slaughtering the Ethiopians, levying tributes on their neighbours, restoring temples, opening-up roads to the desert of Sinai, working its turquoise mines and bringing its gold and silver to Egypt, mingled with notices of buildings of the Pyramids and other public works; and in the scanty records we have of the third dynasty, at which point the stream of history runs dry, we find Senofreou fighting the tribes to the east of the Red Sea, and his name is inscribed on the rocks of Sinai. Egyptian history resembles the Nile, also, in its solitary course. As that river flows on all alone, unaided by a single tributary, *for hundreds of miles through the desert*, imparting life and fertility to its arid sands, so for a long tale of centuries did the current of Egyptian history flow on its lonely course without a contemporary, developing on its way the arts of civilized life, including that gift peculiar to man of recording thoughts and events in writing and painting and sculpture, while other races were yet enveloped in the night of barbarism and savage ignorance, and passed away without trace or record.

With regard to the origin of the ancient Egyptians, there seems no doubt that the Egyptian races were of the same origin as the European—both came from Asia;

there is reason to believe that they found their way into Egypt from Arabia by way of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and then through Abyssinia. The reasons for believing them to be of the same race as that which peopled Europe are, first, their features; second, the analogies of their language. In the latter we find many words almost identical with words in the Indo-Germanic languages; for instance, *mut* is the ancient Egyptian for mother. In the German the word *mutter*, and in the Latin the word *mater*, and in the Greek the word *mētēr*, are all evidently derived from the same root; but the identity may be traced much further. Here is a list of languages in which the same word occurs with trifling variations:—

Egyptian	*mut.*	Greek	*mētēr.*
German	*mutter.*	English	*mother.*
Sanscrit	*mâtar.*	Gaelic	*mathair.*
Latin	*mater.*		

So from the root *men*:—

Egyptian	*men*, stability, strength.
Greek	*menos*, strength.
Greek also	*menethos*, quality of strength.
Cornish	*men*, strong.
Greek	*menein*, to remain.
Latin	*manere*, to remain.
German	*macht*, might.
Chinese	*men*, mountain.
Latin	*mons*, mountain, emblem of permanence.

Again—

Egyptian	*ar*, to make.
Latin	*ars*, art.
Greek	*ἀρτύω*, to make.

Egyptian . . *artuan*, to prepare.
Greek . . . ἀρτυνειν, to prepare.
German . . *artig*, civilized, polished, prepared.
Greek . . . ἄρτος, bread, *i.e. prepared* wheat.

Egyptian . . *ua*, one.
Latin . . . *unus*, one.
German . . *ein*, one.

Egyptian . . . *sās*, six.
German . . *sechs*, six.
Latin . . . *sex*, six.
Greek . . . *hex*, six.

Egyptian . . . *nen*, nothing.
English . . *none*.
German . . . *nein*, no.
Italian . . . *niente*, nothing.

Egyptian . . . *tari*, a companion (feminine).
Greek . . . *hetaira*, a companion (feminine).

Egyptian . . . *ennou*, waves.
Latin . . . *undæ*, waves.

Egyptian . . . *Hapi*, the Ape-headed God.
English . . . *ape*.
German . . . *affe*.

Egyptian . . *tet*, to suckle, and the
English . . . *teat*, are obviously connected.

And a word related to the idea of mother, viz., a woman's breast, is in—

Egyptian . . . *maa*.
Sanscrit . . *ma*.
Malay . . . *maa*.
Persian . . . *mama*.
Greek . . . *mamma*.
Welsh . . . *mam*.
Cornish . . . *mam*.

Egyptian . .	*sau*, to drink.
German . . .	*saufen*, to drink.
Egyptian . .	*tu*, to give.
Latin . . .	*do*, I give.
Egyptian . .	*hāti*, the heart.
German . . .	*herz*, the heart.
English . .	*heart*.

With the well-known Egyptian word *Ra*, the Sun, the word *ray* in English and *radius* in Latin are probably connected.

The Egyptian hieroglyph for 100 is C. Query, may not our sign for a hundredweight, cwt., be derived from it?

The Egyptians termed a daughter *sat*. The Arab word for a lady is *sit*. Again, the word *atefou* (forefathers) re-appears in the Latin word *atavi* (forefathers). The Egyptian word for beetle was *kafer;* the German word is the same unchanged; and the same word re-appears in English in *cockchafer*. The Egyptian for blessed is *macherou;* the Greek *machar*.

Amongst the analogies of language is the feminine article, which is *te* in Egyptian and *die* in German and ἡ in Greek. They resemble the Greek, also, in having a dual number as well as a singular and plural; thus obelisk, a pair of obelisks, would be the dual, and obelisks would be the plural; each have different terminations, viz.:—Tekhen, an obelisk; Tekhenoui, two obelisks, dual; Tekhenou, plural, several obelisks.

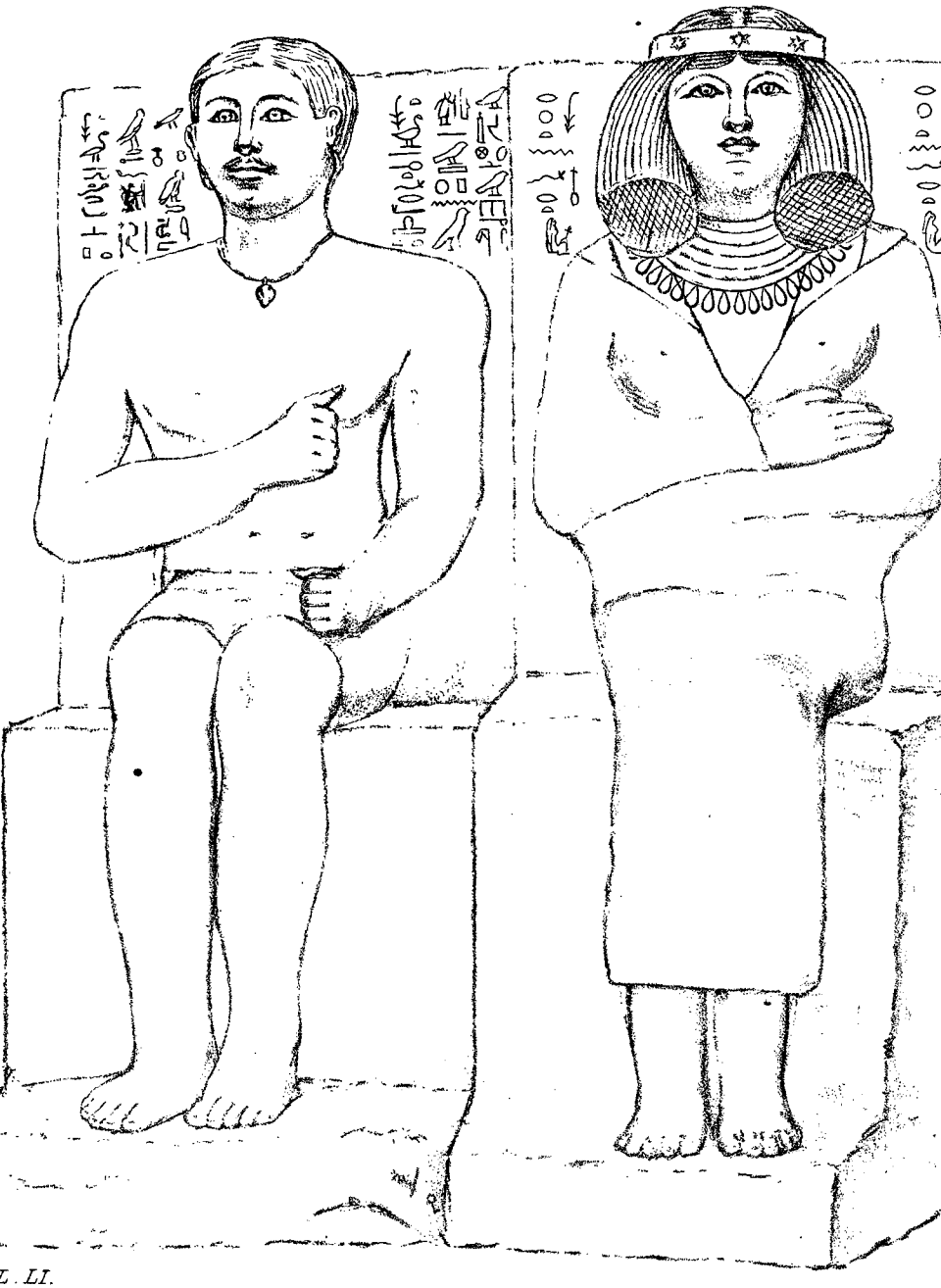
With the above score of examples, taken at random from my very limited Egyptian vocabulary, we must rest satisfied. Interesting as the subject is, it would lead me too far afield to follow it further; even these quoted are sufficiently striking.

They point to the conclusion either that Europe was colonized from Egypt, or else both the European and Egyptian races sprang from the same Asiatic country; but there are other links between certain European races and the ancient Egyptians; for instance, the forms of their pottery. Etruscan vases and the ancient Greek pottery are only reproductions of the far more ancient Egyptian forms. The same may be said of the earliest agricultural implements,—the plough and the sickle, or the ornaments worn by men and women, such as bead necklaces and bracelets; and articles for furniture, such as couches and chairs. I think it not improbable that the Pelasgic Greeks, the most ancient Greek race known to us, came from Egypt; in fact, the Greeks themselves claimed an Egyptian origin both for themselves and their gods, and represented Danaus, first of their founders, as the son of a king of Egypt. It is well known that the architecture of the Pelasgi was constructed of enormous blocks of stone like that of the Egyptians; their tombs were vast piles of stones, presenting a rude analogy to the Pyramids, beneath which were sepulchral chambers, built of large stones, and containing the bodies of the deceased, along with the objects they had used during life. Now these Pelasgi were ultimately driven out of Greece by colonies from Phœnicia, and they spread themselves westward, occupying Italy and Gaul, and even throwing themselves into Britain.

There is strong reason to believe that the Etruscans were a branch of the Pelasgic family, and that both came from Egypt. Mere community of origin would not account for the Etruscans not only having decided affinities of language with the Egyptians, but also having Egyptian forms of pottery, Egyptian sculptured

and painted tombs, Egyptian mythologic deities, Egyptian scarabæi, and Egyptian views of the judgment, *e.g.*, the ushering of the soul into the presence of its judges by the jackal-headed Anubis. All these coincidences point to a direct Egyptian origin.

I have already said that, besides language, the features also of the ruling class of the ancient Egyptians point to the common origin of them and of the European races. It is remarkable that the farther you go back the more European the faces become. I present to my readers truthful portraits of the two most ancient statues in the world; they were found in a tomb of the third dynasty, and are considerably older than the Pyramids. On looking at them one is immediately struck by the European character of the features. The young man with his little moustache and straight nose, if dressed in European costume, might be met in London to-morrow without incurring any remark; and the lady, if fashionably attired, would only attract attention as being remarkably good-looking. Their eyes are put in in rock crystal; those who know how difficult it is to make artificial eyes look natural, will admire the soft and natural expression of these. The fact that they were able to turn and polish so excessively hard a substance as rock-crystal, and to fit them neatly into such a substance as crystalline quartz, and that again in a setting of copper, speaks volumes for the advanced stage which the arts must have reached even at so remote a period as the third dynasty. The next most ancient statue known is that of Khafra, the builder of one of the Great Pyramids; his features also might be those of a European. There is in the Museum at Cairo a very remarkable wooden



L. LI.

PRINCE RA-HOTEP & PRINCESS NOFRE-TE.

STATUES, THIRD DYNASTY.

statue; this was found in the same cemetery as the two statues first mentioned; it has crystal eyes put in in exactly the same manner; it wears the same dress as the statues of the Prince Rahotep and the Princess Nofre-te, which I have already described; and there can be no doubt that it belongs to the same period. The face might be that of a burly German farmer. In the neighbourhood of the Pyramids there are great numbers of tombs belonging to the courtiers, priests, and officers of state of the fourth dynasty, and presenting us with scores of portraits of the men of that time; one and all of them are strikingly European. It is a curious thing, however, that in later times the governing race appears to have undergone a modification, and have a more Semitic look than in the early times above referred to; this may have arisen from intermarriages with the neighbouring Asiatic states. I allude to the nineteenth and subsequent dynasties. The facts I have cited do not, of course, prove that the Egyptians came from Europe, that would be contrary to all tradition and all probability; but they give good grounds for concluding either that Europe was partly colonized from Egypt, which I think most probable, or that both Egypt and Europe are colonized from the same centre. So far as we obtain any clue from language, it is to be observed that the most primitive forms, the roots from which many European words were derived, are found in the ancient Egyptian; I mean that the root in its simplest form is found there, while the stem, the further development of it, is found in Europe. It may, of course, be that Europe was colonized both *viâ* Asia Minor and *viâ* Egypt.

It is a remarkable fact that no negro or even Nubian

face occurs amongst the thousands of faces sculptured on tombs and temples previous to the eighteenth dynasty. We have examined endless groups of people, slaves, labourers, soldiers and boatmen of dynasties three, four, five, six, twelve and thirteen, but never succeeded in finding a single truly African face previous to the eighteenth dynasty, and then they occur in abundance and continue to do so down to the monuments of latest date. It was not because the Egyptians had not penetrated to Nubia in ancient times—Pepi's name is found on memorial stele in Nubia; his campaigns there are mentioned, and he must have taken many prisoners and made many slaves, but in all the numerous sixth-dynasty tombs not a Nubian face is to be seen, nor a black skin. Is it incredible that the black complexion and woolly wigs of the tropical Africans may be due to slow changes from the effects of climate? that is a trifling demand upon our credulity compared with what Mr. Darwin requires us to believe.

There are plenty of examples of the modifications of complexion brought about in a long course of ages by climate; the Hindoos are a case in point. The Indian dialects, of which Sanscrit is the key, proclaim the common origin of that people with the Asiatic and European races, and so do their features, which are distinguished by colour alone from those of northern people; these differences are due to climate. The very name Adam, which means *red* earth, seems to point to the first parents of the human race not having been fair; probably they were of a medium complexion—those of their descendants who made their homes in the North became fairer, while those in the South became darker than their prototypes. In the animal world we

see analogous changes—the ptarmigan is a grouse whose colour has been changed by climate and surroundings; so the Arctic hare, but hair, feathers, and skin are all closely allied, and changes that we know to have occurred in the case of the former from the effects of climate we may assume to be possible in the latter. Other physiological differences in the negro may be accounted for by his surroundings; the more animal conformation of his features may be due to the fact that the indolent life and relaxing climate of Equatorial Africa are unfavourable to the intellect but favour the predominance of the more animal propensities.

Having followed the course of the Nile for 1000 miles we observed that the population became gradually darker as we travelled south, and that there was no sharply defined line between the sunburnt Arab and the comparatively light-coloured inhabitants of Alexandria and the swarthy Nubians of the Second Cataract, but that we passed from one extreme to the other by imperceptible gradations. The Nubian differs from the negro in having much less of the animal cast of feature which characterises the latter; that is due to the fact that the Nubian climate differs totally from Equatorial Africa, the home of the true negro, in being keen and bracing, and also the conditions of the Nubian's life require intelligence and industry—the cultivation of the Nile banks being still dependent upon artificial irrigation and constant watchfulness and exertion.

I regret very much that I have no knowledge of any of the African dialects, but it would be deeply interesting to know whether any analogies of language could be traced between them and the populations of Asia and Europe; we suspect some links would be found to exist,

and we believe firmly in the common origin of the whole human race. We can trace a very decided and unmistakable relationship of tongue from the Sanscrit of the far East to the Cornish and Welsh of the far West, and the argument from community of language and tradition, to community of origin appears irresistible.

It will be asked why I say that the old Egyptians came from Asia by way of Abyssinia. The reasons for thinking so are that the Egyptians traced the home of their gods, that is to say, of their most ancient traditions, to Abyssinia; they called it the sacred land, and whenever they represented the inhabitants of Abyssinia they represented them as identical in dress and complexion with themselves. It would even seem that their language must have been similar. There is an elaborate series of bas-reliefs on the walls of Deir-el-Bahari representing an expedition to Abyssinia; in these the Egyptian commissioner is represented as landing and immediately entering into conversation with the chief of the country, who receives him on his arrival with every mark of friendship and respect. The country referred to is the lowland seaboard of Abyssinia; the Egyptians reached it in their fleet by way of the Red Sea, and the products of the country are represented as consisting of ivory, gold, spices, myrrh and other tropical products, while amongst the animals are represented the giraffe, the lion, and the dog-headed ape; this last, though not found in Egypt itself, was nevertheless worshipped at a very remote period—a fact which offers another link to connect their early origin with Abyssinia, and more especially with the lowland tropical portion of it beyond Cape Guardafui, now called the Somali country. The hieroglyphic inscrip-

tions of Deir-el-Bahari speak of a mountain cut into terraces, their northern landing-place, which might lead to its identification. In fact, since writing the above, I met the captain of a ship, who told me that a marked feature of the Somali country was, that in the vicinity of the sea extended level plains, backed at a little distance inland by mountain plateaux, which rose from the low country *in parallel terraces*, and would correspond to the mountain cut into steps spoken of in the inscription. This formation extends from the Galla country as far south as Zanzibar. The people are painted in the bas-reliefs with the same red complexions, dress, and appearance as those of Egypt, so much so as to be scarcely distinguishable from them.

As to the question whether civilization began in the north and rolled southwards, or whether it began in the south and advanced northwards, it must be borne in mind that owing to the peculiarity of the country in having a magnificent highway in the shape of the river Nile from end to end, the whole valley must have been in such perfect communication that any advance made in civilization in one part of it would be soon imparted to the rest. It is assumed that civilization began in the north because the earliest durable monuments are found there, but it might as reasonably be argued that because the most durable and imposing monument of ancient British civilization is found at Stonehenge, that therefore Salisbury Plain was the cradle of British civilization. The fact is that civilized arts must have been in process of development for centuries before the specimens of it which have come down to our time were called into existence. Civilization probably had its beginnings amongst the independent tribes that occupied

the Nile Valley before they were united together under one sovereign. When that event happened it is easy to account for Memphis having become the head-quarters and the capital of the now united country, because it was in the vicinity of by far the largest tract of cultivable land in all Egypt, viz., the Delta, and would therefore attract the largest population. Whatever arts the primitive tribes had possessed would be drawn together there, and become developed with increased rapidity. It is quite possible, therefore, that civilization may have begun in the south and yet have attained its highest development in the north; but, as I have already said, the whole population was so knitted together that no one part could long have a monopoly in any branch of civilized attainments.

Another indication of the southern origin of their civilization occurs in the hieroglyphics, for we find amongst them the elephant, the giraffe, the dog-headed ape; all animals of tropical Africa, and which never could have existed in the wild state in Egypt proper.

The monuments of their early civilization have perished, but the testimony of their written characters still remains, and also the testimony of their traditions to indicate a southern origin.

It is argued that because the Pyramids are in the north, and because they and the tombs about them are the earliest examples of Egyptian civilization that have come down to us, that therefore civilization must have commenced in the north. But it would be absurd to suppose that the Pyramids and the tombs that cluster round them were the *earliest* fruits of civilization, for they contain, as I have pointed out, the evidences of an already advanced stage of the arts; they indicate

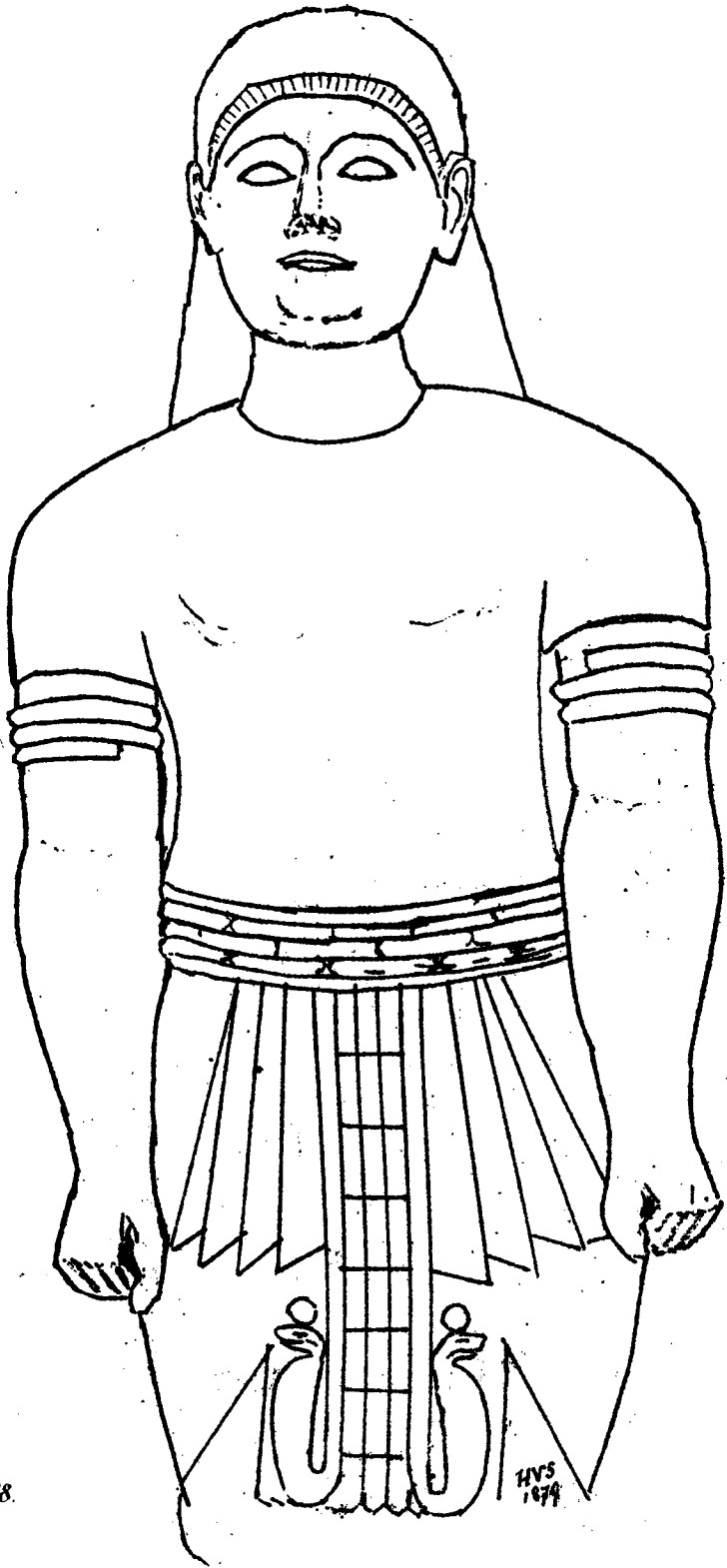


Plate 48.

where the previously scattered strength of the nation was first concentrated and gathered together into one mighty stream, but they are far from taking us back to the first sources to which that broad and strong current owed its origin.

The Pyramids are older than the temples; the monuments of much later dynasties than those of the Pyramids have perished utterly. It is therefore not wonderful that the monuments of earlier dynasties, and of the independent tribes that preceded all the dynasties, should have perished and left no trace.

As a matter of fact we know that Menai was a Southerner. He came from Abydos, not far north of Thebes; but he made Memphis the seat of his government because it stood at the apex of the Delta, the most extensive habitable tract, and therefore the most populous in Egypt.

There can be no doubt that one of the stepping-stones between Egypt and Greece was Cyprus. The antiquities of that very interesting island suggest unmistakable kinship with Egypt on the one hand and with Greece and Etruria on the other; and the same is discernible in the Trojan antiquities dug up by Schliemann, which decidedly recall Cyprus.

We annex two illustrations of subjects discovered by Cesnola there—one of a statue wearing the royal apron and asps of Egypt, and the other showing the winged globe, which occurs on every Egyptian temple. It is a significant fact that the apron is of a pattern which was in fashion during the eighteenth dynasty. Thothmes wears it in the kissing scene (Plate VII., and Plates VIII. and VI.) With the nineteenth dynasty a new fashion of aprons came in, and the previous

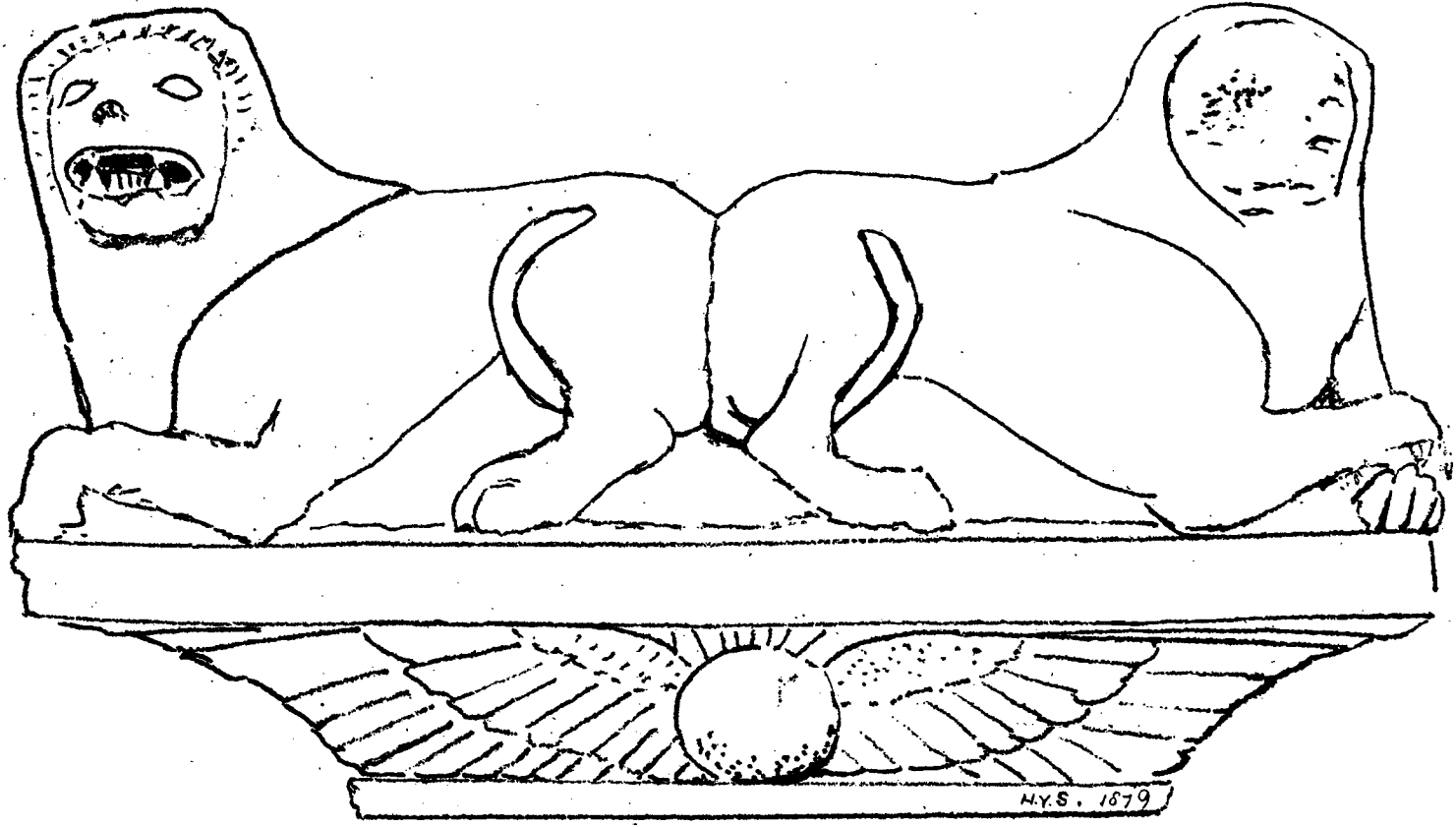
fashion vanished for ever; therefore, the apron worn by the statue fixes the date approximately; it was between 1800 and 1600 B.C.

The two lions which surmount the winged globe remind us strongly of the gate of lions at Mycenæ. Schliemann found an Egyptian ornament in the grave of Agamemnon, and Homer displays a considerable knowledge of Egypt; he even knew how many gates Thebes had. It is evident, therefore, that close ties existed between Egypt and Greece. In fact, the Greeks claimed that their gods came from thence, and the story of Venus rising out of the sea probably means nothing more than that Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, was brought by ships from Egypt to Cyprus. The transformation of Hathor into Venus may be traced in the statuettes from Idalia found by Cesnola. First she appears cow-headed, then with cow's ears and a woman's face, and finally with human ears. The god Neptune may also be traced to Egypt, for his name reads Neb(t)ennou, "The Lord of Waves." The *t* has been introduced for euphony.

It is worth observing that the armlets worn by the statue are identical in form with some that we found amongst the ruins of Elephantine.

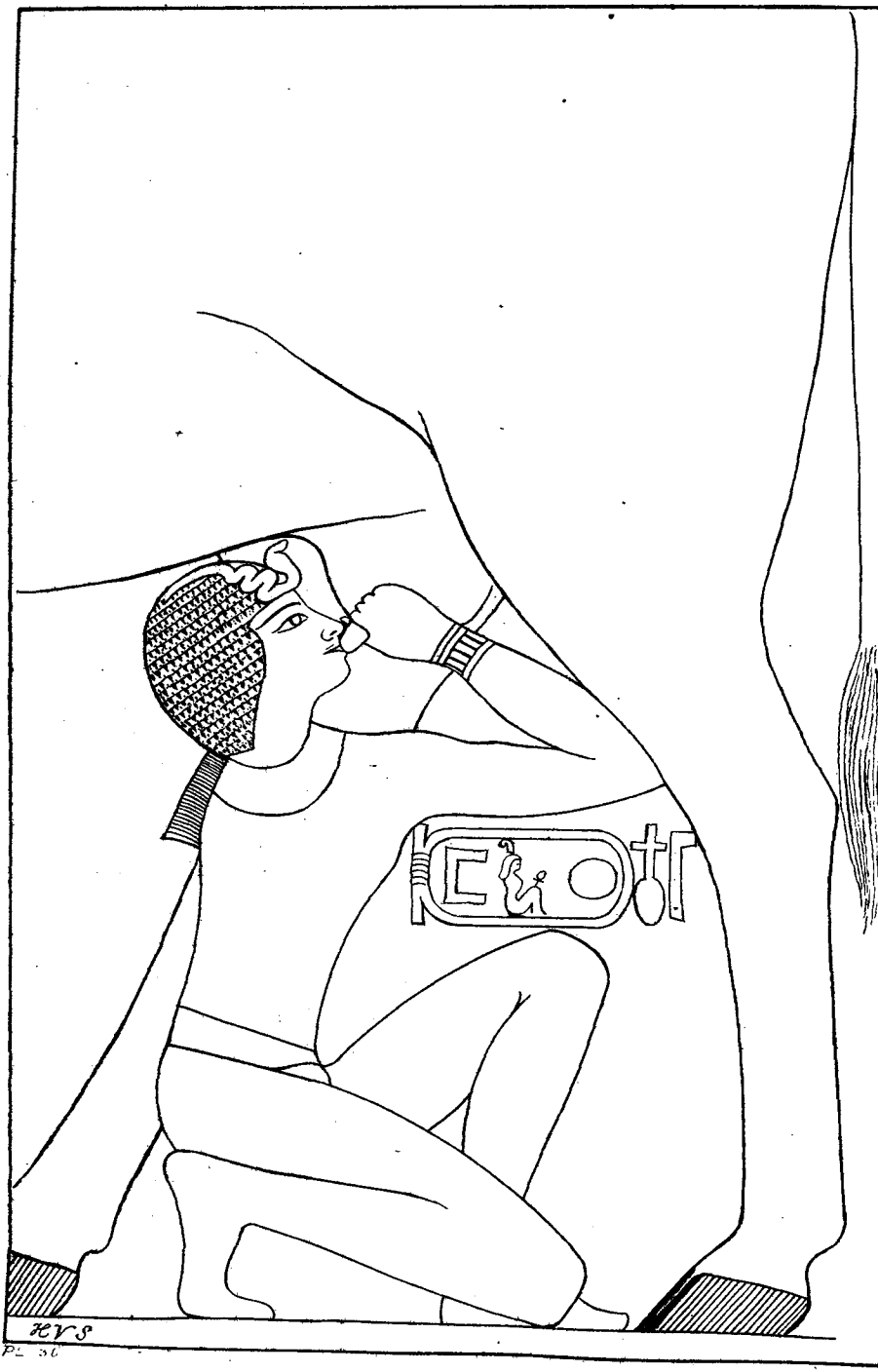
While looking at the features of the Cyprian figures at the British Museum, we pondered where we had seen those lineaments before, and then recollected that they were wonderfully like the golden masks found by Schliemann in the tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenæ.

Another Greek myth of Egyptian origin is that of the infant Hercules strangling the serpents. It is only a reproduction of the child-god Horus strangling snakes with both hands.



ANTIQUE FRAGMENT OF GATEWAY FROM CYPRUS, SHOWING THE EGYPTIAN WINGED GLOBE. H.V.S. 1879.

Plate 49.



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HA-T-ASOU.
DEIR-EL-BAHARI.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEIR-EL-BAHARI.

The Terrace Temple—Temple and Mausoleum—Beauty of the Sculptures—Exploits of Thothmes the First—Ancient Egyptian Fleet—Bas-relief of Chariot Race—Welcome Home—Historically Important Discovery made by the Author—Antiquities collected at Thebes.

February 4.—Deir-el-Bahari (the Monastery of the North). This temple is interesting, both historically and owing to the great beauty of the sculptures. It was the family mausoleum of the Thothmes kings and of Queen Amen Khnoum-t-Ha-t-asou,* daughter of Thothmes the First, sister of Thothmes the Second, and of Thothmes the Third.

The main edifice stands before a perpendicular precipice, against which it is built, and forms the frontispiece, as it were, of the stately tombs behind it, which are excavated in the limestone. The approach is by an inclined avenue, lined with gigantic eagles. It rises above, in a series of terraces built of a hard marble-like white limestone, carved with historical tableaux in bas-relief, and with hieroglyphics, engraved with such beautiful minuteness of detail as to resemble cameos. The subjects were expeditions in the reigns of Thothmes the First, and of his daughter, successively into the country of Pount, called "the sacred." It is represented as a land abounding in trees, and producing amongst other things ivory, which would be consistent with the lowlands near Cape Guardafui, beyond the

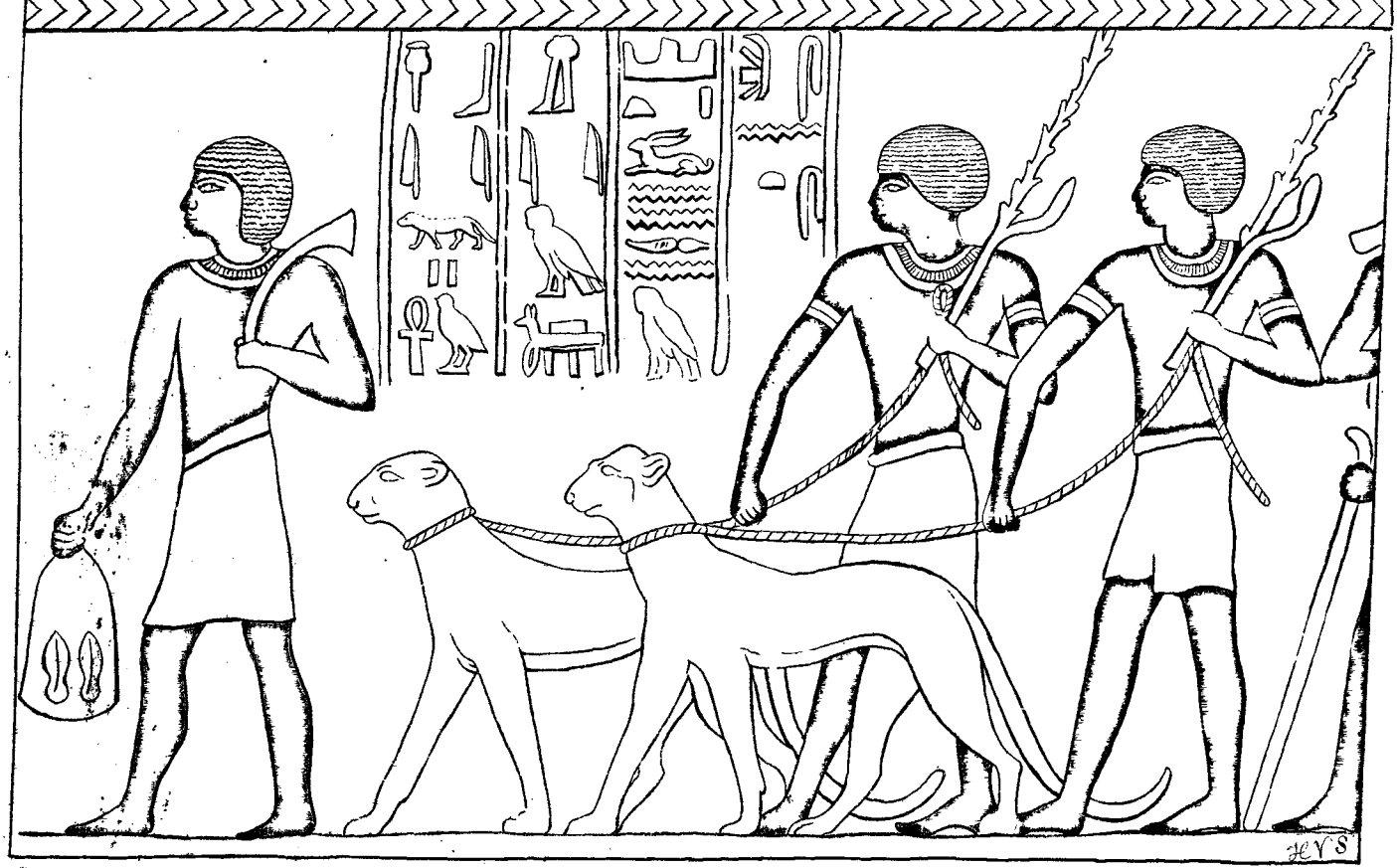
* Her name signifies "Amen, the Lady Providence Leader of Princes."

straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The funeral chambers are behind and below. We lunched on the uppermost terrace of the three, where the remnants of the monastery afford shade. The terrace is airy, and commands a magnificent view.

In every part of the temple and mausoleum of Deir-el-Bahari the ovals of Ha-t-Asou have been defaced. In many places they have been cut away completely, and the oval of Thothmes the Third substituted; and he has even stooped to the meanness of so inserting his name, that it might appear that his sister's triumphs had been achieved by himself. In one place where this has been done the truth is betrayed by a standard bearing the name of Ha-t-Asou; it is carried by one of the soldiers. Thothmes has carried his vindictiveness into the tomb, and has effaced his sister's names and titles even there. Her vault is a small one, but beautifully painted. In it were found two stone sarcophagi, which were violated and plundered not many years ago. I found a woman's foot there, which may have belonged to the poor queen.

One small chamber in the temple apparently escaped the notice of Thothmes, for in it occurs the oval of Ha-t-Asou uninjured, and also her portrait in a perfect state of preservation (see Plate XXX.) She is in the act of sucking the sacred cow, Hathor. This deity seems to have been her patron saint. On one of the terraces she is represented as feeding it. The cow is eating from her hand, but the head of the queen has been cut away and the head of Thothmes substituted so clumsily as to betray itself at once.

One of the most interesting of the sculptures is that depicting the triumphant return of Thothmes the First



Pl 27

WAR TROPHIES.

DEIR EL BAHARI

from some expedition. The soldiers, as they approach their native land, step out briskly; they carry branches in their hands, and are met by a deputation of citizens who slay fat oxen and sheep to feast them with. In the procession figure a couple of tigers, led along by their keepers (see Plate XXIX.) In the inscription above they are mentioned, in the right-hand column of hieroglyphics, as "two tigers alive," the railway key before the bird's beak being the sign of life; and the bird itself gives that adjective a plural termination, the key above being Ank, singular, and the key with the bird Ankou plural. I wish all the hieroglyphics were as easily deciphered.

Plate XXXI. brings before us the archers of the queen's guard. In the hieroglyphic inscription above they are designated the corps of the good lads of Southern Egypt. It will be observed that each soldier carries his bow carefully protected by a case or wrapper, probably of leather. They are decidedly in light marching order, and are burthened with nothing that is not absolutely essential either for decency or efficiency, except their bracelets and necklaces.

They are advancing at the double, preceded by a trumpeter, and as regards lightness of equipment and rapidity of movement were probably not surpassed by any modern regiment of chasseurs or light infantry.

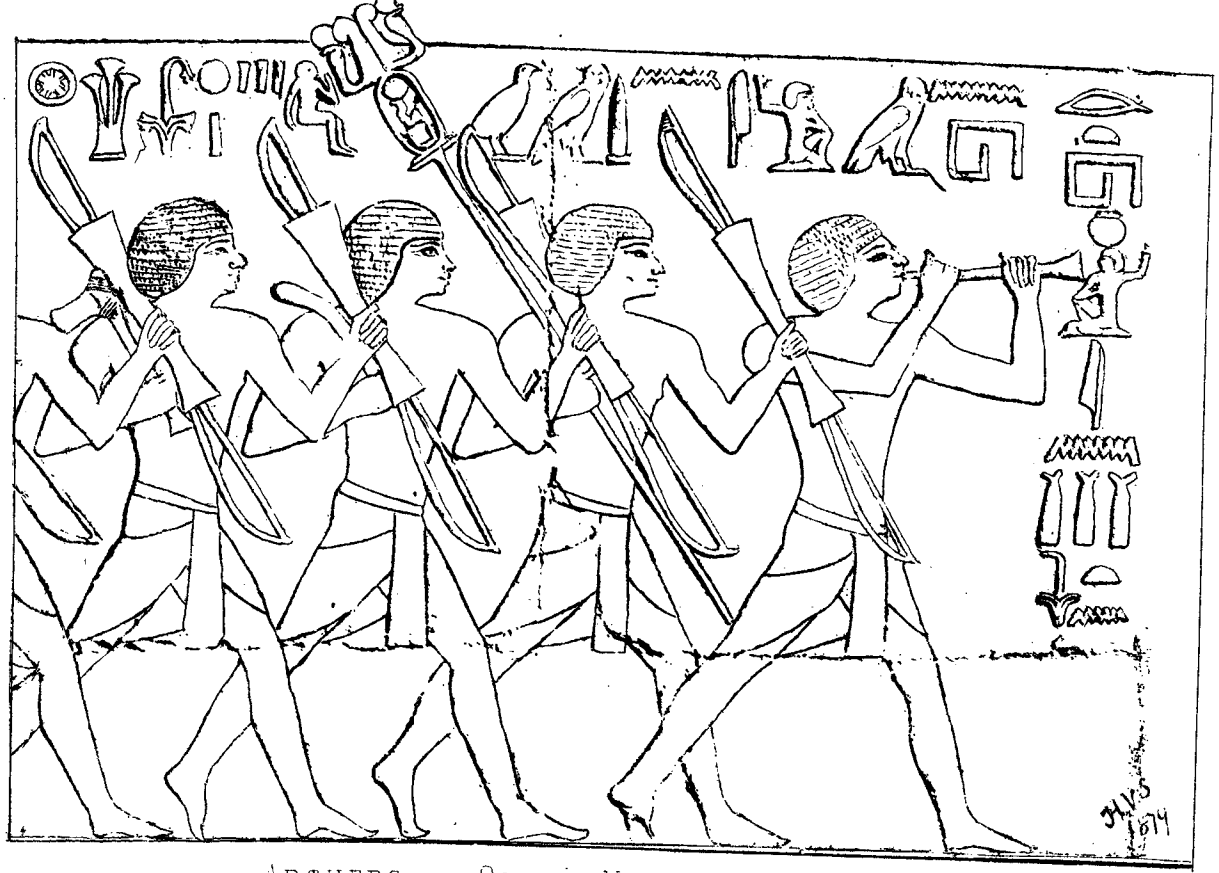
It will be observed that each face is different; the Egyptians may be justly charged with conventionality in their figures, but not in the features. In every group sculptured on the walls of Deir-el-Bahari there is a distinct individuality stamped upon every face as if it were a portrait. It is not unlikely that many of them were portraits. Archer two, who carries an axe as well

as a bow, is stouter of body than the rest, and one cannot help thinking that he is some well-known member of the corps whose likeness is here given. This and other groups are no doubt chosen delegates forming deputations from the various branches of the queen's army on the occasion of their triumphant return from the land of Pount (Abyssinia).

The vertical line of hieroglyphics has reference to a body of sailors of the fleet, who occupy the next panel.

The upper terrace seems dedicated to the exploits of Thothmes the First, and the two lower terraces to those of his daughter. On one wall is sculptured a whole fleet of ships; they are taking on board the spoils of the country they have invaded: vessels of gold, bales of various kinds of produce. Amongst other things they are importing trees, the roots of which, with balls of earth and matting wrapped round them, are carried on poles between two men. The same trees appear afterwards in great tubs. In the water beneath the ships are seen the fishes peculiar to the Red Sea, including the sea cray-fish. Each galley is rowed by forty men, and the oars pass through loops of rope. The rigging and all the arrangements of the ship are minutely given. The queen, determined to match the two tigers which formed a feature in her father's triumphal procession, is importing a live lion to figure in hers, and it is to be seen in a cage on the deck of one of the ships. The whole series of sculptures is extremely interesting, the more so when it is remembered that they record events that happened about 200 years before Moses was born.

After leaving Deir-el-Bahari, we visited a series of tombs of the Thothmes and Amunoph period, all of



ARCHERS OF QUEEN HA-T-ASOUS GUARD.
DEIR EL BAHARI.

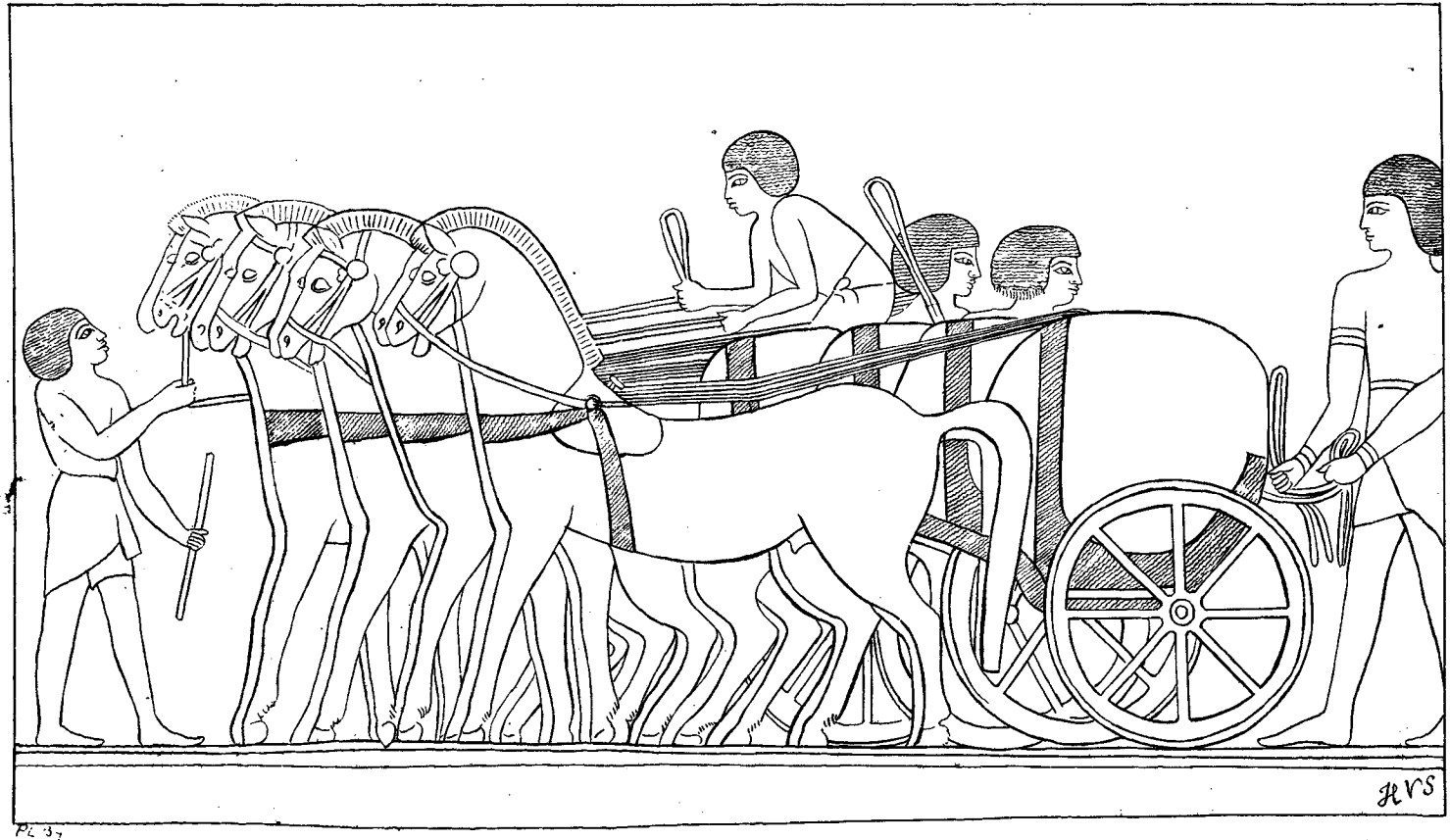
Plate 31.

them in the neighbourhood, and all belonging to people of strangely Ethiopian physiognomy. There were periods when the African element got the upper hand, and when the ruling classes are presented to us with decidedly Nubian features, the royal family themselves alone excepted; such a period occurs early in the eighteenth dynasty. The portraits of the leading men and their wives have decidedly African features. I give specimens of them (Plates XXV., LV.). The period in question immediately followed the expulsion of the Shepherd Kings, and the re-establishment of the power of the Pharaohs in Lower as well as in Upper Egypt. It is likely enough that it was with the aid of the Nubians that the Pharaohs succeeded in re-establishing their power in the north, and of course it was only natural that while all Northern Egypt was in the hands of foreigners, the southern population, that is, the Nubians, should have acquired increased importance at Thebes. Also Amunoph the First married an Ethiopian queen. She is painted black on more than one monument, and this, of course, would give increased influence to her fellow-countrymen at Court.

In one of the tombs in the group we next visited was a bathing scene; the ladies have been undressed by their maids, and have their hair hanging down their backs and about their shoulders; a slave walks backwards for decency's sake to present a cup of something to one of the dishevelled dames. A sailor who accompanied me exclaimed, "Hamman Hamman" (Turkish bath). In the panel beneath, the ladies were remaking their toilettes, their maids handing them their necklaces, doing up their hair, and settling their ornaments. In one of the tombs the statues of the father and mother of

the family were seated in a recess, and were so perfect and looked so like life as to be absolutely startling. This tomb was of the early date of Amunoph the Second. I have already observed above that in this and other tombs of the eighteenth dynasty at Thebes the faces had a very Nubian cast; it was so with the statues in question, the faces were black and covered with a varnish that still retained its gloss; the resemblance between their features and the portraits of the same personages on the walls was perfectly preserved. This tomb was occupied by a native family; painted groups of ancient Egyptian men and women, armed with lotus flowers and handsome necklaces, formed the decoration of their apartment, and they were specially proud of the statues at the extremity, which sat up looking very much pleased with themselves. I sketched the lady by the light of a tallow candle held by an Arab (Plate LV., p. 266). She wears round her neck an amulet, contained in a double vase suspended from her bead necklace. Down the front of her skirt is a column of hieroglyphics stating that her brother was treasurer of the king's gold and silver.

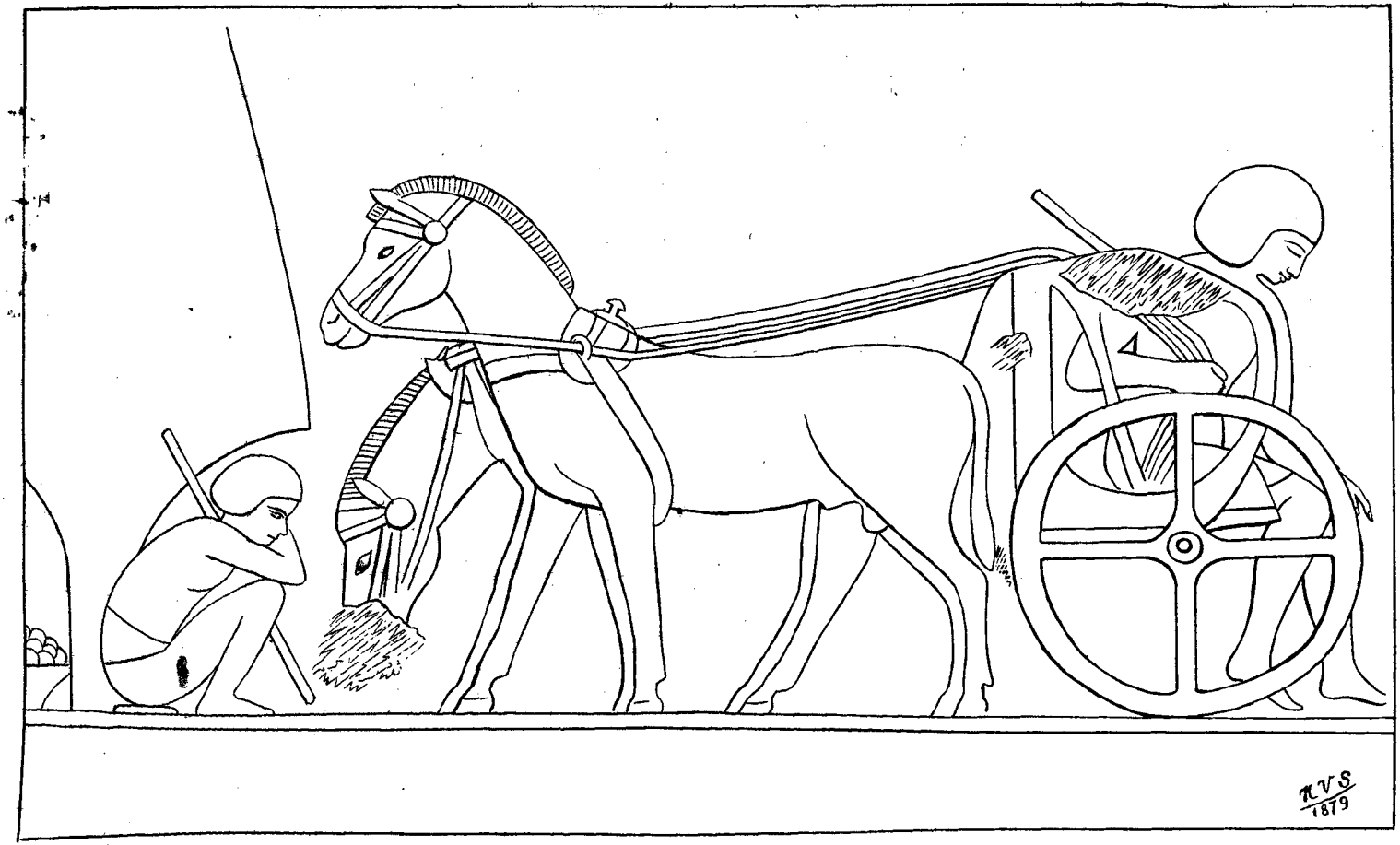
Plate XXXIX.—This bas-relief, executed in the reign of Amunoph the Second, is one of the earliest representations of horses and chariots to be found on the monuments. It is probable that they were introduced by the Syrian invaders, who so long maintained possession of Northern Egypt, and were in course of time adopted by the Theban kings somewhere about the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty. The group before us suggests that the art of charioteering was still in its infancy, for the construction is rude and clumsy, the wheels have only four spokes, the horses are ill-drawn,



PL 37

PREPARING FOR A CHARIOT RACE, B.C. 1600.

BAS-RELIEF.-THEBES



PL. XXVIII.

THE DINNER HOUR.

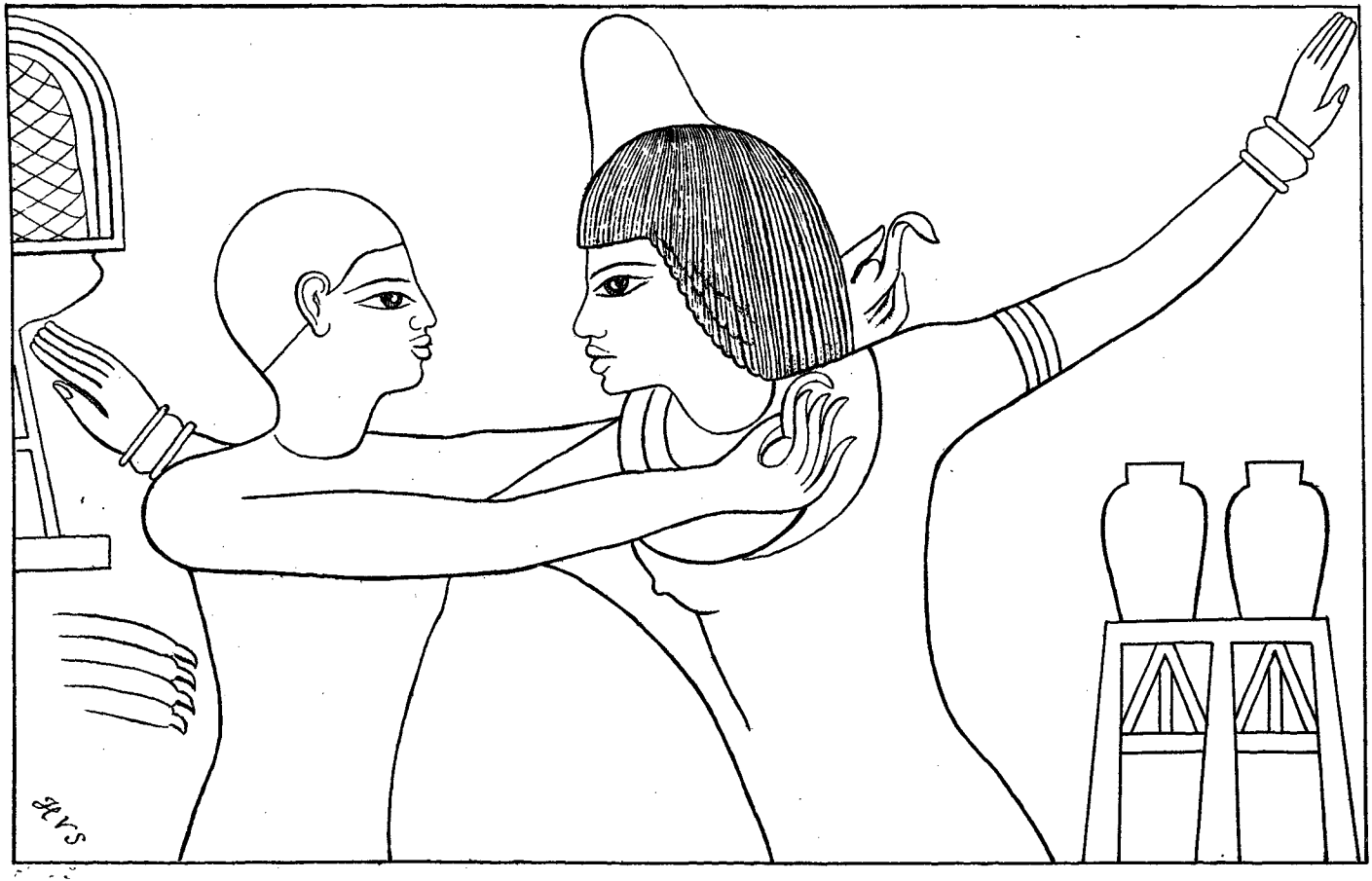
as if their forms were new and strange to the sculptors, and the grooms are evidently foreign—they have not Egyptian features, and one of them wears a fringe to his head-dress. Their attitudes are spirited; the lad who stands in front with the rein in his hand, checking the impatience of his steeds, is particularly good and life-like, but the animals themselves are clumsily executed. They are standing on their toes, and have every veterinary fault a horse can possess. The artist has, however, determined to be conscientious, and has made a point of putting in all their legs. They are evidently preparing for a race. We know that in Asia Minor and Cyprus it was the custom in ancient times to have chariot races at their funeral feasts, and it is likely enough that such exhibitions may have become customary in Egypt also at anniversary festivals at the graves of the deceased, or the lord of this tomb may have had a passion for equestrian sports, and may have directed them by will to be celebrated in his honour *in memoriam* after his death. The dinner hour (Plate XXVIII.) occurs in the same tomb. One groom is enjoying the sweets of slumber, his legs dangling over the tail of his car, his fingers have relaxed their grip of reins and whip, and his features bear the placid expression which implies a good digestion and an easy conscience as his nap progresses. His comrade has given one of his nags a feed, and squats before him, watching him eat with much interest. The nose of the beast, together with its provender, has been broken away. Over the lad's head is a tree of very stiff conventional form, beneath the shadow of which he is taking his midday rest. The animals appear to be jennets, not horses, for though they have short ears, which may have

been clipped to equine dimensions, their tails are not those of horses. There is a fidelity to nature in the whole group which has much artistic merit.

The same tree occurs in the tomb again with baskets of provisions and a row of wine jars under it; there is also a slave with a big water-bottle on his shoulders, while another has opened the lid of a large box, which rests against the tree, and is putting something or other into it.

It is a great pity that the walls of this tomb have been calcined by fire and all trace of colours destroyed, and the bas-reliefs themselves have been reduced by the same cause to a tender and crumbling condition.

Plate XXV.—This belongs to a period early in the eighteenth dynasty, soon after the release of the Egyptians from the thraldom of the Hycsos, which for several centuries reduced the native sovereigns to the position of vassal chiefs. We here again see evidence that during this eclipse the Nubian element had come to the front, for the master and mistress of this tomb are both Nubians of pure blood. The lord, a trusted officer of King Amunoph the Second, has just returned from some distant post. If I recollect aright, the inscription states that he has been away from home three years; I did not copy it, but a significant hieroglyph has come into the illustration on the left. It is the sign Khem, one of the monograms for Egypt, to which beloved home he has just come back. He receives a warm welcome; his wife throws her arms about his neck with true African impulsiveness, and he has not returned empty-handed, for he is clasping a necklace round her neck, while near at hand are stands with refreshments, which she has pro-



WELCOME HOME!

vided for her husband's delectation. This little domestic episode from the far-off past has that touch of nature which makes all the world akin, be their skins black, white, or red, and reminds us that whether in the sixteenth century before, or the nineteenth century after, Christ, all mankind are linked together by impulses and feelings common to all and ever constant and unchangeable. The lady wears on her wrists bracelets of a pattern still common in Nubia. The faces are full of expression, but the bodies and limbs are executed with more than ordinary carelessness.

February 8.—My gleaning this day was rewarded by a brilliant success. While poking about at the base of a rock, half buried beneath an avalanche of quarry rubbish, I espied a portion of the globe, or radiating disk, which figures so often at Tel-el-Amarna, and set a crew of natives to clear away the *débris*. I discovered it to be a tomb which reproduced the peculiarities hitherto supposed only to be found at Tel-el-Amarna, but the execution was infinitely superior; the sculpture was in very white limestone.

On one side of the entrance was represented Amunoph the Fourth and his queen, beneath a canopied pavilion. The king, unlike other Egyptians, was unusually stout; he had however the Amunoph features, nor was there anything remarkable about him. One of the cartouches was defaced, the other was that of Amunoph the Fourth; opposite them was a long hieroglyphic inscription, which I copied.

On the other side of the portal were Khou-en-Aten and his queen. The former a most peculiar-looking man, with a very long chin and long nose, with a slight thin figure and an effeminate look; he never could have

been an Amunoph, but his wife resembles Tai-ti, the wife of Amunoph the Third, and I suspect that the true explanation of the mystery that hangs over this curious episode in Egyptian history, of which her husband is the hero, is that she was the daughter and heiress of Amunoph the Fourth, and married a foreigner, Khou-en-Aten, who reigned in right of his wife.

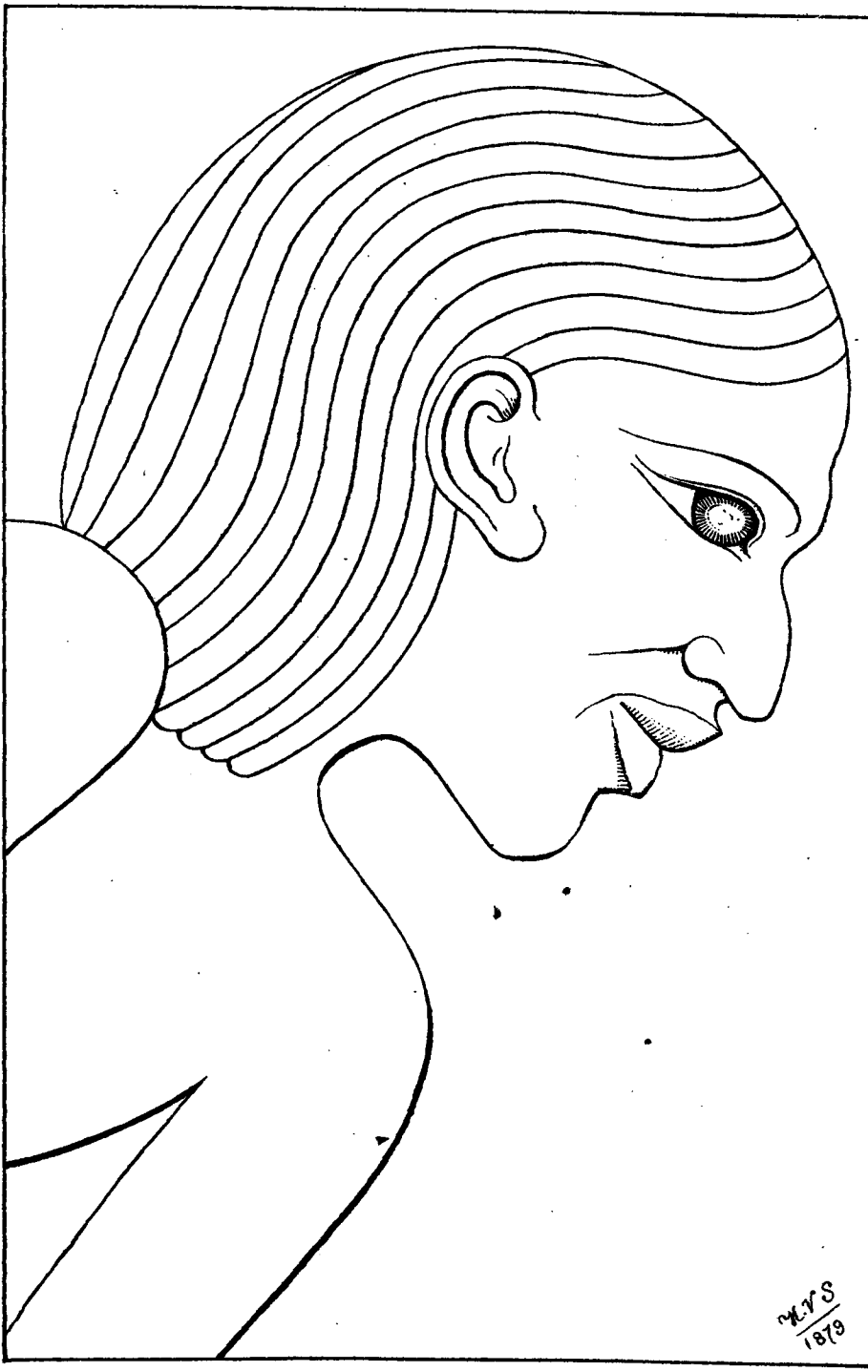
The queen of Amunoph the Fourth bears the name of Nofre-ti-ti. Her monogram is so given by Lepsius in his great work. Moreover, that eminent authority also gives a portrait of her husband, which differs totally from Khou-en-Aten.

The queen of Khou-en-Aten bears the name of Nofre-nofrou-nofre-ti-tai-Aten.

Not identical, at the same time that they just present the resemblance that might be expected in the names of mother and daughter.

My reasons for thinking so are as follows: The queen bore the name of Ti-tai, *i.e.*, if I am right, her grandmother's name with the syllables transposed, and it was the fashion in Egypt to take the name of the grandparents rather than of parents. The names of the three queens read in the following order:—1. Ta-i-ti; 2. Ti-ti; 3. Ti-tai-Aten. The queen No. 3 is represented at Tel-el-Amarna, wearing not the coronet usually worn by queens-consort, but a royal crown covered with the asps of sovereignty. She is always represented taking part jointly with her husband in state ceremonials and in religious functions, and as sharing with him the homage of their subjects.

On all occasions she is represented as seated on an equality with her husband, not standing as the wives of the Pharaohs usually are; *finally* there is the evidence



PORTRAIT OF A COURTIER OF KHOU EN ATEN.

LXXIV. BAS-RELIEF, THEBES.

of family likeness. She has a very sweet charming expression and beautifully delicate features, like Tai-ti, wife of Amunoph the Third. They are represented at Tel-el-Amarna as having a son, whose name is given, and it is nearly the same as his mother's; this son died early and appears no more.

Moreover, over the heads of each of her daughters who are with her on her throne are inscriptions stating that they are sprung *from the queen* Nofre-nofru-ti-tai-Aten. This is quite unprecedented, and shows that the royal descent was in *her*, not in her consort.

The words are, "royal daughters of her very body, springing *from the queen*, the chief, Nofre-nofru-ti-tai-Aten. May she live for ever." The whole formula being that peculiar to a sovereign reigning in her own right. Her youngest sister Bent Mut married Horus, who reigned in her right. This seems conclusive as to the royal descent being in the sisters.

The tomb we saw at Thebes at all events conclusively proves that the singular looking personage who figures on all the tombs at Tel-el-Amarna is not identical with Amunoph the Fourth, for as I have already said, on one side of the portal is Amunoph the Fourth, with his wife *standing* behind him, and without the Aten disk over his head, or anything else to distinguish him specially from other Pharaohs. On the other side is Khou-en-Aten, with his wife *seated* behind him and with the distinctive titles of royalty.

We have given an illustration of the right-hand side of the façade of this tomb, page 72, in our account of Tel-el-Amarna. We give here the portrait of one of the courtiers, who is making a profoundly obsequious obeisance to his sovereign: the face is a most remarkable

one; the singular features and the straight hair show him to be a foreigner, most likely a fellow-countryman of Khou-en-Aten, and favoured on that account with a good place at court.

The sun worship and the Jewish features seem to point to Phœnicia as the native land of king and courtier.

We regret extremely that we were baffled by circumstances in endeavouring to obtain a drawing of the left-hand side of the façade of this remarkable and interesting tomb. We copied the inscription from the latter, and it appeared that it belonged to a functionary of the name of *Rameses*, who lived in the reign of both kings, viz., Amunoph the Fourth and Khou-en-Aten.

The features of Khou-en-Aten had been purposely hammered out, as well as those of his queen, while those of Amunoph the Fourth had been respected and left untouched.

We remained at Thebes until February 9, and paid several visits to Bab-el-Melook, sketching and taking impressions. While here we obtained some interesting antiquities; amongst others, a papyrus, a fac-simile of which we annex, and we are indebted to Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, for the following translation of it; it is in the nature of a prayer, and an insight into an Egyptian's modes of religious thought.

"Oh! ruler of the waters *thou that comest up out of the river*, seated on the throne of thy boat. Go forth in thy direction of yesterday. Sit thou on the deck of the (solar) bark. I have joined thy crew. I am a perfected spirit.

"Oh Sun in thy name of Ra! shouldest thou cross in the eye of seven cubits, the pupil of which is three

cubits, make me a perfected spirit. Thou art *ever* sure I am saved. Oh Sun in the name of the Sun! when thou passest over the dead beings inverted, let me stand upright. I am a perfected spirit. I am saved, thou art secure, I am preserved.

"Oh Sun under thy name of Sun, when thou openest the secret places in the gate of *Amenti, the place of departed Spirits*, rejoicing the heart of the Gods, restore to me my heart, *for* I am a perfected Spirit. Thou art sure, I am saved, *as* thy limbs are sound *so* are my limbs sound." *(The mention of the heart and limbs has reference to the Egyptian belief in the resurrection of the body.)*

The age of this papyrus is not less than 2500 years. It was found amongst the bandages of a mummy at Thebes.

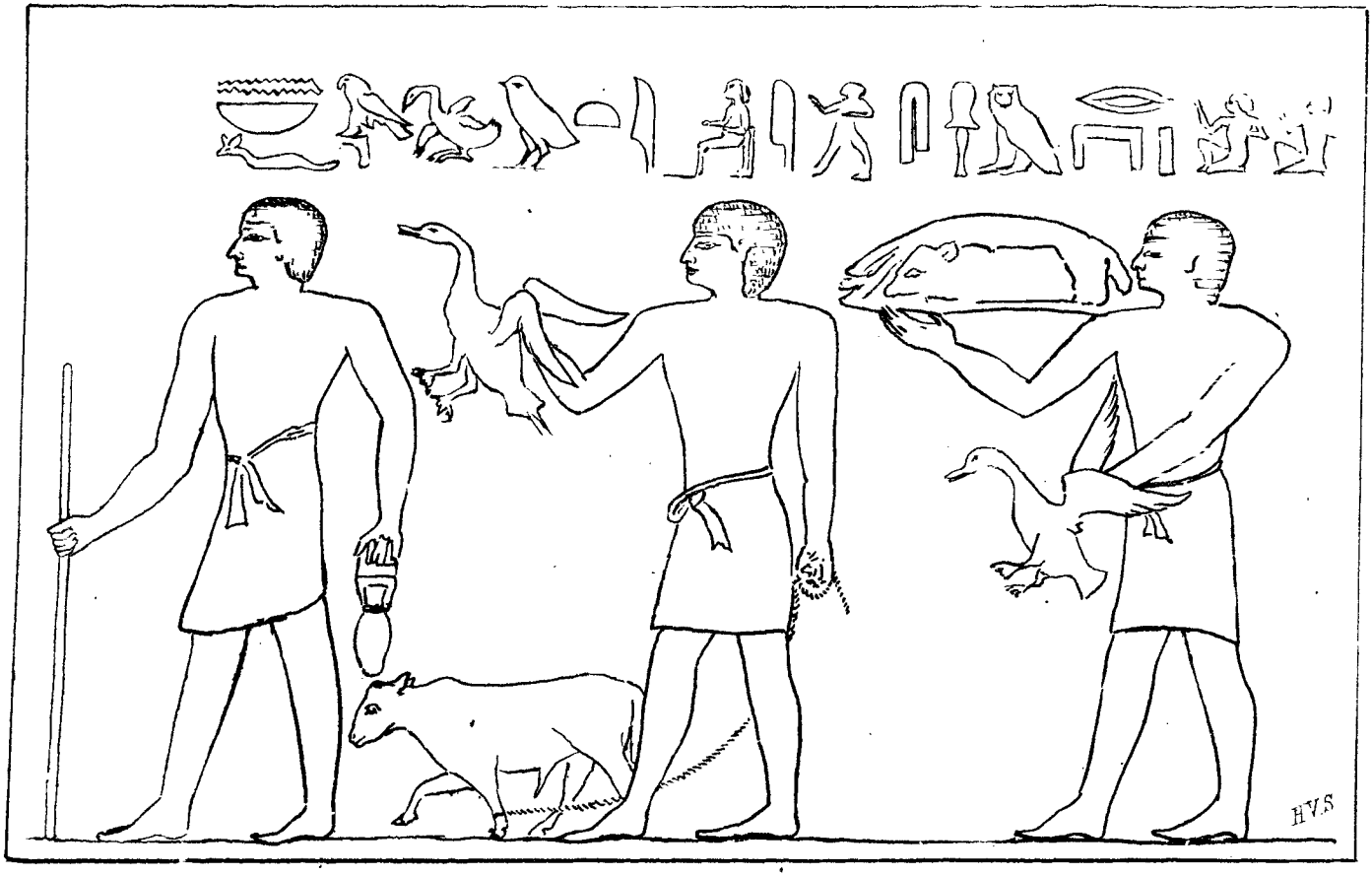
The vignette with which the papyrus is illustrated consists of the sun bark. The eagle-headed figure beneath the canopy is Ra the Sun God seated on his throne "on the deck of his boat;" he is being ferried along by a genius.

The passages in *italics* are slightly modified by me in order to render the sense clearer.

This prayer is supposed to be offered by the spirit of deceased after death. It is in fact extracted from a chapter of the Book of the Dead, a collection of liturgies from which it was usual to select portions and have them inscribed on papyrus and deposited with the mummies in their tombs.

A large majority of the papyri still obtainable consists of such extracts; the entire Book of the Dead if translated would probably fill a volume at least as large as our Book of Common Prayer.

We obtained, amongst other objects of antiquarian interest at Thebes, a complete head of hair, found with the mummy lady whom it had adorned in life. It had been very carefully enveloped in linen bandages, the owner hoping, no doubt, that she might be allowed to wear it in the world to come. It consisted of an infinity of little curls, jet black, and long enough to hang over the shoulders, nearly to the waist; it had been cut off, and was so fragile that it scarcely bore being touched. Amongst our treasures were also four mummy jars, used for placing the viscera of the deceased in; their lids consisted of the heads of the four genii—Tuautmutf, Hapi, Amset, and Kabsenouf. The first had the head of a jackal; the second, of an ape; the third, of a man; and the fourth, of a hawk (see Plate XXIII., page 190—Anubis tending Mummy). The vases alluded to will be observed beneath the couch on which the mummy is placed.



SERVANTS BEARING FUNERAL OFFERINGS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

KASR-EL-SYAD.

Tombs of the Sixth Dynasty—The Royal Game of Tributes—Tomb of Prince Ta-Hotep — Ballianeh — Kom-es-Sultan — Mariette Bey's Excavations — Family Memorial Stele.

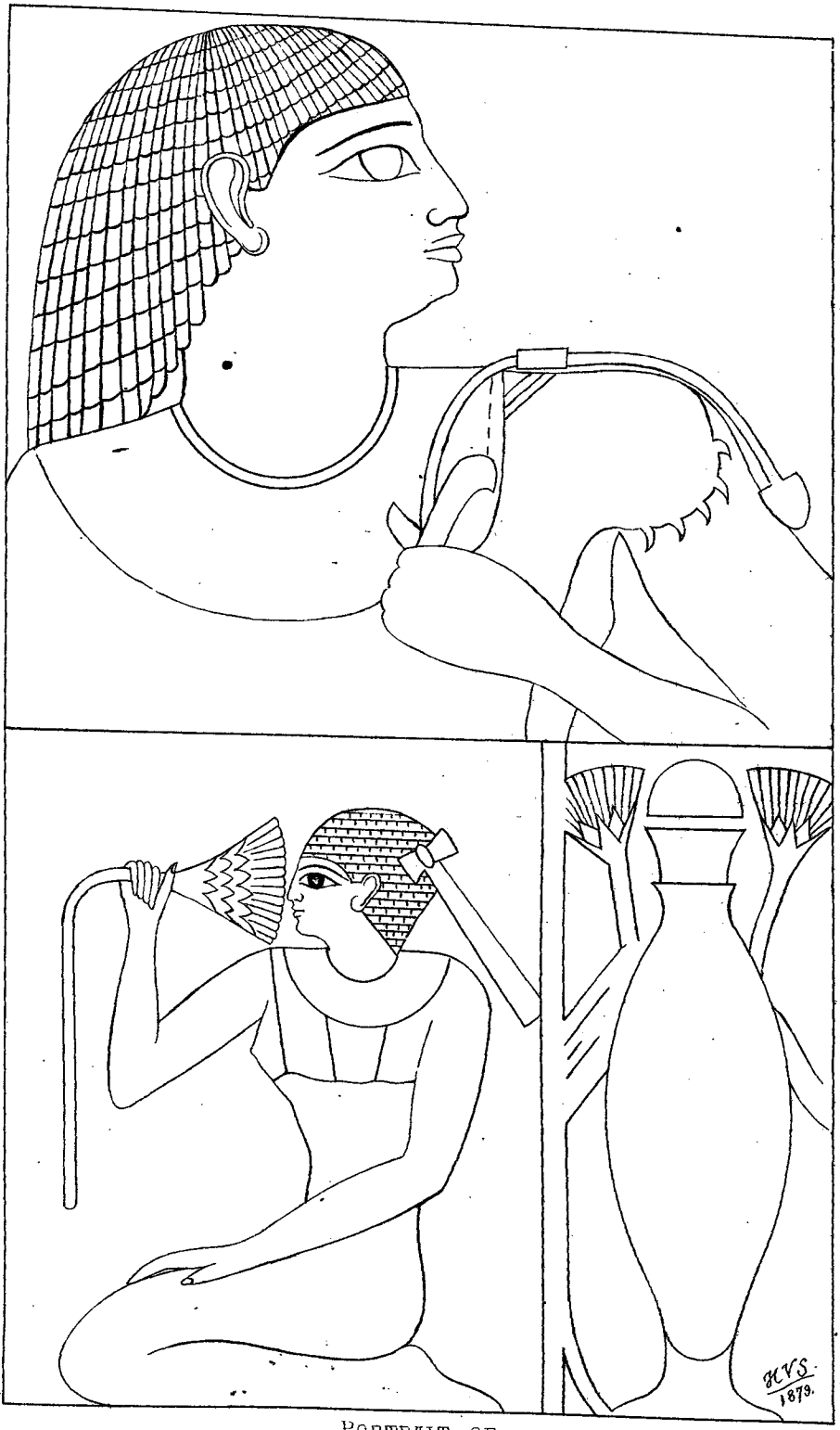
February 9.—We left Thebes, and had a rapid and prosperous run to Kasr-el-Syad, about seventy miles below Thebes.

February 10.—We moored the *Gazelle* near Kasr-el-Syad, "The House of the Hunter," and made an expedition to some tombs of the sixth dynasty, in the mountains inland, on the eastern bank of the Nile.

On the way we called at a Coptic monastery in search of information, but the good brothers had all gone to town, it being market day. Our dragoman asked an Egyptian whom we met, to fetch them, but he being a good Mussulman refused, whereupon our draggy in a rage, caught up a big stone in one hand, and seized the end of the unlucky Mahometan's turban in the other, and pulled it off, and I had to interfere to prevent further violence; we then advanced towards the mountains which towered up above us, seemingly not more than a mile off, but the more we advanced, the further they seemed to recede; we walked, and walked, and walked until we were ready to drop; hotter and hotter grew the sun, as its rays beat back fiercely from the perpendicular cliffs, and more

and more querulous grew we. At last our guide led us up one of the spurs of the mountains to the tombs, and we were fully rewarded for our sufferings. They were most interesting, the cartouches of the Pharaohs they contained showed them to belong to the sixth dynasty; few things in Egypt are more ancient than that, except the Pyramids, which date back to the fourth dynasty. We had lately viewed the tombs of the kings of Thebes with much awe as being 3500 years old, but here were tombs 1200 years older! The style and details of their sculpture and paintings gave proof of this enormous antiquity, differing in many particulars from the stereotyped forms of later tombs; the head-dresses were totally different, so were the implements, the plaited baskets, arms, boats, paddles, and other things. The giraffe is drawn among other animals on the wall, which proves that the people of the sixth dynasty were in communication with Equatorial Africa. The men were represented with their heads closely shaven, and a fillet tied round them with a neat bow at the back, and the long ends sticking out stiffly behind. The women had their hair plaited into a pigtail with a large ball at the end like a pump handle. One very striking peculiarity in all these figures was that the eyes were drawn very large indeed, though the other features were perfectly well proportioned. The muscular anatomy of the limbs was also much more artistically represented than in later tombs, when a stereotyped conventional form was adopted and prescribed by law: a fatal bar to the further development of Egyptian art.

The master of the tomb is seated on a lion's-foot chair, dressed in a leopard skin, a fore paw of which



PORTRAIT OF
EGYPTIAN CHIEF & HIS DAUGHTER. VI NASTY.

comes over his shoulder, while a hind claw rests on his thigh, and the tail hangs over his knee. There were there processions of boats, processions of animals, forming part of the tribute from Ethiopia, over the reception of which Ta-Hotep had presided, and presenting evidence of how ancient a royal game is the game of tributes; for we learn here that it was already in fashion under the sixth dynasty. There were also long files of men carrying the goods and chattels of the deceased, and there were extensive hieroglyphic inscriptions which would, if deciphered, prove most interesting. Outside these tombs were tablets engraved upon the rock, covered with hieroglyphics, probably recording the visits of relatives subsequently to the interment. In one of these the visitor is accompanied by his wife, and the head-dresses of both were most curious (see Plates XXXVI., XXXVII., XXXVIII.)

We got back to our boat after five hours' hard work, and were not sorry to find an excellent breakfast awaiting us. On our way back we crossed an ancient brick bridge over the dry bed of an old canal, and a little way beyond we found the very narrow path obstructed by a young camel who was rolling himself like a donkey, not discouraged by the difficulties caused by his hump; he was so intent upon this exercise that he would not get up. A native offered us a beautiful fragment of the frieze of a temple which he had broken off; we longed to possess it, but felt scruples about encouraging the destruction of the temple by buying it, whereupon our dragoman suggested that we should call up a squadron of the crew, bastinado the man, and carry off the prize without paying him, thus triumphantly achieving both objects. However, we were not yet sufficiently oriental-

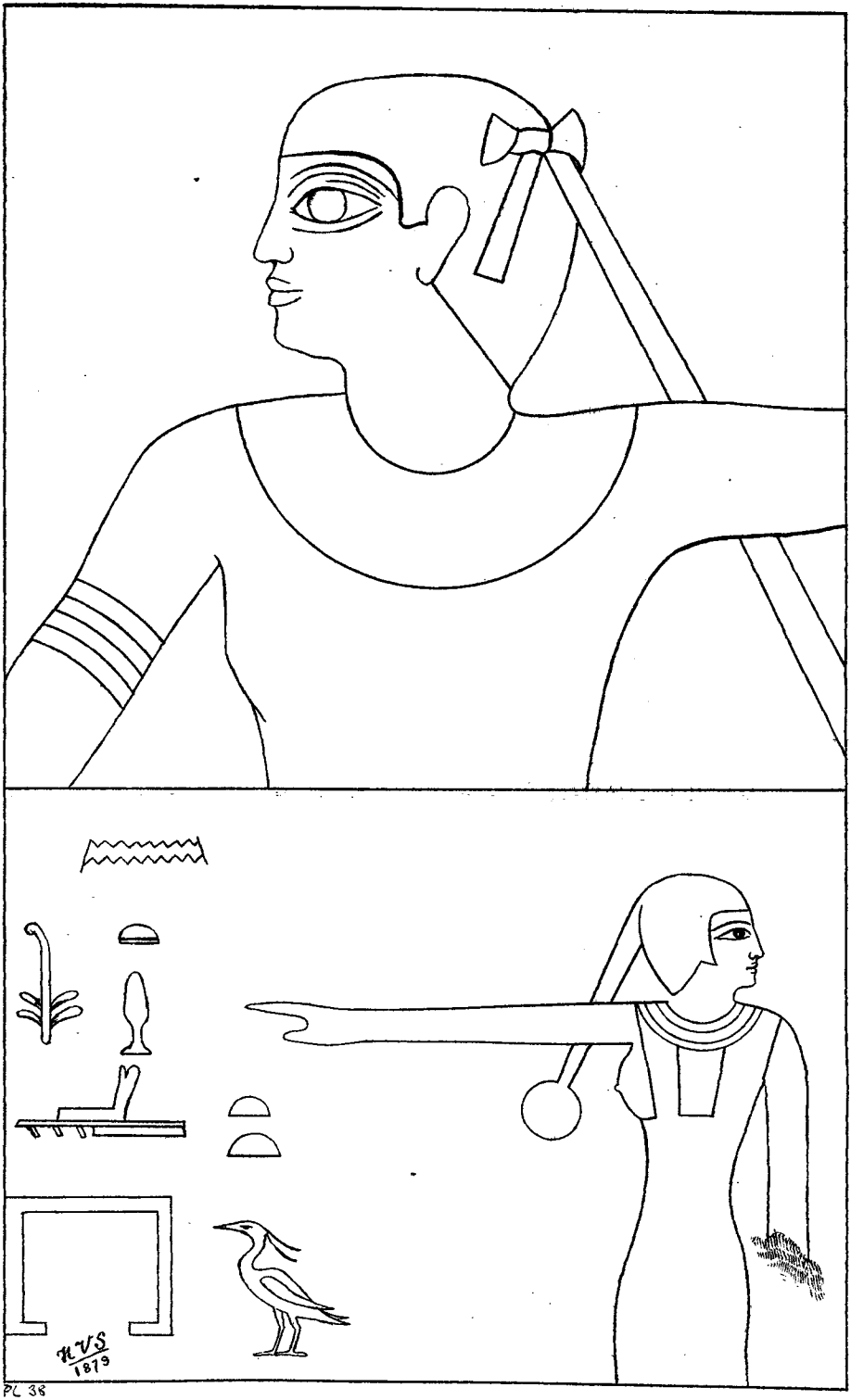
ized to carry out this suggestion, which otherwise had its merits. "Thy servants are beaten" is as true of the poor Egyptian now as it was in the days of the Pharaohs, and the stick is often the only pay they get for their labours.

February 10.—In the tomb of Prince Ta-Hotep, who flourished during the sixth dynasty, I discovered side by side the names of three kings of that dynasty, in whose reigns he had lived (see Nos. 36, 37, and 38 in Plate LIII.) They were Merira, Merenra, and Nofrekara; beneath each of their ovals were their respective titles, which were as follows:—Merira of the good Pyramid, servant of God; Merenra of the Pyramid of the good resurrection, servant of God; Nofrekara of the Pyramid of life, servant of God.

One interesting conclusion which results from this discovery is the valuable testimony of a contemporary of these kings as to the accuracy of the list found at Abydos, and sculptured by the directions of King Sethi of the nineteenth dynasty, 1500 years later.* Another interesting fact brought to our notice is the titles by which the Egyptian sovereigns of that remote period were distinguished. Each king built during his lifetime the pyramid that was to serve as his sepulchre, and he gave it such name as his fancy suggested; we learn from the inscription on the walls of Ta-Hotep's tomb that they bore during life as titles the names so fixed upon, and they all in common bore the additional title of "servant of God," a nobly chosen distinction.

The tomb of Prince Ta-Hotep and another of the same period containing the cartouche of Pepi, are

* According to Mariette Bey, 2200 years later.



PL 36

EGYPTIAN CHIEF, VIth DYNASTY, & HIS WIFE, PRINCESS AM-UA-TE.
KASR-EL-SYAD.

situated side by side in the mountains, about seventy miles below Thebes. They are, as may be supposed from their great antiquity, much defaced, and it requires an attentive examination to distinguish the sculptures which still remain; but it is wonderful how they come out bit by bit as one's eyes become accustomed to the scanty light. We had felt rather sceptical as to the lapse of time assigned by the great Egyptologists, for the gap between the sixth and the eleventh dynasties; but having only a few days before closely examined the remaining sculptures and paintings of the eleventh dynasty at Drah-Aboo-Neggah at Thebes, and thus being qualified to judge by comparison of such indications of greater antiquity as their respective conditions can afford, we have no doubt that the interval is fully as great as Bunsen estimates, and are inclined to think that it is greater. The sculptures in Ta-Hotep's tomb are cut in hard limestone, and in many parts they have not been destroyed by the hand of man, but have become faint by the infinitely slow process of waste of the stone itself. The style of the painting and of the hieroglyphics is also vastly more antique than in the eleventh-dynasty remains at Thebes, as are the fashions of dress and the types of the men and women depicted on the walls.

There are several large boats manned by twenty-four rowers, and having a cabin astern and another amidship; one of them is towing a papyrus boat after it. Ta-Hotep is represented seated, with his little daughter at his feet. The quivers with the arrow heads showing above seem to have suggested the coronet worn by Egyptian queens (see Plate XXI.)

On the rocks near the entrance were engraved no less

than six votive tablets dedicated to Ta-Hotep by his children and grandchildren; he must therefore have been a personage of considerable note.

Next day, February 11, we reached Ballianeh, where we stopped to visit the interesting and historically most important Temple of Abydos. Our route lay through fields of beans, wheat, and other spring crops, across much the same country as that described in Chapter XXIV. While threading our way along a narrow path with a high wall of sugar-cane right and left, we met some camels with heavy loads of the same slung right and left of their humps; they thus not only blocked further passage entirely, but overhung considerably on both sides. A dead-lock ensued, and we stood facing each other for a moment or two, then the dragoman broke out into fierce invective, which caused the owner of the camels to drive his huge team forwards, knocking us over, donkeys and all, in amongst the cane stems, fortunately, for had we fallen beneath the feet of the camels there would have been no more Nile gleanings. Having got ourselves together again, and crept out from amongst the crop, we relieved our feelings by taking part in angry altercation, but as the Arabs did not understand us, they were not much damaged by our pointed remarks.

We arrived soon afterwards at a village, and stopped at the Sheik's house. Here we were received by a curious crew, who stood about the gates of the court-yard, or leaned against the wall, in tipsy and helpless attitudes. They were Egyptian priests, princes, gods, and sacred animals of red granite, lately dug out of the ancient cemetery near by. They must have rejoiced the heart of Mariette Bey, and by this time no doubt are in

the Boulak Museum. After an interview with the Sheik, who courteously invited us into the court-yard to inspect other antiques, we continued our route through the palm groves, till we emerged at the vast funeral mound of Kom-es-Sultan.*

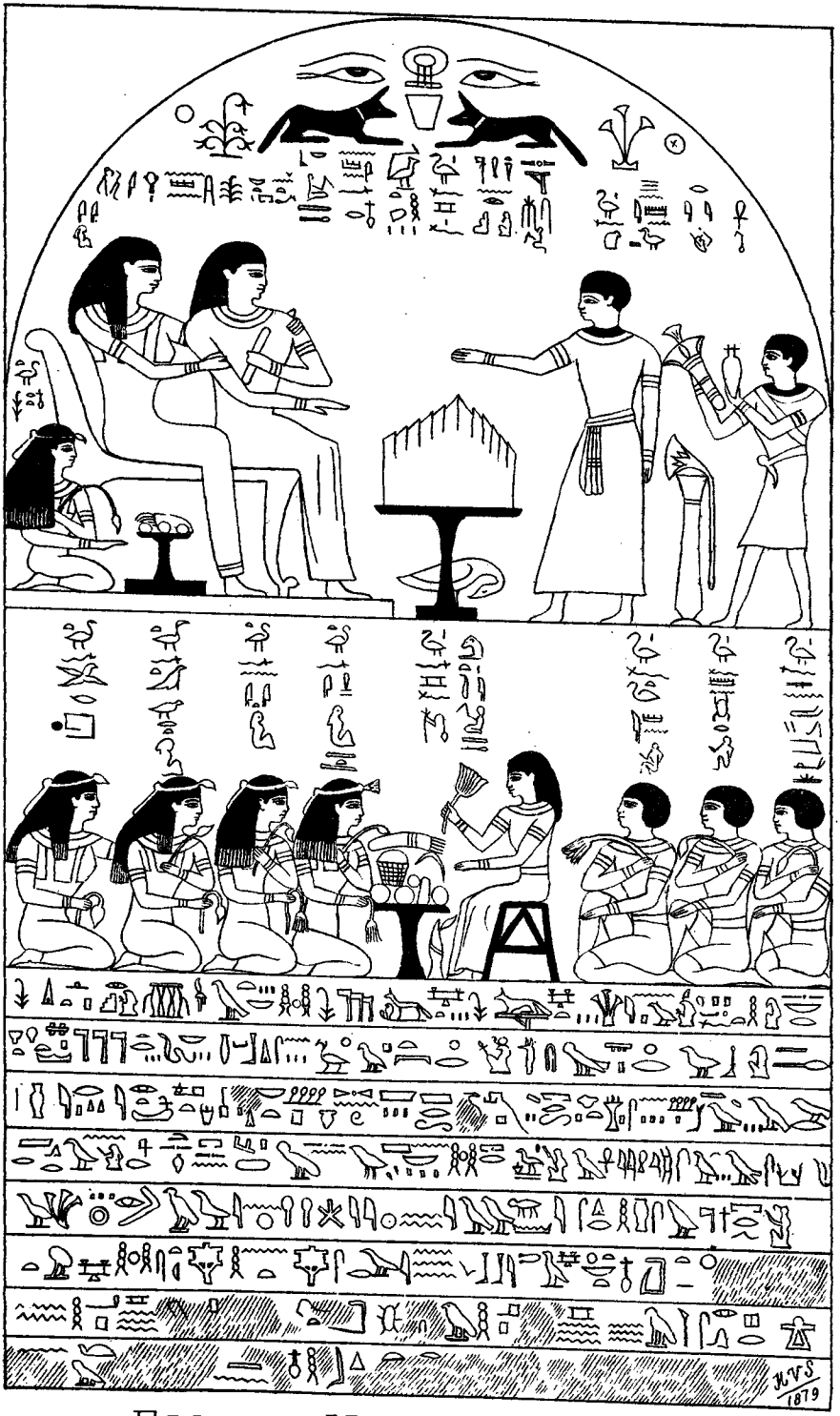
THE MOUND OF THE KING.

This rises sixty feet above the level of the country, and is composed entirely of the *débris* of tombs that have accumulated from the earliest times. Here, according to Egyptian tradition, Osiris was buried; and it was the ambition of the wealthy to be buried as near this holy spot as possible. For generations and for ages the dead accumulated here, and looking into the yawning chasm which Mariette Bey has dug right down to the bottom through the centre, one sees, strata above strata, the ruined walls of tombs, and the bodies and limbs of mummies flung about in ghastly profusion; legs, arms, skulls, thigh bones, trunks, entire mummies stripped of their grave clothes and exposed to the glare of the noonday. They had been stripped naked in the search for scarabæi, rings, necklaces, and other ornaments of the dead. The envelopes and mummy cases had been taken, the only things deemed worthless were the poor wrecked remains of humanity upon which such infinite pains had been lavished to ensure them unbroken rest and immunity from the desecration of decay.

Plate XXXVII. is an illustration of a relic extracted from Kom-es-Sultan. It is a very interesting subject;

* Kom in Arabic signifies a round hill, and the word reappears in the old English word coomb, well known in the Lake District of Cumberland, into the composition of which name it enters—"the Land of Coombs or Hills."

being a good example of a funeral stele or memorial stone, hundreds of which have lately been unearthed here by Mariette Bey. On the left hand at the top are represented the father and mother enthroned on a kind of double chair, beneath which is seated their favourite daughter. She has brought a special little table of offerings; she holds a lotus in her hand, and a flower is fastened round her head by the stem, while her long hair hangs about her shoulders. In front of the parents stands their eldest son, presenting a table of funeral offerings. It is stated in the inscription over his head that he was a priest, and that his name was Men-Ammon. He is followed by a servant, bearing a bouquet of flowers and a drink-offering, probably wine. On the panel beneath are four more daughters and four sons; one of the sons, the one seated nearest to the table, and facing the young ladies, is stated in the inscription to be deceased, the word "blessed" being added to his name. His three surviving brothers and his four sisters are assembled there on the anniversary of his death, and have presented the customary offerings; they have brought him a flower, which he is holding in his hand, while on the table before him are a bundle of leeks, a basket of fruit, some loaves of bread and cakes; under the table is a jar of wine, with a flower entwined round it. It was the custom with the Egyptians to assemble every year in the tombs of their relatives on the anniversary of their death, and to have a funeral feast. They imagined on these occasions that their dead relatives were present and took part in their feasts, and they are always so represented. The names of each son and daughter are written in hieroglyphics over their heads. The deceased



PL. LII

FAMILY MEMORIAL STELE.

BOULAK.

brother was, it appeared, a secretary, and his name Ha-ta-ti—under it is written, "of blessed memory;" the name of the brother behind him was Te-sa-Ammon; the name of the pet daughter, who is seated behind her parents' chair, is Nofre-te-sou. The subject at top of this interesting tombstone represents the eyes of the god Osiris. He was the god who presided over the judgment of the souls of the departed. Underneath is a double representation of the god Anubis, who was always painted with a jackal's head; the one on the left is Anubis of Southern Egypt, the one on the right is Anubis of Northern Egypt; the circle with the cross preceded by a lily represents the north country, whereas the circle and the cross with its compound flower on the left represents the land of the south; the hieroglyphic inscription which occupies the bottom panel of the stone is a prayer to Osiris and to Anubis of the North and of the South to grant the dead justification in the land of departed spirits, and also that he may enjoy in abundance all funeral offerings. I may observe here, that almost all the representations of feasts in Egyptian tombs are funeral memorial feasts, and the persons taking part in them are members of the family; *they* are the givers of the feast, and their guests are the dead.

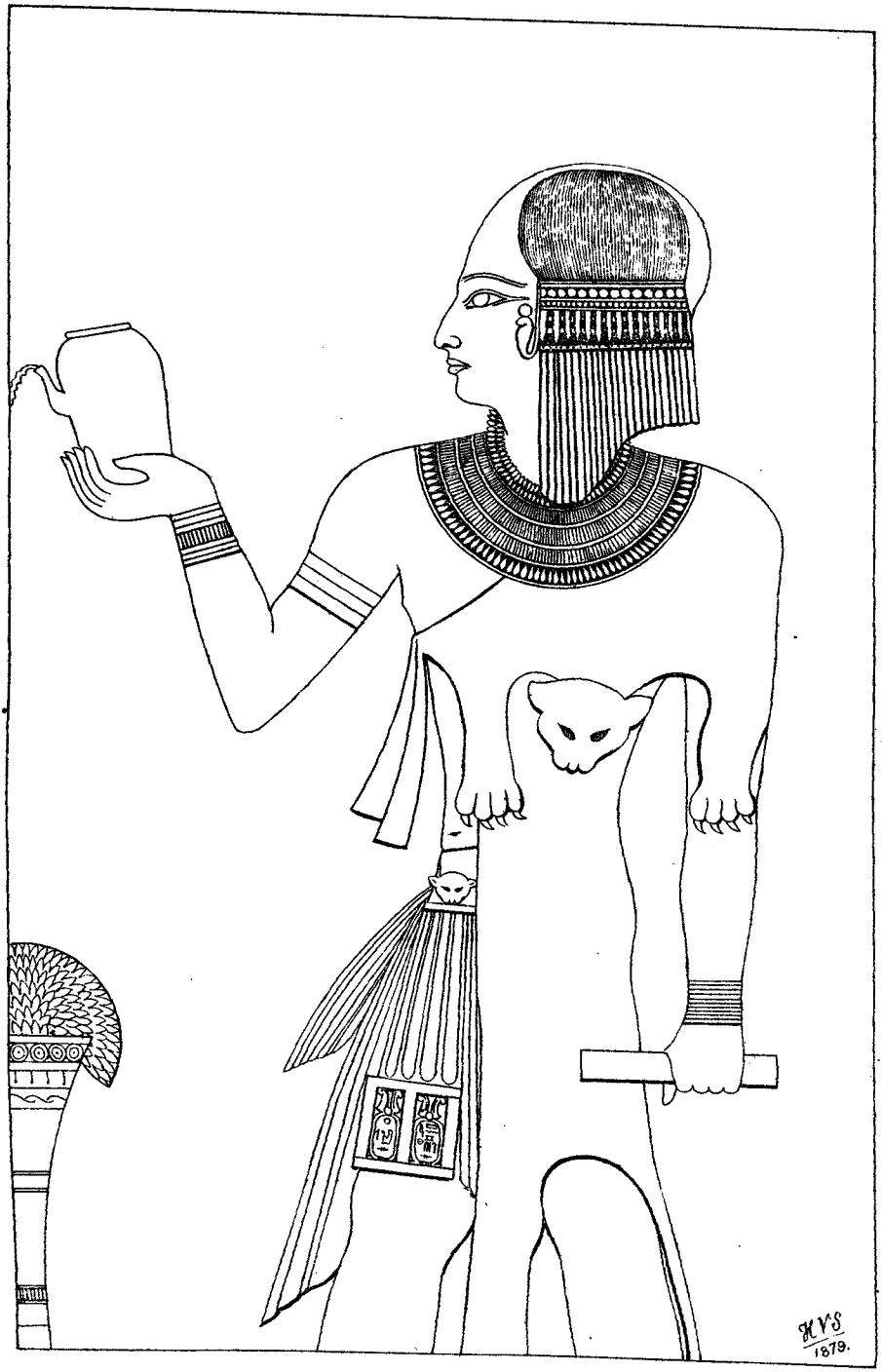
CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ROYAL ANCESTORS OF RAMESES THE GREAT.

The Temple of Abydos—Bas-relief of young Rameses—The famous Tablet—Its value in Egyptian chronology—Testimony of the Pyramids to Sethi's accuracy.

On leaving Kom-es-Sultan we passed the alabaster temple of Rameses, and presently reached that of Sethi. This is so fully described in guide-books, and its paintings are so similar to those of other temples, that we shall not dwell upon them; they are executed with the same care and high finish that distinguishes all Sethi's work. The most interesting are the series which exhibit the king opening the sanctuaries of the gods in succession with his own hands, and also the nursery scene in which young Rameses, still a baby, is being petted and fondled by his mother and the ladies of the Court. All this, however, is far eclipsed in interest by the sculptures in the dark corridor at the south corner, for in this was found, a few years ago, the famous Tablet of Abydos.

It is a long dark corridor, blackened with the smoke of some conflagration, but fortunately otherwise uninjured. On the left hand are names of no less than 130 deities—all the gods and goddesses, major and minor, of the Egyptian Pantheon. Beneath each is the town or district which was specially devoted to him or her. At the end of this panel stands Sethi and his idolized son, destined later to leave his mark so deeply on the annals



PORTRAIT OF RAMESES THE GREAT IN HIS YOUTH.
ABYDOS.

PL. XXXV.

of his generation, and, indeed, on the history of the world. The father is instructing the son in the theology of his religion, and the latter is pouring out a libation to the gods. The bas-relief of young Rameses (Plate XXXV.) is beautifully executed, more care having evidently been lavished upon it than on anything else in the entire temple. As a specimen of sculpture it is quite a gem, and may be accepted as an accurate portrait of the youthful hero. He wears the side lock, the distinguishing ornament of royal princes. His head has been shaved both at the back and over the brow, leaving the side lock, and we know from statues that it was worn on one side only. There are, however, many instances in which the shaving was dispensed with (see Plate XI.) This cherished appendage was made the occasion for some dandyism. The prince has secured his with a clasp most elaborately ornamented with pearls and gold, and terminating in front with the royal asp, presently to be worn on his brow, but meanwhile biding its time below. Beneath this comb or clasp the hair has been plaited into long tresses, forming a fringe, carefully trimmed into a graceful shape. Round his neck he wears a double string of beads and a handsome collar. A panther skin is thrown over his shoulders, with the head and claws attached; this is kept in its place by ribbons, while round his waist is tied an apron, fastened with a leopard's-head buckle. His names are engraved upon a golden plate suspended in front by four straps, after the manner of a Highland kilt; on arms and wrists are the usual armlets and bracelets, each of the latter being of a different pattern. In the left hand the young prince carries a roll of papyrus, on which no doubt were in-

scribed the list of the Sacred Pantheon—the lesson he had to learn; with his right he is pouring out a libation to them, which falls into a vessel of flowers placed there for the purpose.

The figure is life-size, and we took a very careful impression of it, and can guarantee Plate XXXV. being an accurate reproduction—a fac-simile.

On the opposite wall father and son stand in much the same attitude, but the bas-relief is considerably mutilated. Now it is not the gods, but the to be scarcely less venerated ancestors, that the royal pair are contemplating. Sethi is waving one hand towards them, while he carries an incense burner in the other, still flaming. The noble youth gazes upon the long lines of his forefathers with even greater interest than he did upon the gods. He holds in his hand another papyrus, in which the illustrious names are inscribed—what price would that papyrus fetch could it now be retrieved? In front of the group is an inscription of some length, a sort of preface, and beyond that extends, in four long rows, the names and titles of seventy-six kings, beginning with *Menai* (see Plate LIII). Upon this monogram of hoary and fabulous antiquity one cannot gaze, as Mariette Bey observes, without emotion. There they all are in bold relief, splendidly cut upon the hard marble-like limestone; there they are in chronological succession, letting in a flood of light where Egyptologists had hitherto been groping in hopeless darkness and perplexity. The preface to the tablet states that it is dedicated to the *male* ancestors* of King Sethi who have been sovereigns of Upper and Lower Egypt. A little consideration will

* The word "ancestors" does not actually occur, but the instruction of his son in the history of his ancestors is plainly its purpose; this is manifest from the whole composition of the Tableau.

show how considerable a proportion of Egyptian sovereigns are excluded by this preamble from the list here given. It shuts out those princes who, though legitimate, were masters of only a part of the Egyptian empire. It shuts out female sovereigns, even though in the direct line of descent, and also some male legitimate sovereigns whose branches died out, and who were therefore not ancestors. It shuts out all collateral reigns. Consistently with these exclusive rules he has omitted, as we might have expected from his preface, all the dynasties which existed during that long period of eclipse while half Egypt was in the possession of an alien race, the Hycsos or Shepherd Kings, *i.e.*, from the twelfth to the eighteenth dynasty, as well as all the dynasties during which intestine divisions left the country under a divided sway, when the power of the feudal chiefs revived under a succession of weak sovereigns, none of whom had absolute possession of the reins of government. This appears to have been partially the case from the sixth to the eleventh dynasty. He has also omitted the two queens N-i-t-a-kere (Nitocris) and Ha-t-Asou, in accordance with Rule I., and Amunoph the Fourth and his successors in accordance with Rule II.

Even after this severe pruning there still remain seventy-six monarchs. Now let us see to what chronological conclusions this leads us. If there be assigned to these seventy-six monarchs the same average duration of reign that our own thirty-four English sovereigns have enjoyed, viz., twenty-four years, one with another, they alone make up a period of no less than 1824 years. Sethi lived more than 1500 years B.C. Even therefore had the Abydos tablet been

exhaustive, the date of Menes, the first king of the seventy-six, must have been thrown back to 3324 years before Christ, *i.e.*, 5203 years ago. But we have already shown that it was very far from exhaustive; we have to add the long period of 500 years, at least, during which Northern Egypt was in the power of those foreign invaders, the Hycsos.

This interval embraces the entire time of the period of Abraham's visit, and of Joseph's Egyptian career. We must add the reigns of two queens already referred to, and the reigns of Amunoph the Fourth and his three successors, with whom his branch died out. Queen Ha-t-Asou reigned a long time, and Queen Nitocris lived long enough to leave her mark in history. Amunoph the Fourth and his three successors lasted for a sufficient period to revolutionize the Egyptian religion, and to establish a new capital of great extent and importance, as a visit to the ruins of Tel-el-Amarna will prove. One hundred years will therefore be a very moderate period to allow for the two queens and for the Khou-en-Aten period. Then there is the interval between the sixth and twelfth dynasties, which cannot be put at less than 200 years, exclusive of the kings belonging to it comprised in Sethi's list. Altogether, therefore, the minimum total that must be added to the date of the foundation of the Egyptian empire by Menes cannot be reduced below 800 years, further throwing back that date, therefore, to 4124 years B.C., *i.e.*, to 6003 years ago, and the date of the Great Pyramid to 3600 B.C., *i.e.*, to 5479 years ago.

But the average duration of reign, in the early dynasties at all events, is considerably in excess of the more modern average. As a matter of fact we know

that during periods of stability several of the Egyptian reigns were very long. Cheops (Chufu) and Khafra reigned each fifty years, Pepi reigned ninety-five, and Rameses reigned sixty-seven. The inscription of Senofreou, Plate XLV., page 276, is dated in the forty-second year of his reign; that alongside in the forty-first year of King Ousersra's reign; and inscriptions at Beni Hassan in the forty-third year of Ousertasen's reign, &c.

Manetho gives 285 years as the period spanned by the nine reigns of the fourth dynasty, *i.e.*, nearly thirty-two years for each sovereign. In the sixth dynasty six reigns span 198 years, *i.e.*, thirty-three to each king. The average for the fifth is about the same; and these terms of life are confirmed by independent records found in the genealogies occurring on memorial stele and in papyri. The lives of these early sovereigns were longer, owing either to superior vigour of constitution or because the cares of state sat more lightly upon them. The period, therefore, to be assigned to the seventy-six kings of Sethi's list must be extended in the proportion of about one-fourth, in order to be consistent with existing records.

In proposing the annexed chronology, therefore, it must be understood that it is put forward as a *minimum* calculation, and admitted to fall short of that required by historic records; the intervals also assumed between dynasties six and twelve, and again between twelve and eighteen, are much below those assigned by tradition and by Manetho's history; it must be remembered that Manetho's statements are *official*, compiled by command of one of the Ptolemies, while most of the contemporary records still existed.

And it cannot be doubted that Ptolemy selected the ablest and most intelligent historian of his time for the work, and placed at his disposal every source of information at his command.

It may be said, but how can we be sure that Sethi's list is not a mere compilation of priestly legends? It happens that within the past ten years we have discovered the means of testing Sethi's accuracy. Numerous sepulchral stele have been discovered at various places; the tombstones of men whose families served under more than one sovereign. In this way we have the names of several successive kings mentioned in their order. The same is the case with family tombs; I saw one tomb in which nearly the entire of the eighteenth dynasty was mentioned in their order; another in which three kings of the sixth dynasty were mentioned in their order; another in which four kings of the fourth dynasty are given in succession; another begins the sixth dynasty and extends into the reign of Pepi; another takes up the record in the reign of Pepi, and continues to the end of that dynasty. All these pieces of independent evidence confirm the absolute accuracy of Sethi's list. The only apparent inaccuracy I have succeeded in discovering is the position he assigns to Ouskaf of the fourth dynasty. I saw a tomb in which Ouskaf is placed by a contemporary next to Chufu, and he is so placed in more than one stele and in several papyri, but there may have been more than one Ouskaf, as there are more than one Ata, and Chufu may have been succeeded by an Ouskaf who died childless, whose reign was brief, and who would not therefore appear in Sethi's list. Sethi's hobby was genealogy; he had at command all the sources of information which the empire

contained. He drew up his list no less than 3380 years ago; comparatively near, therefore, to the historic times he records. And so far from showing any disposition to swell his list with legendary names and to exaggerate the number of his predecessors, he has, as already observed, pruned it down most closely and excluded from it all that he possibly could. Moreover, it would be as easy to imagine Queen Victoria in error as to the succession of the sovereigns her predecessors as to imagine an Egyptian king, who had made the subject his special study, to be ignorant of the kings who reigned before him, and whose descendant and representative he claimed to be.

Modern Egyptologists of twenty years ago compiled their chronology under very great difficulties; almost all the papyrus had perished, nine-tenths of the monuments had perished, the archives kept in a hundred temples by the priests had been burnt, they had perished in that cruel conflagration of the Alexandrian library, in which 400,000 papyri are said to have been ruthlessly destroyed. They were straining to see into a remote past of thousands of years with very inadequate landmarks.

Sethi had to encounter none of these difficulties. The archives, carefully kept and jealously guarded, were all intact; papyri from the time of the immediate successor of Menes even existed. We know of one which is quoted written by the second king. The order of succession was as plain to Sethi and his contemporaries as that from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria is to us. His list was also made out with great deliberation. He built a noble gallery especially to record it in for the instruction of his son, and that son has proved his faith in it by subsequently copying it and having

it sculptured on the wall of a temple which he built. Moreover, it is confirmed by other tablets and lists and papyri, which, though very imperfect and disconnected fragments, still, so far as sequences of kings do occur, confirm the tablet of Abydos.

Wherever Manetho and Sethi differ, I should unhesitatingly give my faith to Sethi. He wrote 1400 years nearer the events; Manetho wrote after a large proportion of the records of the *early* dynasties had probably perished. Still, in the main, Manetho's table of kings does not differ materially from Sethi's, except in putting in whole dynasties which Sethi, for the reasons already explained, passed over in silence. I have sought to reduce the remoteness of date to the minimum that the evidence would allow.

I began my inquiries into Egyptian chronology with a strong prejudice against the remote dates claimed, but after carefully sifting all the evidence I could get at, both from books and from monuments, I can come to no other conclusion, after three visits and many years' inquiry, than that the minimum dates that can be assigned for the foundation of the Egyptian empire are those above put forward. Mariette Bey, who has devoted his life to the study of the subject, assigns 5004 B.C. as the date of Menes, and 4235 B.C. as the date of the Great Pyramid; thus estimating their antiquity as more than 800 years greater than I have done.

Other silent witnesses to the remote period to which the Egyptian monarchy extends back, exist in the long array of pyramids which, in a more or less ruined state, strew the desert for sixty miles, from Meidoum to Memphis. They are said to amount to seventy in number; and, having ridden through them

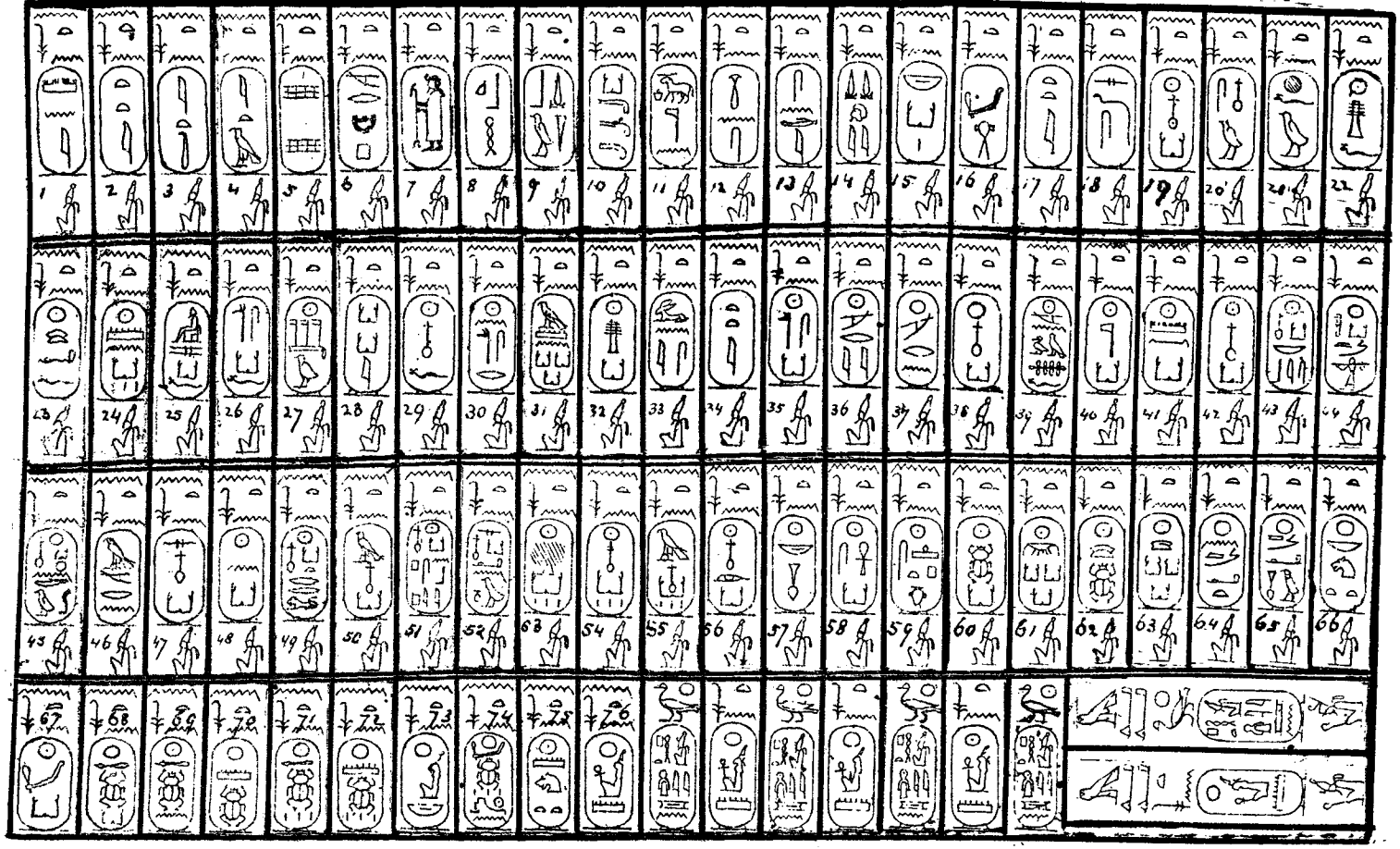


Plate 53. ROYAL ANCESTORS OF RAMESES THE GREAT. ABYDOS

for miles, I can well believe it. Now the building of pyramids went out of fashion previous to the eleventh dynasty, but we do not know how long before; perhaps the latest were built under the sixth. At all events we have here conclusive evidence that previous to the eleventh dynasty seventy kings reigned in succession long enough to build these vast sepulchral structures. There were seventy kings whose reigns were each long enough to construct for himself one of these vast sepulchres; that would represent 1700 years. To this must be added the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth dynasties before we arrive at Sethi. We know pretty accurately the length of the twelfth and eighteenth dynasties. The twelfth lasted 175 years, the eighteenth about 270, making 445 years in all; this, added to 1700, makes 2145 before Sethi, which added to his 1500 B.C. (which in round numbers mounts up to 3500 B.C.) is 5400 years ago. Observe how closely this independent calculation from the seventy pyramids tallies with that from Sethi's Tablet. Be it remembered that this calculation leaves out of the reckoning the entire of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth dynasties, within which occurs the reign of the Hycsos, estimated at 500 years.

Brugsch Bey showed me 240 royal scarabæi of different kings collected by himself; forty of these were of unknown reigns. Now, even at the rate of four to the century, these would represent 6000 years! However, no doubt a certain percentage of these were collateral. We copied the entire collection of royal ovals in the table of Abydos, seventy-six in number, and we give them in Plate LIII. We have had to modify the arrange-

ment of the rows in order to get them within the limits of the Plate, which is not a fac-simile either of our drawing or of the tablet, but the series of ovals is correct, and we have numbered them for convenience. During the entire period that Sethi's tablet of seventy-six kings covers, Egypt had no contemporary record; during the reign of his son, for the first time, Egyptian history acquires a contemporary companion in the writings of Moses.

We annex the English equivalents for the hieroglyphics in the ovals, together with their significations, which will we hope prove interesting as illustrating the ancient modes of thought, giving indications of their religious views, and helping to determine the sequence of syllables in disputed names. For instance, No. 11, Bai-en-Nuter, has been written by some Egyptologists Nuter-bai-en, but as "Bai" means spirit, "en" of, and "Nuter" god, it is clear that the en ("of") would be out of place if put last, and that Bai-en-Nuter is the natural grammatical sequence, a conclusion confirmed by the Greek equivalent given by Manetho, "Binothris." The idea involved in the name is instructive and interesting.

ROYAL ANCESTORS OF RAMESES THE GREAT,

WITH TRANSLATIONS OF THE NAMES IN EACH OVAL AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION.

No.	Table of Abydos.	Interpretation of Name.	Corresponding Name in Manetho's Table.
1	Mena	He that abides	Menes.
2	Teta	He that fights	Athothis.
3	Ateta	. . . . .	Athothis.
4	Ata.		
5	Sepoui	. . . . .	Usephaidos.
6	Merbap	. . . . .	Miebidos.
7	Equivalent of hieroglyphic, unknown	. . . . .	Semempses (?)
8	Quebhah	A vessel of drink-offering to the Gods	(K) Oubienthes.
9	Betou	The prow of the ship	Boethos.
10	Ka-kaou	The Bull of Bulls	Kaekhos.
11	Bai-en-nuter	The Spirit of God	Binothris.
12	Uznas or Outnes	Captain (literally) tongue of the Sceptre.	
13	Senta	The founder	Sethnes.
14	Ta-ta-ur-i	. . . . .	Turis.
15	Neb-ka	Chief Bull.	
16	Sersa	Wielding the baton of power.	
17	Teta II.		
18	Setes.	. . . . .	Tosertosis.
19	Nofre-kara		
20	Senofreou	Good by the grace of Ra	Kerpheres.
21	Khou-fou	The Reformer	Soris.
22	Ratatef	Splendidly exalted	Souphis.
23	Khafra	Ra his stability	Ratoises.
24	Menkaoura	Ra his splendour	Souphris.
25	Susesk-ef	Abiding by the favours of Ra	Menkeres.
		The Supreme (Ra) his follower	Sisires.

No.	Table of Abydos.	Interpretation of Name.	Corresponding Name in Manetho's Table.
26	Ouserskaf	Victorious strength	Ouserkheres.
27	Sahoura		Sephres.
28	Keka.		
29	Ra-nofre	Ra his goodness.	
30	R-en-ouser	The victoriousness of Ra	Ra-thoures.
31	Men-kaou-hor	Abiding by the favours of Horus	Menkheres.
32	Tat-ka-ra	Stable by grace of Ra	Tankheres.
33	Ounas		Ounos.
34	Teta III.		
35	Ouserkara	Victorious by the grace of Ra.	
36	Merira	Loving Ra.	
37	Merenra	Beloved of Ra.	
38	Nofrekara I.	Good by favour of Ra.	
39	Merenra-Zapemsaf	Beloved of Ra.	
40	Nuter-ka-ra	Holy by favour of Ra.	
41	Menkara	Abiding by grace of Ra.	
42	Nofre-kara II.	Good by the grace of Ra.	
43	Nofre-kara-Nebi	Nebi good by the grace of Ra.	
44	Tat-kara-ma?	Stable by grace of Ra.	
45	Nofre-ka-Ra-Khen-tonb	Khen-tonb good by grace of Ra.	
46	Merenhor II.	Beloved of Horus.	
47	Senofre-ka.		
48	Ka-en-Ra	The Bull of Ra.	
49	Nofrekara-Terrel	Terrel good by the grace of Ra.	
50	Nofrekara III.	Good by the grace of Ra.	
51	Nofrekara-Seneb-Pepi	Good, sound, pre-eminent by grace of Ra.	
52	Senofreka-Annou	Annou beneficent by grace of Ra.	
53	.... Kaoura.		
54	Nofrekaoura I.	Good by the favours of Ra.	
55	Nofrekaoura II.	Good by the favours of Ra.	
56	Nofrearkara	Beneficent by the grace of Ra.	

No.	Table of Abydos.		Interpretation of Throne Names.	Translation of Family Names.*
	Throne Name.	Family Name.		
57	Neb-kher-Ra	Amen-em-Hotep	The word of the Lord Ra	Delight of Amon.
58	Sank-ka-Ra	. . . .	Living by grace of Ra.	
59	S.-Hotep-Ab-Ra	Ousertasen I.	Joy of the heart of Ra	The victorious.
60	Kafer-Ka-Ra	Amenemhat I.	Illustrious by favour of Ra	Amen the leader.
61	Noub-kaoura	Amenemhat II.	The wealthy by favour of Ra	Amen the chief.
62	Kafer-kha-Ra	Ousertasen II.	Glorious horizon of Ra	The victorious.
63	Kha-ka-ou-Ra	Ousertasen III.	. . . . .	The victorious.
64	Maat-en-Ra	Amenemhat III.	Justice of Ra	Amen the leader.
65	Mat-a-kheru-Ra	Amenemhat IV.	The righteousness and word of Ra	Amen the leader.
66	Neb-Peht-et-Ra	Ahmeses	The mighty Lord of Ra	Child of the moon.
67	Ser-Ka-Ra	Amenhotep I.	Wielding power by grace of Ra	Delight of Amen.
68	Aa-Kafer-ka-Ra	Thothmes I.	Great glorious bull of Ra	Child of Thoth.
69	Aa-Kafer-en-Ra	Thothmes II.	Great glory of Ra	Child of Thoth.
70	Men-Kafre-Ra	Thothmes III.	Enduring glory of Ra	Child of Thoth.
71	Aa-Kafre-ou-Ra	Amunoph II.	The greatest of the glories of Ra	Delight of Amen.
72	Men-Kafre-ou-Ra	Thothmes IV.	The most enduring of the glories of Ra	Child of Thoth.
73	Neb-ma-Ra	Amunoph III.	Lord of justice of Ra	Delight of Amen.
74	Ser-Kafreou-Stepen-Ra	Horus	Illustrious ruler approved of Ra	Horus.
75	Menpeht-i-Ra	Rameses I.	The abiding might of Ra	Child of the sun.
76	Neb-ma-Ra	Sethi	Lord of the justice of Ra	Beloved of Amen.

* Manetho gives the family names, by which, therefore, these Kings are now best known.

APPROXIMATE CHRONOLOGY,

RECKONED BACKWARDS FROM THE FIXED DATE OF THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM BY SHISHAK, B.C. 979, AND BASED UPON THE TABLET OF ABYDOS AND THE EXODUS.

	B. C.
Death of Solomon	980
Death of David	1020
Death of Saul	1060
Coronation of Saul	1100
Government by Judges 450 years; but as St. Paul says "by the space of," thus leaving some margin, we will assume that this interval was 59 years less, and adopt the date fixed by the Bible commentators for the Exodus	1491
Death of Rameses the Second	About 1500
Birth of Moses	1570
Accession of Rameses	1576
Foundation of Nineteenth dynasty	1600
Expulsion of Hicsos	1790
Foundation of Eighteenth dynasty	1800
Death of Joseph	1820
Visit of Abraham to Egypt	2000
Invasion of Shepherd Kings	2250
Foundation of Thirteenth dynasty	2450
Foundation of Twelfth dynasty	2650
Uncertain interval between Twelfth and Sixth dynasties, *over* 500 *years assigned by Manetho;* we will assume not more than 200 years.	
End of Sixth dynasty	2850
End of Fifth dynasty	3050
End of Fourth dynasty	3300
Great Pyramid finished about	3450
End of Third dynasty	3500
End of Second dynasty	3700
End of First dynasty	3950
Foundation of Egyptian Empire by Menes	4200

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIXTH-DYNASTY TOMBS IN GEBEL ABOUFAIDA.

Ekmin—A good Guide-map needed—Uselessness of Dragomen as Guides—Ancient Tomb near Gou-el-Kebeer—Rock-tombs under successive Dynasties—Mosaics at Beni-Hassan—A Coptic Church—Tombs of the Sixth Dynasty—A Coptic Monastery—Bedressayn.

February 12.—After a most interesting sojourn at Abydos we returned to the *Gazelle*, and next day a run of forty-four miles brought us to the important market-town of Ekmin. We landed, intending to visit some tombs, in which one of the successors of Amunoph the Fourth is represented, Aai by name. I was particularly anxious to see this sculpture, as it refers to an obscure episode in Egyptian history, and every scrap of information we can get about it is therefore interesting; but we found no one in the town who could guide us, and the guide-books are so vague in their description of its whereabouts as to be useless. A really good guide-map for Egypt is greatly needed, for in Egypt it is the only guidance travellers have to depend upon. The highly-paid dragomen are utterly valueless as guides, and they carry their ignorance of the Egyptian monuments to affectation. *They are messmen and nothing else.* They hate and detest the whole business of sight-seeing. They are a lazy, indolent lot, whose *beau idéal* of happiness is to loll in a comfortable chair smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee; or if they come to a large village they vanish on the pretence of buying eggs

or chickens, but really to have cigarettes and coffee, and a gossip with their acquaintance there. They deem it a disgrace to be seen exerting themselves, and they give the crew and waiters far more trouble in attending on them and in helping them up and down banks, or in and out of the boat, than their masters do. They think it a personal grievance if a traveller wishes to see anything beyond the routine of Karnak, Denderah, and Edfoo; and we once trusted to our dragoman to show us the way to Karnak, only a quarter of a mile distant from the river, and he misled us. The most honest and obliging dragoman we had was a Syrian of the name of Talhami. The dragomen, even if they knew of an interesting monument besides the stock ones, would carefully conceal it; and as they are one's only medium of communication with the natives, they would not tell one the information that the natives could supply. The present guide-books are minute in their instructions how to find temples which everyone knows and which are big enough to be discerned miles off, but are misleading as to lesser ones; and I have wandered about all day in search of small but historically interesting monuments which accurate guidance would have led to in half an hour. The best guidance of all would be an ordnance map, *with every known archæologic remnant marked upon it and the route to it traced out from the river.*

An excellent ordnance map, the French survey, for government purposes has been published, and it only needs an enterprising publisher of guide-books to mark these objects upon it as suggested to make it perfect.

Such a map would be cheap at a five-pound note to any traveller wishing to see the antiquities of Egypt

thoroughly, or to gather historical or archæologic information.

"Murray's Guide-book" is admirable, but, like all the rest, it is deficient in *special* maps. No doubt this will be amended in a new edition soon to appear, and much needed.

February 13.—This morning for the first time there was a fog on the river. We ascended Gebel Sheck Herredee, a magnificent rocky bluff which projects into the Nile. Half-way up are many tombs, and above them vast excavations—caverns formed while quarrying for building stones. Square columns have been left to prop up the ceiling. I measured one of these grottoes and found it 300 feet long by 100 feet deep. It contained several stelæ covered with hieroglyphics and sculptured figures. The view from the entrance over the valley of the Nile was superb, as the fog rolled away, unveiling the great plain below with its towns and villages and canals and cultivation, and the Libyan desert beyond. Later in the day we visited some ancient tombs near Gou-el-Kebeer; from the antique style of sculpture and of the hieroglyphics they may be older than the Pyramids. The first I saw was excavated to imitate a house; in those primitive times the dwellings were only one storey high, and were roofed with palm trunks laid side by side in the rough; the lintels of the doors and windows also consisted of undressed palm trunks; their appearance had here been exactly imitated, the stone ceiling having been chiselled out into the form of round beams laid close together. There were several large boats with masts shaped like a step-ladder, so as to dispense with stays fore and aft. They were rowed by fourteen men, squatting on their

heels, and steered by three men. A slave driver stood over the rowers, whip in hand; the boat itself was evidently dug out of the solid, like an Indian canoe. On another part of the wall the wife of the owner was seated in a boat made of papyrus stems bound together, so that Moses' ark of bullrushes was a very ancient invention. With her was her maid-servant, carrying a bundle; the attendant's name was inscribed over her head. The hieroglyphics were of very antique style; the lord of the tomb claimed to be the relative of a king—I wish he had specified what king—and the same rank was assigned to his wife, who was sitting opposite to him at a little table. He was a priest in the most sacred house of Horus, and she was a priestess; beside her a little daughter, whose name is given—Sa-nofre-t. The mother's name was Princess Af-a.

The idea of the tomb was to render it a reproduction of the home he occupied in life; there were the imitation windows and imitation doors, and walls which recalled the scenes of his life in the flesh; boats for the river, and cattle for the land, and there was piled up for him the food he preferred.

The whole style proclaimed extreme antiquity—the dug-out canoes, the thick clumsy table and chairs, the low roof, the palm trunks not being barely indicated as at the Pyramids, but being conscientiously executed in complete relief. They were primitive times evidently when men were contented with dwellings of very modest dimensions and materials, and this ancient chief's house, the original of this tomb, bore the same relation to the tombs of Ti of the fifth dynasty &c., as Henry the Eighth's house in Fleet Street bears to Buckingham Palace.

I feel no hesitation in assigning to this tomb an antiquity at least equal to that of the Pyramids; it struck me as the most antique monument I had seen in Egypt, except the third-dynasty tombs at Meidoum.

There were three sets of statues inside the tomb, and one group outside very clumsily executed; they represented father, mother, and daughters.

In another tomb not far off and of the same period, were seven daughters standing in a row, with the name of each one over her head. There were similar groups of statues also in this tomb.

The scale of these rock-hewn private mausoleums gradually increased, as I have already observed; they were of modest dimensions during the third and fourth dynasties, decidedly larger under the fifth and sixth; under the twelfth dynasty they had attained the spacious excavations which we see at Beni Hassan. Under the thirteenth they grew larger still, examples of which may be seen in the Stabil Antar and other rock tombs at Assyout; while under the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties they developed into those subterranean cathedrals, the tombs of the kings, priests, and officers of state, which have attracted the wonder and admiration of the world ever since. Not less did the style of sculpture painting and decoration develop under successive dynasties. Already in the fifth the thick and clumsy hieroglyphics of the fourth are giving way to more refined workmanship. The advance gained then was, however, lost during the sixth, but there was a revival under the eleventh and twelfth in the style of hieroglyphic sculpture, for early in the twelfth we find them beautifully executed, *e.g.*, in the tombs of Ameni and of Khnoum-ba-Hotep, at Beni Hassan. Not less

excellent is the carving of the hieroglyphics and cartouches on the ancient obelisks of King Antef of the eleventh dynasty, which we saw at Drah-Abou-Neggah.

We visited Beni Hassan for the third time on our way down; the subjects there found have been so thoroughly and exhaustively described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson and others that there is not much left to glean, but I found two or three specimens of mosaic work there. One of them is a pair of shoes carried by a slave after his master—they are exceedingly well done; and while the portrait of their owner is much defaced and blackened and obscured beyond recognition, the shoes stand out sharply defined, nearly all that has survived of the once proud Egyptian chief. The mosaic is set in particularly hard cement. It is not easy to guess why these articles were thus peculiarly distinguished; perhaps they were shoes of honour, or had some special history attached to them. They are old shoes now, no less than 4500 years old; probably there are not many more ancient specimens of mosaic in the world. (Since writing the above I have seen far more ancient mosaics at Meidoum.)

In a valley near Beni Hassan are some cat mummies. My donkey boy fished out one with its legs still covered with fur, which however crumbled as one touched it.

February 14.—We undertook an expedition up into the mountains behind Beni Mohammet-el-Koofoor to visit some tombs of the remote period of the sixth dynasty. While we were waiting for donkeys, a fine, handsome, stately-looking personage in a snow-white turban and long flowing robes came forward and took charge of us. He placed mats for us to sit on in an open

space in the centre of the town, and there the elders gathered round us, squatting cross-legged, smoking, and contemplating us in silence, or with an occasional Inshallah in reply to the remarks we made through our dragoman; meanwhile our portly friend brought us coffee from his house, and very good it was. Then we were taken to see a Coptic church; it was redeemed from utter ugliness by four domes; these were pierced with holes, through which the interior was lighted. Inside was a very handsome screen, carved and inlaid with ivory, ebony, and some light-coloured wood; this screen divided the sanctuary from the nave. Over it were three paintings, the Virgin and Child in the middle; on the left a very fat St. George on an obese charger piercing a particularly small dragon with his spear, and on the right St. Michael trampling upon Satan; the latter appeared to be in a poor way, but I fear has since revived. We had a long hot ride of two hours to the mountains, and some tough climbing up the flanks of Gebel Aboufaida to the tombs; they all belonged to officials of King Nofre-Kara of the sixth dynasty; they are consequently about 4900 years old. I had only time to examine hastily the hieroglyphics in one of them; they referred to the services performed for their royal masters by the occupants of the tomb, and the rewards conferred upon them by their sovereigns. One of them had received three collars of honour, and felt so proud of them that he appeared in the tomb with the three collars in a box beside him, the box being similar to those I saw in an eleventh-dynasty tomb at Drah-Abou-Neggah. Moreover Nofrekara had conferred upon him the highest distinction it was in the power of a Pharaoh to bestow—he had made him priest of his

pyramid, the Pyramid of Life, as he had designated it (see Appendix, Table of Titles). His appointment as priest did not necessitate his giving up his warlike avocation, for he is portrayed near the entrance brandishing a short scimitar in a ferocious manner. The personages in these tombs, like their contemporaries at Kasr-el-Syad, are represented, both men and women, with very large eyes, and the style of painting is markedly antique. Among other things was a painting of a boat with a *treble* mast and a bow, reminding us of the bow of a racing yacht, the stem projecting beneath the water.

The king's oval appeared threefold in an inscription, the titles being varied beneath each, but the title of the Pyramid of Life is common to all, as is also that of servant of God.

I regretted exceedingly that owing to the lateness of the hour I had not time to copy the inscriptions on these tombs. Notwithstanding their great antiquity, they are very legible, and as they contain the biographies of officers of state, and set forth the services in which they were employed, they probably might shed an interesting light upon the history of that remote time. It is seldom that the inscriptions on tombs so ancient are legible continuously; the other paintings are much defaced by Mahometan fanaticism, and the long and fatiguing expedition would scarcely repay any travellers except collectors of inscriptions. On our way back we were met by the superior of a Coptic monastery at the foot of the mountain, who invited us to visit him and have some refreshment. The monastery is a great battlemented enclosure of crude brick; through the embrasures we could see the heads and the inquisitive dark eyes of the women peeping at us as we approached. The interior

consisted of a perfect warren of cells and little courts, and in the centre was the church, having four domes, the perforations in which were the only source of light for the interior. There were pictures of St. George and St. Michael, and a carved screen of ivory and ebony for the sanctuary; the walls were adorned with miniature angels represented as follows in bright colours.

We were shown into an apartment in the Prior's house; the only furniture consisted of a low brick wall at one end, upon which were spread grass mats. Excellent coffee, however, and cordial smiling hospitality, to which a charm was added by the savage desolation of the mountains around, made up for the want of more costly furniture. I inquired of my host what the harvest prospects were for the coming season, and he said they were magnificent, there never had been finer crops; a statement confirmed by observation during our many walks and rides across country.

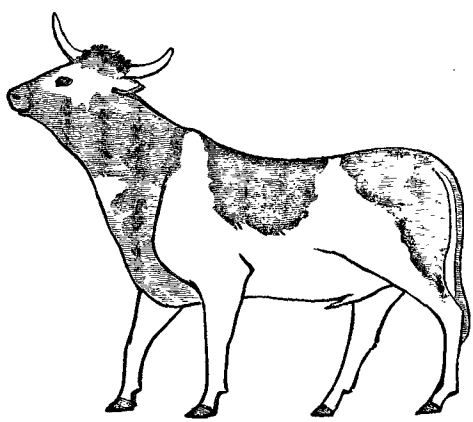
The district about Gebel Aboufaida is not considered safe; the sheik of the village sent an escort with us of men with long, sharp-pointed spears and one rifle, and in fact we encountered some very ill-looking groups of men whom we would rather not have met after dark.

February 15.—We reached Tel-el-Amarna, and paid its monuments a second visit, but we have already described them (Chapter VII.), and included in that account all our observations on them.

February 16.—We stopped at Mellawy, and spent three hours at Beni Hassan. See page 334.

February 17.—On this day a south wind set in, and we sailed 80 miles, having both wind and current in our favour, a rare luxury.

Next day, February 18, all was changed, and we had our evil things; the wind went round to the north, and blew half a gale right in our teeth, with the accompaniment of a furious sand storm. The crew struggled on to Zowyeh, however, and from thence we rode to Meidoum. We have already described this very interesting expedition (Chapter III.) Instead of returning to Zowyeh, we cut off an angle of the river by making our way to Riggeh, whither the *Gazelle* had preceded us. The Meidoum expedition requires fully six hours. In the evening, the wind having moderated, we pushed on, and, sailing all night, reached Bedressayn early next morning.



H. V. S. 1879.

PORTRAIT OF THE SACRED BULL APIS, SKETCHED FROM COLOURED BAS-RELIEF ON AN APIS SARCOPHAGUS—SAKKARA.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SAKKARA.

The Apis Mausoleum—An English Encampment—Tomb of Ti—Arrival at Cairo—Disaffection amongst the Khedive's Troops—The Mecca Pilgrims—Procession of the Mahal—A Fortune-telling Dervish.

February 19.—We started from Bedressayn for Sakkara. In passing the hole in which the colossal statue of Rameses lies, face downwards, smiling blandly at the Nile mud which forms his couch and simmers in the hot sun within a few inches of his nose, we observed a pic-nic party beneath the date palms, which we were hospitably invited to join. Time did not admit of this, but we were afterwards told that their errand there was to superintend the rescuing of Rameses from his present undignified position, and that it is their intention to place this fine statue on a pedestal. I hope this is true, and that their enterprise may succeed. Our dragoman was much exercised at the eccentricity of Englishmen in wasting money in propping up a one-legged statue!

The Pyramids of Sakkara are not nearly so curious as that at Meidoum, but the Apis Mausoleum and the tomb of Ti, or Tih, as the guide-books call him in defiance of his hieroglyphic orthography, are exceedingly interesting.

On descending into the former one finds oneself in a vast subterranean cellar, in the corridor of which the mummy bulls were stored away like some curious vintage, each in his own bin, the said bins forming

lateral chambers right and left. Every chamber contained an enormous granite sarcophagus, a great monolith hollowed out. The apartment excavated in the solid granite block was spacious enough to have formed a very fine loose box for the bull when living—12 × 9 × 9 feet in the clear. The Prince of Wales and his party lunched in one of them during his Royal Highness's visit to Cairo. Mariette Bey once attempted to extract an apis sarcophagus; he had a tramway laid down and a steam engine and every modern appliance to effect his object, but he failed to get the ponderous mass out, and there it sticks near the entrance. The old Egyptians had brought it over hill and hollow all the way from Nubia; our modern engineers failed to move it 500 yards! They are all of black granite, except one which is rose-pink. Upon this is a portrait of Apis, with the markings that constitute the difference between a vulgar bull and a divine apis carefully detailed in colour, black and white. I drew him on the spot.

Close by the entrance to the Serapeum was the encampment of an English nobleman, consisting of half-a-dozen tents, flying the British banner, with many smartly-dressed native attendants, smoking and sipping coffee, and taking it very easy. The group out there in the wilderness, amid the wrecks of pyramids and the remnants of tombs and mummies, formed a picturesque contrast.

Not far off is the tomb of Ti, whose hieroglyphic name is Taa, pronounced Ti (see Plates III. and IV.). We copied the oval of the king, which occurs on the walls—Nofre-ar-ka-ra (see No. 56, Plate LIII.) There is in the Abydos list only one king bearing this name, viz., No. 56,

the twentieth king in succession after Pepi. If this was Ti's sovereign his tomb is of much later date than is usually supposed, and in fact the style of the sculptures would lead one to suspect the same thing, still he would come within the compass of the ancient empire.

In the Sakkara list, however, there occurs in the fifth dynasty a sovereign of the same name, Nofre-ar-kara, and from intrinsic evidence, and from the locality and surroundings of this tomb, Mariette Bey ascribes it to this reign.

On the left of the entrance are bas-reliefs of two aviaries full of poultry. In these the somewhat difficult perspective is perfectly correct, and that artist at all events understood the principle of the vanishing point.

In the evening we reached Cairo, and put up at the Grand New Hotel, which is splendidly situated upon the Esbeekieh Gardens; it is scrupulously clean, and its situation the most airy and healthy in Cairo.

We immediately experienced a violent contrast between the peaceful tranquillity of our dahabeeah life and the agitation in which we found the city plunged. A crisis had occurred—the European Commission had given the screw of economy a twist too much in refusing their arrears of pay to the army they were causing the Khedive to disband; the officers had mutinied, and had gone in a body to the War Office to demand their due; they had had no pay for many months, and had to live on credit; had been saddled with the Khedive's cast-off wives to boot, and were now to be turned out penniless upon the world. They said they would rather be shot at once than starve by inches. The soldiers sympathised with their officers; and when at the War Office they were commanded to fire upon them, they grounded

their arms and refused. Nubar Pasha was mobbed. The English Commissioner had his beard pulled; his French coadjutor fared no better. A pistol was levelled at the Khedive by an officer, whose hand was chopped off by one of the suite. A general revolt seemed imminent; it was only averted by sacks of coin, which were distributed to the troops on account.

The more timid Europeans were for bolting by the next steamer, but just at this crisis the plague broke out somewhere in Syria, quarantine had been established, and the great Mediterranean steamers refused to take passengers from Egypt—passing by on the other side, like the uncharitable Levite.

Immediately that it was known that they could not get away, every traveller was mad to be off, and the air was thick with rumours of danger. Nor was an outbreak of fanaticism at all improbable; it was, unluckily, the season for the great annual religious revival amongst the Mahometans, at Cairo, and we were warned not to attend the entry of the Mecca pilgrims. In addition to these agitating incidents, another exciting piece of news awaited us in the disaster of Isandula and the loss of valued friends.

February 23.—We drove out to visit the camp of the Mecca pilgrims. It was pitched on a tract of waste on the Abassieh road, now covered with the tents of the guard of the Holy Carpet; their horses were picketed each near that of its owner. In the centre was a large marquee lined with green, containing the gold embroidered cloth which forms the cover of the Mahal and the holy banners, while a wild-looking fellow with a gold inlaid pistol, two feet long, stuck in his belt, and another in his hand, marched up and down before the entrance,

and scowled at us as we approached. A few yards in front is the Mahal, beneath which the carpet is carried. It is constructed in imitation of a mosque with five minarets. Close by were littered three gigantic camels. They are the largest of their species that can be procured, and are set apart for the special duty of the Pilgrimage, and are never used for any other purpose; they are fat and well fed. We regretted to hear that the result is that they are ill-tempered, unruly, and dangerous, and have to be tied up very short. They presented a great contrast to the horses of the guard—Cossack ponies, mere bags of bones—capable, however, of enduring the great fatigue and hardship of the desert journey.

Next day, in defiance of warnings to the contrary, we drove to the citadel to see the procession which brings back the Mahal from Mecca, and restores it to its resting-place in the citadel. The road was lined with holiday-making townspeople. We were conducted by a very courteous officer of the Khedive's suite close to the handsome marquee which that potentate occupies during the ceremony. His Highness was surrounded by a very brilliant group, consisting of his sons in splendid uniforms of green and gold, and of the chief officers of state. He was engaged in conversation with the two chiefs of the Mollahs, who looked pale and emaciated with fasting, as the Mahometan public expects they should. They wore white turbans with long gold fringes. The marquee was surrounded by a body-guard of hussars in a very elegant uniform of drab, profusely braided with gold, and with gold-embroidered sabretaches; they wore crimson fezzes. There were also a number of infantry sentries. The

marquee was pitched immediately beneath the citadel, which towered above it, the wall over which the Mameluke leaped his horse on the occasion of Mehemet Ali's massacre, forming a conspicuous feature. Facing the marquee was the *Place d'Armes* or Champ de Mars, lined on three sides by Egyptian infantry, and on the fourth by the equipages of the ladies of the hareem, wearing the most transparent of gauze veils, through which their eyes flashed with redoubled lustre, which lent their beauty an extra charm, and some of them were very beautiful. This part of the pageant reminded one of the procession of ladies on the way to a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, nor were the Circassian beauties less willing to be looked at and admired.

Near each carriage was a fat eunuch or two, whose horses, handsomely caparisoned in velvet and gold, were led about by pages. Presently we heard in the distance the wild music of the Turkish military bands, and on came the procession. Conspicuous amongst them was the Soudan regiment, thorough-bred negroes, recruited in the Lake region of the far south, many of them rescued from Arab slave dealers. They are black, with the flattest of noses and the thickest of lips. Their white uniforms and red fezzes became them very well. They are remarkably tall men, but are said to be delicate, and to suffer much from the cold nights, which are the rule here, but are unknown in their own equatorial latitude. Next to them came the Volunteer Guards of the Mahal, a wild cut-throat looking crew, mostly Syrians, sunburnt and shaggy, stuck all over with stilettos and pistols, and riding wiry little ponies without an ounce of spare flesh. They were

headed by a kind of band of the most diminutive kettle-drums, which, however, were vigorously beaten, and made a noise very disproportioned to their size. Next, towering high above the procession and the crowd, was seen approaching the Howdah or Mahal, covered with a great silk canopy, splendidly embroidered in gold with texts from the Koran. On it came, perched on the summit of the biggest camel, and swaying to and fro, pendulum fashion, keeping time to the measured stride of the huge beast that carried it; it seemed an unwieldy burthen even for him. The neck of this camel was dyed with hennah. On his nose he wore a plume of ostrich feathers, and his forehead was hung with little mirrors, which flashed in the sun like diamonds. The Mahal was followed by the second camel, carrying the standard-bearer and the sacred banner; then came the strangest-looking feature of the procession—the Sheik of the Holy Caravan, an obese fellow stripped to the waist, and exposing a tawny brown-yellow skin, with folds of fat beneath it. He was bare-headed, and wore his own hair, closely curling and iron-grey; it was his only protection against the sun. He was perched upon the hump of the third of the big camels, amid cushions which hid his lower half. His eyes were half closed, and with an affected smile he rolled his head from side to side unceasingly, keeping time to the stride of his camel. It is said that he continues this rolling action all the way to Mecca and back. The procession advanced until opposite the Khedive, and then entered the Place d'Armes, the circuit of which it made three times, filing past the ladies of the hareem and the troops which lined its four sides. It was accompanied by a surging crowd, that enveloped it like a troubled

sea, on the waves of which the great embroidered howdah was seen plunging about like a very crank ship, followed by the fat Sheik, placidly rolling his iron-grey head, and smiling upon the assembled multitude. It must have been a great day for the hareem. The *cortége* once more emerged and halted a moment opposite the Viceroy, and then slowly wended its way up to the mosque of Mehemet Ali, where the holy carpet was deposited. The Khedive entered his carriage and drove off, escorted by his hussars and aides-de-camp, a brilliant Oriental group, only spoilt by one piece of bad taste—behind his carriage were perched a couple of powdered footmen in London liveries and gold-laced livery hats, which looked execrable amongst the turbans and fezzes and flowing Oriental robes. As a pageant, the whole thing was well worth seeing, and we were indebted to the marked courtesy of the Khedive's officers for seeing it so perfectly as we did. By no means the least interesting part of it were the streets of the old town along the line of the procession; the whole population had turned out in holiday attire; the little shops were converted into opera-boxes, in which sat the women and children decked in all the colours of the rainbow, surrounding the more sober-hued *père de famille*, whose fez capped each group; the women were of course veiled. The upper storeys of these old Cairo houses overhang the streets, and often meet, displaying a great wealth of carved woodwork. The little carved wood turrets which project from every house are particularly graceful and pretty; they are the *depôts* for the porous water-jars which keep the Nile water so delightfully cool and fresh. The object of the lattice-work turrets is to keep a current of air circulating round them.

We went with some ladies to visit an old fortune-telling dervish in one of those streets. Somewhat to their alarm, he lay in bed, buried beneath a quilt of many colours. At his head sat a young woman veiled, but showing a very keen pair of eyes. Having propitiated him with sundry coins, which it was explained to us were for charity, not for the soothsayer, who was above such sublunary considerations, the *séance* began; the quilt was thrown aside, and disclosed a naked man, much to the dismay of our fair friends. He told the fortunes of the ladies in a series of specially enigmatical sentences, which they were imprudent enough to press the interpreter to explain more distinctly; this drew forth from the long-nosed Greek who acted in that capacity some plain speaking which covered them with confusion and blushes.

He made one good shot with regard to a gentleman present. He was an ex-M.P., at present unattached. The wizard declared that he had occupied a green seat once, and would occupy it again. This prophecy seems likely to bring about its own fulfilment, for the gentleman in question is said to be now canvassing an Irish constituency, and to have a good chance of success. Some one propounded a question to the magician involving a trap, but the cunning old rogue pretended to have fallen into a trance, and not another word could be extracted from him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY.

A Desert Ride—Fossil Trees—Religious Festival at Cairo—Dancing Dervishes—Sunnites—The Sheik's Ride over the Bodies of the Faithful—A Ghastly Spectacle.

March 1.—We are always glad of an excuse for a ride on the desert. Having, therefore, heard of some remarkable fossil trees three hours west of the Great Pyramid, we set out in quest of them. After passing the pyramid plateau, we struck straight into the Libyan desert. Our way lay up the course of an ancient river-bed, broad enough to have been once the channel of the Nile; nor were there wanting indications that it may have been so, for we crossed great tracts of fossil mud, exactly resembling the present annual deposit, and still seamed with cracks that opened in it as it dried for the last time. The whole tract is now partly above the level of the present Nile. The beds of mud were laid bare wherever the wind had scoured away the sand. This was probably its channel before Mena diverted it by his great embankment at Memphis. As we rode along we observed sweet-scented mignonette, desert hyacinths, dwarf geraniums, and other flowers unknown to us; also tufts of an aromatic shrub of which the gazelles are very fond, as the little pointed footprints around each bush plainly show.

The surface of the desert was strewn with a great variety of stones. There were large numbers of flint

flakes which one would have been tempted to suppose had been chipped by human hands, but for the vast quantities in which they occurred. Mixed with these were rolled masses of quartz, of basalt, hard limestone, &c.; and for miles before we reached the fossil trees, fossil wood occurred in abundance in large pieces.

A ride of three and a-half hours from the pyramid plateau brought us at last into the presence of what must be, I think, the most remarkable fossil tree in the world. Beneath a high conical hill lay three great limbs of a tree, the butt of which was buried beneath the sand. Much of the bark was still attached and retained its colour, reddish chocolate, exactly resembling the bark of the Scotch fir in appearance and texture. I measured the longest limb and found it to be 43 feet 6 inches in length to where it entered the sand, and 10 feet 4 inches in girth—a monolith worthy to be compared to one of the obelisks; the limb that lay next it was thicker still, being 12 feet in girth, the third had been of similar size, but was much broken. This tree had evidently died of old age, for the head had been decayed and reduced to touchwood before it became changed into stone. The cells of the grubs that had bored their way into it were visible. We tried to clear away the sand and bare the butt, but we had only sticks to work with. We brought up quantities of fossil wood which had rotted before it was petrified into hard crystalline agate.

We spread out the contents of our pic-nic basket on one of the limbs, which made a broad and convenient table, and lunched facing the Pyramids, now twelve miles distant; they look more stately than from the Cairo side, for they rise up out of the desert without anything intervening to dwarf their proportions, and they still

looked wonderfully near; in fact, had we not just dismounted after more than three hours' ride in a straight line from them we should have found it difficult to believe that they were beyond an easy walk. Having contemplated them through the smoke of the cigarette which wound up our repast, we walked round to the back of the conical hill I have already alluded to; here we found other fossil trees more or less perfect, but far inferior in size to the one we have described, and the whole surface was littered with fragments of fossil wood of all sizes. We judged much of it to be acacia wood, or gum-arabic trees; some of it resembled ash in colour and grain, some was as black as ebony, and some was veined with purple; there were also specimens of a variety of palm, but not the date. We ascended the hill, which was also crowned with quantities of fossil wood, and there I found a fossil stick showing three very distinct cuts made with an axe of some kind while the wood was still in its natural state. We brought it away with us. The ground was littered in many places with chips, as if split off with an axe.

It is evident that a totally different climate must formerly have prevailed here, and that there once existed a forest region covering what is now arid desert. It is possible that, as has been conjectured, the Great Sahara once formed an inland sea, which would quite suffice to account for the existence of forests here, for it would at once bring the climate of the Atlantic coast with it and render the Libyan hills as green and fertile as the Atlas mountains now are.

The view from the summit was very fine. On one side it commanded a vast expanse of desert scenery, on the other were the three groups of the pyramids of

Ghizeh, the pyramids of Sakkara, and the pyramids of Dashoor, and beyond them, far away, could be traced the course of the Nile, by its border of green fields and palm groves.

Cairo was more than twenty miles distant, but so clear was the air that the citadel and the minarets of Mehemet Ali's mosque could still be discerned. To the north lay the Delta, a vast green plain, flat as a billiard-table, and terminating only with the horizon.

The discovery of the fossil forest was in this wise: an Englishman in his survey from the top of the large pyramid thought he discovered another pyramid far away in the desert, and engaged camels and set out to verify his discovery. His pyramid turned out to be the conical-shaped hill I have spoken of, and which the Arabs have christened Dixon's Pyramid. Our explorer must have been consoled by the discovery of the remarkable fossil remains which occur here.

The whole excursion from the time we left Cairo occupied eleven hours, and is a rather fatiguing one, especially under a hot sun, but for those who do not object to a seven hours' desert ride it is worth making.

In connection with the birthday of the Prophet, there takes place at Cairo a kind of religious revival, which lasts about a fortnight, and terminates with the ride of the Doseh. During the entire of this time the town is *en fête*, the native streets are lined with booths, and dancing, smoking, and sweetmeat eating are the order of the day, or rather of the night, for that is the festive time; then all these booths, hundreds in number, are brightly illuminated, and the population, all turbans, fezzes, long robes, and gay colours, circulate through the crowded thoroughfares. This savours more of Vanity

Fair than of religion, but amongst the holiday makers move religious processions, men bearing torches, beating drums, and singing hymns. Scores of them march along with painted lanterns, and the effect is very pretty. The most remarkable development, however, of the revival I have yet to describe. There is a great open space, about the size of Chester race-course. In the centre of this is an illumination of festoons of lamps hung from a row of tall masts there erected for the occasion, while the four sides are lined with large marquees, enclosed on three sides, but entirely open towards the fourth, so that the proceedings in all of them are quite public, and as easily seen as if enacted in the centre of the square. The interior of these marquees is richly embroidered, and is all ablaze with candelabra, and hundreds of lights of all kinds festooned from side to side, hanging from the roof in sconces and placed on tables or stands; the floors are all covered with handsome carpets, and around the sides and at the back are ottomans. These marquees are occupied by colleges of dervishes and their congregations. In the centre, ranged in two rows facing each other, are, perhaps, about 100 men, all in new clean white turbans and red fezzes; these are the congregation, and their proceedings are most extraordinary. Whatever they do they do in concert, and keep time to the clapping of hands or to a low moaning refrain. One congregation are rolling their heads round and round, swaying their bodies the while from their waist upwards. Others are weaving with their heads from right to left, and from left to right, like a pendulum of a clock. Others are bobbing backwards and forwards, accompanying the movement with sounds like the barking of dogs. Others

are dancing the "perfect cure," leaping perpendicularly into the air with frantic energy, faster, faster, and faster yet, until it makes one dizzy to watch them, and one expects to see them drop from exhaustion. This is religious exercise with a vengeance. All are terribly in earnest. One feels astonished at the powers of endurance they exhibit, and in waiting to see the performance out one's patience is exhausted long before they give in. When their religious trainers think they have had enough, they give the signal, and the movement is allowed to subside, and the performers stand for a few moments panting and streaming from every pore, and then begin again to roll their heads or weave or bob according to their congregational persuasion, and the whole performance is gone through *da capo* by the same zealots, or another set come forward and take their place. Reckoning the performers in all the marquees together, we estimate the numbers simultaneously enacting these strange scenes at from three to four thousand.

Meanwhile the sides and back of the tents are occupied by others squatting and looking on, and waiting to take their turn, while at the end is the place of honour; and some grey-bearded dervish with extra big turban sits there and acts as master of the ceremonies.

While these strange orgies are going on within, there is a long procession of spectators circulating outside, in carriages, on horseback, or on foot; officers in uniform; ladies of the hareems thinly veiled and beautifully dressed, those of the Khedive preceded by outriders and followed by mounted eunuchs; state functionaries; European residents and travellers of all nations, form a singularly mixed procession, which moves from tent

to tent, stopping a while at each. If one were to see a single individual going through the contortions of the devotees within, one would set him down as a hopeless lunatic; but when one sees a thousand of one's fellow-men so engaged, and so terribly in earnest, the spectacle becomes painfully impressive. What they are enduring would be deemed a cruel punishment, severe even for Glasgow Bank directors; yet these thousands are undergoing this punishment voluntarily. Dante might have pictured some of the damned souls in his "Inferno" condemned to this penance eternally for a lifetime of sin. One cannot but be impressed on witnessing these sufferings, self-inflicted, by hundreds at once. The most *bizarre*, grotesque contortions become impressive when associated with an earnest purpose, and when they are the indexes of deeply-founded religious feeling. One thing is certain, that Islamism has not yet lost its hold; and the spectacle we beheld that night undeceived us, and convinced us that these Orientals are as far from being converted to Europeanism as ever.

The men we saw were not exclusive bodies of fanatic devotees, but the rank-and-file of the population—the sailors who worked our dahabeeah, the servants who this morning swept out the corridors of our hotel, tradespeople, artizans, but no women. In Italy and France one sees congregations all women and no men; but here they are all men and no women. They were working themselves up to the pitch of fanaticism, to fling themselves under the horse's hoofs of the Sheik.

They were in a mood to commit any act of wild frenzy and religious mania, without counting the earthly consequences. Had their pastors intimated to them that the act most pleasing to Allah they could

perform would be to slay the infidels, they were in the mood to massacre every European in Cairo, and to burn every house that sheltered an unbeliever. One or two marquees there were where the proceedings were more sober. Men sat cross-legged on their carpets engaged in silent prayer and muttering with their lips, and occasionally bending forward till their foreheads touched the ground; others, again, were engaged in grave conference and discoursing upon religious doctrines. Amongst the sects who figure on these occasions are the Sunnites. They are robed in white; and it is their practice to cut themselves with knives until the blood gushes out, so that their snowy drapery becomes stained with gore and presents a ghastly appearance. To such a pitch of recklessness do they work themselves up, that they have been known to chop off their fingers, and have even died of their self-inflicted wounds; they are, fortunately, not numerous in Cairo.

The impulse at the root of all these proceedings is a craving to do something; to suffer something tangible and visible for God's sake; to feel that they have expiated something of the burthen of their sins by what they undergo; and earned some claim to divine favour by what they do in Allah's name. It is a pity that they and other sects nearer home do not spread evenly throughout the year in moderate proportions the zeal which they thus concentrate into a few days' madness—that they do not serve God soberly every day, regardless of self-denial.

One side of the square is lined with the marquees of the Consuls, of the Sheik-ul-Islam, and of the chief Ulemah, of the Khedive, and of sundry pashas of high rank; these are magnificently furnished with sofas and

chairs upholstered in satin, and lighted with cut-glass chandeliers and great silver candelabra. At most of them hospitality is offered to European visitors, in the shape of coffee and sweetmeats. They are as splendid as rich embroidery, handsome carpets, and a blaze of light can make them, and the effect is very striking. The proceedings here are, of course, marked by the tranquil self-possession of well-bred society; and coming upon them after the feverish excitement of the other three sides of the square, the perfect calm here prevailing offers a curious and impressive contrast; it is as the stillness of a lake to the turmoil of the cataract.

The interior of the Khedive's marquee is crimson and gold, with furniture upholstered in amber satin; the Khedive himself is there, and Mr. and Mrs. Rivers Wilson, and the Sheik-ul-Islam and another chief of the Mahometan hierarchy. His Highness pays marked attention to the representatives of the Prophet. It is said that since the advent to power of Nubar Pasha, and of the English and French Commissioners, he has begun to believe in purgatory, and has become very devout. The last scene in the drama is the progress of the Sheik on horseback from the mosque.

We secured the highest carriage our dragoman could procure in Cairo, and were fortunate enough to take up a position nearly opposite the Viceroy's marquee. We had a first-rate view of the whole proceedings. The marquees in the glare of daylight had lost their brilliancy, and looked like a ball-room the next morning, or like a transparency by daylight. The course is kept clear in front of them, for the ride of the Sheik over the bodies of the faithful is to take place there. Opposite them are countless carriages as close as they can be

packed; the front is occupied by the ladies of the hareem in a cloud of tulle lace, through which the Circassian beauties look all the more fascinating. The Khedive drives past to his tent, looking pale and worried, and takes no notice of his wives in the neat broughams; not the ghost of a nod does he bestow on any of them. There is a dense crowd of the Cairene populace amongst the carriages, and all along the line these are plentifully beaten by the soldiers, by the eunuchs, by the runners, and by the syces; everyone who has a stick thrashes the unresisting bodies of those who have not; it has been the portion of the Egyptian people since the days of Menes. Now there is a distant hum of excitement, and many green banners embroidered in gold are seen descending the hill down into the square. On come a confused, excited crowd along the narrow lane preserved between the carriages on one side and the marquees on the other. The crowd consists of a multitude of little groups of men, in the centre of each of which is a poor creature without his turban, naked to the waist, and with his black scalp-lock dishevelled and hanging about his shoulders. He is pale with opium, pale as death; he is supported by his friends, swaying to and fro, scarcely conscious; his eyes half glazed, his mouth half open, his vitality more than half departed, after a fortnight's exhausting excitement and the last dose of the drug of oblivion. These are the victims; they are easily to be descried in each group. Their friends lay them down in the dust of the road close alongside of each other, so that neither man nor beast can pass without trampling them under foot; their friends kneel down beside them and fan them with the skirts of their long blue robes. One is penetrated at this spectacle by a feeling of pro-

found pity. They get a good deal more trampling than they bargained for. The soldiers there, to maintain order, run to and fro on their bodies; officials with messages and orders take the same route. Amongst the rest an English footman, in a long white livery overcoat, is seen plunging and stumbling along, looking sorely perplexed and evidently finding the footing very uncertain. One man advanced tearing live snakes to pieces and swallowing the writhing morsels; another brandished a naked scimitar as he marched along. Then on came the holy standards of green and gold, at least a dozen in number; they also pass over the prostrate bodies of the devotees. Following them is to be seen a figure in a huge green turban, mounted upon a white Arab horse splendidly caparisoned in green velvet embroidered in gold; he, too, is deadly pale, supported by two men on each side, swaying in his saddle as if drunk, but looking as if in pain of mind if not of body; two horsemen form his escort. On they come, the horses unable to see what they are trampling on, but evidently feeling the footing insecure. As they pass along a moaning, wailing sound follows their footsteps; it comes from the poor creatures beneath their feet, and as soon as they have passed each victim is raised high up by his friends for air. Some of them are evidently more or less badly hurt, and all of them are nearly suffocated. Their pallid faces held up over the heads of the crowd present a ghastly spectacle, and might easily be mistaken for so many corpses, for they have no longer vitality enough left to struggle or show any other signs of life than a low moan. Having had an excellent view of the whole transaction, we can vouch for it that those before us *did not* attempt to rise or

escape or evade the horses' hoofs; I doubt whether they had strength or consciousness left to do so. Like the gladiators butchered to make a Roman holiday, these were pounded and crushed to make spectacle for the British tourist and their American cousins, who, as the hoofs descended and the groans resounded, felt that they were having the value of their money, and would have voted themselves done if the victims had got up and run away. Nor must the ladies of the hareem be forgotten, whose bright eyes peeping over their gauze veils looked on with an air of languid interest. As for the poor devotees, having had the misfortune ourselves to lie beneath our horse in a narrow ditch and to be trampled on as he arose to his feet, we can answer for it that their sensations are not enviable.

One of our party saw a poor fellow's head trodden on by the Sheik's charger; he was badly hurt, his jaw being broken. The wounded were taken away out of sight by their friends, to be laid out on straw in mud hovels, a prey to flies, and to awake from the trance to a consciousness of pains and aches. The spectators went home to lunch and a siesta, and to sally forth again in the evening to see the fireworks with which the *fête* winds up.

The following evening we passed the arena which had witnessed the above described scenes; we could scarcely believe our eyes—the marquees, the tall flag-staffs, the gay crowds, the dervishes and devotees, had all vanished like Aladdin's enchanted palace, and in its place was a tract of waste land, garnished with dust-heaps, and peopled only by vultures and mangy dogs busily engaged in devouring the garbage of which they were the sole legatees.

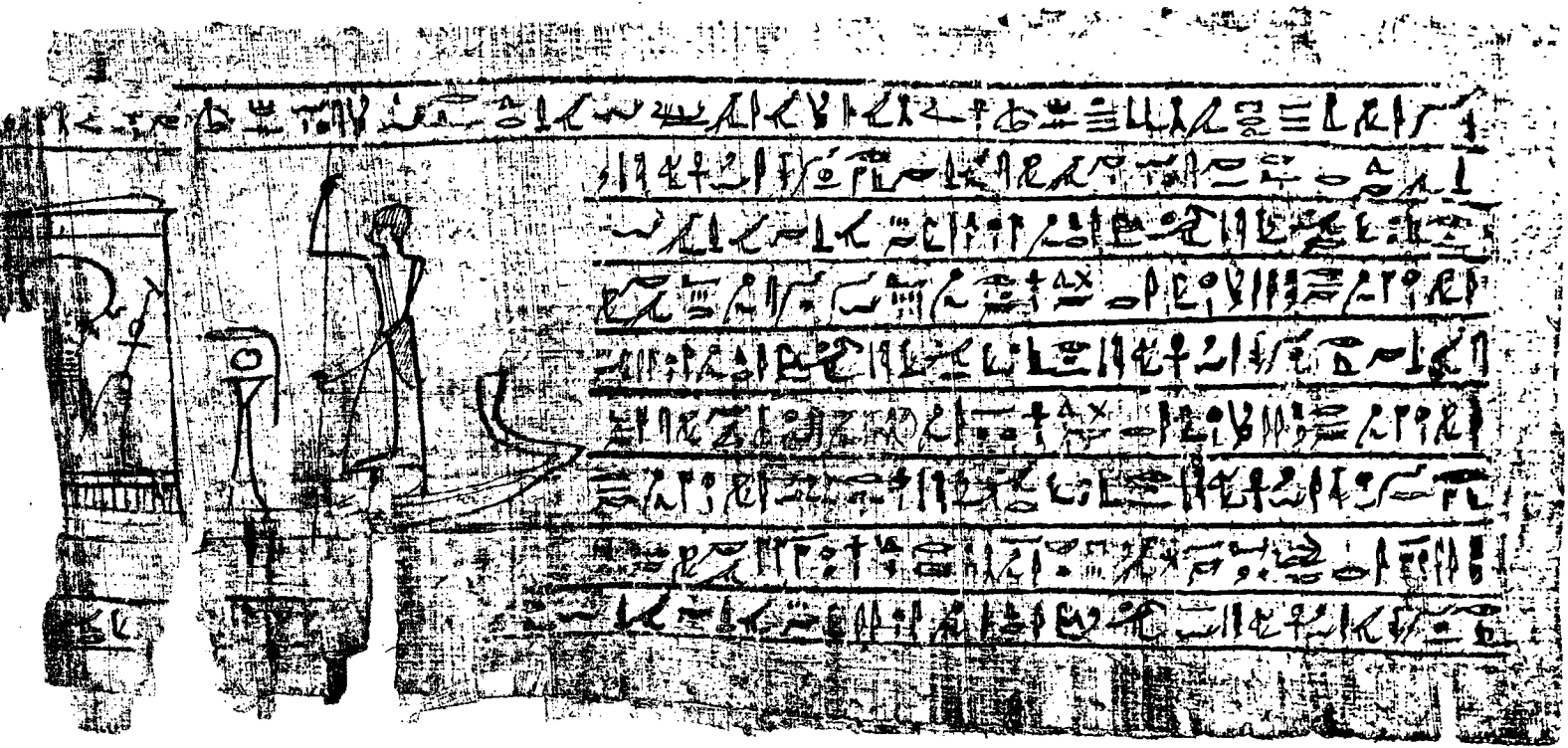
CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The Great Pyramid—Exploration of Interior of Pyramid of Menkaoura—Accuracy of the Tables of Abydos Confirmed—The Sphinx Repaired by Khafra—A Colossal Recumbent Figure.

Of course during our several sojournings at Cairo we paid many visits to the world-famed Pyramids, and examined carefully both the interiors and the exteriors of the three best known ones.

A recent writer has expended much ingenuity in attempting to prove that they were built, not as tombs, but as standards of capacity and measurements, and for astronomical purposes, but there can be no doubt that their primary purpose was for sepulture and to preserve the mummy of the king safe from dismemberment till the day of the resurrection; therefore every king of the ancient empire built a pyramid, and it was the first work he took in hand on his accession. Those who have not examined into the evidence for its accuracy look upon the lists of kings previous to the fourth dynasty as fabulous and doubtful, but the custom I have alluded to has furnished us with solid evidence as to the existence and succession of kings from Menes to Chufu, for every king built a pyramid, every pyramid had its chapel, every chapel had its endowment, and every endowment had priests to enjoy them, and the priests took very good care that the memory of the king, with its endowments, should not die out. Centuries after the



FACSIMILE OF A PAPYRUS IN THE AUTHOR'S POSSESSION.
OBTAINED BY HIM AT THEBES.

Plate 50.

death of each king the services continued to be performed, and each priest was proud to announce upon his own funeral stele that he had had the honour of being the priest of such and such a king's pyramid. Some of them were pluralists, and were priests of several pyramids, which they regarded as all the higher honour, and recorded accordingly.

Among the names chosen by kings of the ancient empire for their pyramids are (see Table of Titles) the pyramid of good abiding, the pyramid of the rising sun, the pyramid of splendour; this last is the title of the Pyramid of Chufu, the great pyramid so famous in all ages and countries.

The Great Pyramid, *i.e.*, that of Kephren the Chief, that of Mycerinus, pyramid of justification, the pyramid of spotlessness, the resurrection of the soul, the pyramid of the soul, the most enduring place, the most sacred place, the pyramid of goodness, the pyramid of disembodied spirits, etc., etc.

There were many series of pyramids whose names have come down to us on stele and monuments; the practice of building them seems to have ceased before the eleventh dynasty. The size of the Great Pyramid is due to the longevity of Chufu, who reigned fifty-six years, and went on adding layer after layer of stony envelopes to his pyramid during all this unusually long career, as rings are added year by year to the giants of the forest. When he thought he could not reasonably expect to live much longer he finished up with a smooth outside casing of granite, polished and adorned with hieroglyphic inscriptions. Byron well sums up the purposes of these structures. They are monuments of the vanity of human efforts to escape the decree, "Ashes

to ashes, dust to dust." Monuments, also, are they of tyranny and oppression, and of the abuse of absolute despotic power.

The two qualities to which the Great Pyramid owes its fascination are its antiquity and its bigness. To give an idea of the latter we offer the following calculations. When perfect it contained eighty-five millions of cubic feet of cut stone; this would furnish a railway embankment of cut stone 10 feet 6 inches high and 6 feet broad that would reach all the way from London to Holyhead, and an express train, travelling forty miles an hour, would require six hours to get to the end of it. Or it would build a wall 6 feet high and half a yard thick that would extend right across Africa, or from Cairo to Lake Victoria, or from Liverpool to the coast of Newfoundland, right across the Atlantic.

It was still perfect at the time of the Arab invasion, and was at that time covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. An Arab writer calculated that these inscriptions would have filled 10,000 pages. What a mine of wealth would they have been to historians and chronologists!

The destruction of this wonderful monument owed its commencement to the fanaticism of the Caliphs, who regarded the sculptures as idolatrous. They, however, also found their account in dismembering it, for it furnished stone enough to build all the palaces and mosques in Cairo, and the fortifications as well. It has been used as a quarry ever since, and is so used still. The Khedive drew stone from it to build a pavilion, erected there at the time of the opening of the Canal for the accommodation of the Empress of the French. Out of it also was constructed the bridge for the Empress to pass over on the same occasion. The pavilion of

Mariette Bey too was, I am told, built with stones taken from the Pyramids. Never was there a monument that took so much destroying. Even after all these depredations it probably looks much the same at a few miles' distance as it did in the days of the Pharaohs. The worst injury inflicted upon it in recent years is the cutting away of an entire corner to build an hotel; this has injured its symmetry on a near view very much, though not perceptible at a distance.

For beauty of proportion that of Khafra is most to be admired, nor does it appear to the eye less in bulk than that of Khoufou. The third, that of Menkaoura, is the most curious, and deserves more attention than it usually gets. The exploration of the interior is highly interesting. The first feature that arrests one's attention after entering is a great vestibule, the walls of which are embellished with no less than twenty-eight imitation windows. At the further end of this grand hall one enters a corridor cut through the solid rock; this descends at a pretty steep angle towards a point directly beneath the apex of the pyramid. The walls are plastered with a thin coating of cement, which still adheres to them. At last one reaches a subterranean vault excavated in the rock far below the surface of the platform upon which the vast structure rests. One feels oppressed by the idea of the millions of tons of stone that are piled overhead. Within the vault a chamber has been constructed of enormous blocks of granite, beautifully fitted and jointed together; it seems the work of gnomes rather than of human beings, for how could they move and fit into place those ponderous masses in such a confined space? What years of toil it must have cost to move them one by one along the

narrow corridor and to hoist them up into position—toil aggravated tenfold by the stifling atmosphere, the darkness and the want of space to erect suitable machinery for the work. It seemed such waste of labour, too, for a rock-cut chamber of noble dimensions had been already completed, and the granite lining was all superfluous; but Menkaoura willed it, and so it had to be done. And when the inevitable end came, the body of the despot was stored up there in a coffin of sycamore wood, to be unearthed at last by inquisitive Englishmen fifty centuries later, and borne off in triumph to the shelves of the British Museum! There the wooden case may be inspected, and the withered skeleton of the once mighty monarch discerned within it. On the lid is painted in black the name that was once a talisman of power—the monogram "Menkaoura."

All around the pyramids are the tombs of the courtiers, the officers, the ministers of state, ecclesiastical, civil and military, of the three reigns, the grandees who lived and flourished while those world-famed monuments were a-building. They are all full of interesting paintings and illustrations of the manners, customs, and surroundings of those times, but I fear to weary my readers by describing them. In many the colours are still wonderfully fresh. I possess drawings of the entire interior of one of them—inscriptions, colours and all—but they could not be reduced to a sufficiently small scale for octavo illustration. About one hundred of these tombs have been opened. When the light is first admitted the colours are perfectly bright and fresh, but they soon wither before the depredations of travellers and the takers of papier-mâché impressions; for, as the surface has to be freely sponged and

soaked with water in this process, the frescoes of course suffer each time, and before long are entirely washed out. These tombs are all built of great blocks of stone, and contain several chambers. They have subsequently been buried beneath piles of sand and quarry rubbish, and have the effect of being subterranean. They are historically interesting, for there occur here numbers of royal ovals of the early dynasties in chronological succession. These contemporary records confirm the tablet of Abydos most satisfactorily. The general subjects of the bas-reliefs are similar to those in Plates II., III., and IV. Other objects of interest in the neighbourhood of the pyramids are the great temple of the Sphinx, built of vast blocks of polished rose granite and alabaster. This structure is alluded to by Khafra in the inscription on his statue as having been repaired by him, so that it passed for an ancient monument even in his day. The primitive simplicity of its square columns, absolutely without inscription, sculpture, or architectural decoration of any kind, attests its vast antiquity. This, too, is entirely buried many yards deep beneath *débris;* there is an inclined corridor leading down into it. In the court is a well, in which was found the statue of Khafra with the inscription above alluded to.

Near by is a shaft fifty feet deep, cut through the solid rock. At the bottom lies a sarcophagus of green diorite, with a recumbent figure of colossal dimensions smiling blandly up at the beholder from the bottom of his retreat. A spiral gallery has been cut by which access was gained to the floor of the pit, which is about forty feet square. No doubt the sarcophagus had slid down this on rollers. In the sides are recesses in which some stone coffins may still be seen—all, of course, rifled long ago.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADIEU TO EGYPT.

The Pyramids of Dashoor—An Undisturbed Tomb of Great Antiquity—A Sand Storm—Our Last Experience of Egyptian Antiquities—Present Condition of the Fellaheen—Tax-collecting Thirty Years Ago and Now—Mehemet Ali's Canal —A Good Word for the Khedive—Corrupt Turkish Officials.

WE promised some Arabs a liberal reward if they would discover for us an undisturbed tomb with the mummies in their original positions. After a delay of many days, during which they continued their excavations, we were early one morning summoned with much mystery and conducted on foot (they feared to trust the donkey-boys) several miles across a tract of desert to a place not far from the Pyramids of Dashoor, *i.e.*, the most ancient cemetery in Egypt. We were here lowered by ropes down a square shaft cut vertically in the rock to a depth of about forty feet. At the bottom of this pit was a doorway which admitted us into a small chamber, 10 × 12 feet, excavated in the hard limestone. On the floor, with their heads towards the east, lay two mummies. They had never been touched since they were first laid to rest there by loving hands in hope of the resurrection; not a fold of their cerecloths had been disturbed. There they lay, side by side, close together; ash-grey forms, like masses of cobweb, as if their outer covering had been woven by spiders; on these the light of our candles flickered, and the shadows came and went, showing indistinctly the outlines of their features. They

had nothing of the doll-like look that mummies usually have, and which is apt to make one forget that they are men and women. They had the aspect of bodies in their shrouds, nothing more. One was that of a tall large man, the other smaller, probably man and wife. A solemn feeling came over us as we looked at them and reflected that they had reposed there just as we saw them for perhaps 5000 years, not divided in death, but keeping each other company during their long sleep. Could they have spoken, what a light would they have thrown upon the early history of the human race! It had once been modern times with them too, perhaps it had seemed to them that the world was beginning to grow old, that God's purposes were well-nigh accomplished, and that they would not have long to wait for the summons to eternal life, but it was as true then as now, that of that day and that hour knoweth no man. Even the Arabs looked on with reverence. The mummies appeared sound and solid as they lay there, but when one of the Arabs put his hands beneath the shoulders of the larger one, and tried to raise it up, it collapsed to fragments; it broke up so completely that not even the skull remained—it was as if it had been a phantom. The bones of the arm still kept their shape, but on being taken up broke with their own weight. The only thing about it which retained any cohesion was the linen that had lain beneath the back; it had been of fine quality, as the close small grain of it proved, and it must have been honest stuff indeed, for it still made a slight resistance to being torn, but all the rest of the cerecloth had fallen to dust, together with the frame they enclosed. They had been there for centuries before Abraham visited Egypt. Since their tenancy of that chamber

began; empires had come and gone—that of the Pharaohs, that of the Ptolemies, that of the Cæsars, the Empires of Assyria, of Persia, of Greece, and of Rome, had been born and had lived out their career and perished since the two forms before us were first laid there on that floor, closing the story of two human lives. But at last came the hour when the spell was to be broken, and when the outward semblance of humanity, so long retained, was to vanish, and the decree "dust to dust" was to be fulfilled.

I can only account for the fragile condition of these mummies by their great antiquity. Not far off were the ruins of pyramids older than those of Khoufou and Khafra, reaching back to the second dynasty, and perhaps to the time of Menes. These relics were probably 1500 to 2000 years older than the specimens one sees at Thebes, and that vast amount of time tells even upon a mummy.

We felt deep remorse as we looked upon the fragments, and forbade the Arabs to touch the remaining one. They then took us to another shaft, similar to the one we have just described, and not far off. We were lowered as before, and at the bottom found two chambers; in one of these were three large stone sarcophagi, close side by side, with their heads towards the east; the lids were still in their places, and one of them appeared to have been cemented on; they were much too ponderous for us to stir. Between them was a small stone coffin of a child five or six years old; the lid of this was gone, and it was empty. There were no hieroglyphics nor any ornament upon any of them, and they were all rudely made. They could not be opened without crowbars, and we were saved the temptation of

violating them, for it was our last day here, and we were compelled to set out homewards next morning.

While returning laden with a bundle of notes and sketches in one hand and an umbrella in the other, suddenly and without warning there was a violent gust of wind; in an instant the air was filled with sand, which drove through our clothes like needles and pins. I could not open my eyes, and was nearly suffocated; the umbrella was unfurled as a screen, but the whirlwind snatched it out of my hands and tore it to shreds —never was there such a wreck of a gingham! Away went my papers and sketches in the direction of the Sahara, where they are probably careering about still on windy days, and those precious records were lost to science for ever.

But my anguish on this score was postponed by much more urgent physical sensations. Every grain of sand seemed converted into a sharp needle, which stabbed me through the tweed of my tourist suit, as if nothing intervened. I felt as if doomed to perish by the agency of millions of punctures. It was impossible to stand upright. Screening my eyes with my hands, I looked round; the Arabs had vanished. I saw a mummy shaft close by, climbed down into its friendly shelter, and took refuge in the chamber at the bottom. The process by which every temple and tomb here becomes buried in sand soon became apparent, for rills and rivulets of sand came trickling down all round, just as streams of water do in a rain storm. The tempest lasted half-an-hour, during which there was plenty of leisure to note my surroundings, which consisted of skulls, bones, mummy rags, and fragments of stone coffins.

Just below the mouth of the shaft was a curious little

chapel excavated in the rock, supported on square columns.

When I emerged, my escort crawled one by one out of similar shafts; the scattered forces were reunited, and we got back to our carriage without further adventure.

Thus ended our last and most impressive experience of Egyptian antiquities.

Before taking leave of Egypt, it may not be amiss to make a few observations on the present condition of its people. The excessive inundation of the previous summer had undoubtedly caused much distress and misery by washing the crops out of the ground and leaving the fellaheen without food; but although we lost no opportunity of visiting the villages both along the river and in the interior, and saw many lean and hungry figures, we did not come across those examples of living skeletons and other horrors which some writers on the crisis have described. The worst cases by far were to be seen in the water-side towns, for here the starving congregated in hope of relief, and those who formed their impression of the condition of the whole country from what they saw here from the deck of Cook's steamer must have formed dark impressions indeed of its condition, for there at the river side were assembled all the naked and hungry, in the hope of coppers from good-natured passengers. But that would be like judging the condition of the people of England from the sights and scenes of St. Giles or Bethnal Green. At the time we left, things were rapidly improving, for there is a harvest every four months, and the new harvest promised splendidly.

Much has been said about the misery inflicted by the

process of raising the interest on the Khedive's debts; but having spent a winter in Egypt nearly thirty years ago, when there was no national debt, it is my opinion that the extortion and oppression were much worse then than now. The taxes were wrung from the wretched fellaheen by the bastinado, which was to be seen in daily operation; every farthing that could be wrung out of the people was exacted then as now, the only difference being the pockets into which the plunder went. A host of Turkish bloodsuckers got it then—the creditors get it now. I well remember it used to make my blood boil to see the cruel oppression that went on. Twenty thousand men perished in making the canal that connects Alexandria with the Nile; that canal was dug without spade or shovel; it was dug by human hands laboriously scraping out the soil with their fingers, filling it into baskets, and conveying it away on their heads. Those unhappy creatures were torn from their homes and driven to their work under the lash and the stick; the money intended for their maintenance was embezzled by Turkish officers, and they fell a prey to misery, starvation, and fever; and it is a fact that 20,000 men in the prime of life perished in executing Mehemet Ali's command, and the rest got back to their homes crippled and broken in health and strength and utterly destitute. As for taxation, I well remember how they complained that such a heavy tax was put upon the water-wheels, that they had to resort to the primitive expedient of irrigating their land by hand, and that every single date-palm, including the males, which are barren, were taxed, and the tax on them exacted even where they had been blown down or carried away by the inundation. The money so raised went to enrich the

Viceroy, the Pachas, and the Turkish officials, to pay for the armies, the fleets, the wars, and ambitious schemes of their tyrants. Things are not so bad now. The Khedive, with all his faults, has eased their bondage. I cannot but think that we have been rather hard upon him. What other Oriental potentate would have gone so far as he did, in endeavouring to win the good opinion of Europe and to promote Western ideas? He went great lengths to put down the slave trade; he made vast sacrifices to enable the Suez Canal to become an accomplished fact; but for his assistance it could not have succeeded. He constructed railways, canals, irrigation works, and attempted to carry out other schemes of national utility. It was England herself who interfered to prevent his establishing communication with the great lakes in Central Africa *viâ* the Red Sea, though nothing would have dealt such a blow to the slave-hunting interest there. His chief fault was his excessively sanguine disposition; he tried to do everything all at once; he did not stop to count the cost; he resorted to the most reckless financing, believing that his schemes would prove reproductive and pay in the end. He meant well all the time, and really wished to benefit his country.

When at last he was driven into a corner by the collapse of his credit, he submitted to most humiliating concessions in order to avert bankruptcy; he was placed in relations towards European Commissioners requiring great tact and forbearance to render his position tolerable, and the utter want of tact on their part soon rendered it intolerable and drove him to bay. He has been now deposed, but it is doubtful whether we shall gain much by his downfall. One thing I am sure of,

that travellers in Egypt will miss the courteous treatment which they invariably experienced at his hands. He always did his best to render their stay in his dominions safe and agreeable.

As for any reform in the general condition of the peasantry, no real improvement is possible so long as the present corrupt race of Turkish officials remains in power. Nothing but a staff of European administrators, similar to the system established in India, would emancipate the peasantry from the oppression, extortion, and misgovernment of which they are now the victims. See remarks towards the end of Chapter XXIII. on the abuses from which the fellaheen suffer.

I doubt the wisdom of allowing Egypt to make default even in the unified debt, for that would be to damage her credit and drive away capital. I know of no country that would better repay the judicious outlay of capital, especially in irrigation works, by means of which vast tracts now barren might be brought into cultivation, and the loss inflicted by a low Nile reduced to a minimum.

It is true that portions of the national debt have been expended upon costly follies, but no inconsiderable portion has been expended upon works of national utility. Besides, if costly follies are to constitute a bar to the payment of those who advanced the funds, how much of the English national debt would bear interest? The follies of the Khedive sink into insignificance beside our great war in America, which cost us so many millions in the vain effort to withstand the onward march of their independence. We might as well have expended it in trying to keep the Atlantic at low-water mark!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATHENS.

Home *viâ* Greece—Mount Ida—A Classic Cruise—A Sea of Gems—The Piræus—A Greek Jarvey—The Acropolis—Mars Hill—Schliemann's Treasures—Relics from the Tomb of Agamemnon—Golden Masks—Isis in a Bower—Eleusis and Salamis.

As some of my readers may be glad to have a hint as to an alternative and less hackneyed route by which to return to England than either Marseilles or Southampton can offer, I venture to add some notes of a line we adopted in the spring of 1877, and which we found exceedingly interesting and agreeable.

April 15.—We left Alexandria by the Egyptian steamer, direct for Athens. We had rough weather for the first thirty-six hours, and few escaped a forfeit to Neptune. We passed Crete quite close, and the evening sun set behind the lofty ridges of Mount Ida in a flood of purple and gold. Next morning we were in smooth water, among the islands of the Ægean Sea. I went on deck at six, just as we were approaching Melos, the home of the islanders who fought so bravely at Salamis, and who were afterwards so ill-requited by the Athenians for their patriotism, for in the Peloponnesian war which followed they massacred every male in the island and took all the women and children prisoners because they refused to fight against their cousins of Lacedæmon. However, now its beautiful coast line of hills and valleys and plains lay before us steeped in a

glory of rose-colour and crimson, poured upon it by the rising sun across a sea of sapphire, it seemed a picture of beauty and peace, and it was difficult to realise that it had ever been a scene of such a bloody tragedy. Melos consists of a bouquet of three islands, which unite to form a magnificent amphitheatre as we approach from the south. Close to us on the other side is Polycandros; then there passed before us all day long, in stately procession, rising one after the other out of the blue waves, the islands famed in Grecian story: Ciphnos, Paros, Naxos, Cythnos, and Ceos, and the snow-clad heights of Andros, while on our left arose the rugged peaks of Sparta; then we passed the Gulf of Nauplia, with the plain of Argos at its head, and entered the Saronic Gulf. To the north-east lay Cape Sunium, round which the Athenian fleets had so often sailed, and then we steamed past the purple mountains of Attica, Hymettus, and Pentelicus, and close on our left lay the island of Ægina, and before us far-famed Salamis; and behind that again towered the lofty peaks of Cythæron. North and north-west the chain was carried on by the still snow-flecked mountains that form the back-bone of the isthmus of Corinth, while west and south the mountains among which lie Mycenæ, Argos, Nauplia, and Trezene, completed the frame of the picture. This vast horse-shoe of peaks and ridges, formed a back-ground worthy of a panorama, which cannot be surpassed in beauty or historic interest. Presently, as our glass swept the horizon and searched among the recesses in the hills, we spied a little group of ruins on a rock, embosomed among the spurs of Hymettus. We can just make out a confused mass of columns and architraves; they are the skeletons of the group of temples that once formed

the glory and the crown of the Acropolis of Athens. They are still ten miles off, but in the wonderfully clear atmosphere of Greece they stand out sharp and distinct. Soon afterwards we cross Phalerum bay, and pass close to the tomb of Themistocles and glide into the snug harbour of the Piræus. There is a railway from Piræus to Athens, but we preferred driving by road, as being more interesting and a less ignominious mode of approaching the city of Pericles and Socrates. We secured a good carriage, driven by a shock-headed fellow in a blue coat, with silver buttons, surmounted by a much-battered hat; he looked very like a Paddy, and when we asked his fare we almost expected that he would pull his shaggy forelock and reply with a grin, "Anything yer honour plazes." We drove along an avenue of fig trees past the ruins of the long walls that protected the road from Athens to the sea. We stopped half-way at a wine shop, where "Paddy" had a drink of Greek wine; he offered us a glass, which turned out the most bitter compound of resin; it must have been a fine tonic. The Acropolis towered overhead as we approached the town, and indeed formed an absorbing object of interest all the way. We hurried up there on arriving, and were just in time to see the sunset from its brow; there lay Salamis in the blue gulf near, for the anxious citizens to watch the changing fortunes of that momentous sea fight—and there, opposite to it, stood the rock on which Xerxes sat enthroned while his galleys went down beneath the blood-stained water. Behind us clustered the tall marble columns of the Parthenon, as they have stood on guard there for twenty-two centuries. Not far off was Mars Hill and the rock-cut steps which St. Paul ascended, and from which he

addressed those inquisitive citizens who crowded round him to hear that last new thing which he had come to tell them.

It would be hopeless to enumerate all the objects of intense interest that thronged us on all sides. We watched the changing hues of orange and crimson until they faded out in the western sky behind Cythæron and Helicon, which stood out in dark masses of purple and indigo against the glowing background, and then went home to dinner after a day that began at the southern extremity of the Grecian Archipelago and ended amid the ruins of old Athens. In twelve hours we had passed from the southern limit of the Ægean Sea through the whole territory of sea and land which formed the Greek Empire—that famous confederacy of little States which gave its stamp to the arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Europe. It must not be forgotten, however, that she derived the first beginning of them all from Egypt.

Our hotel stands opposite the Acropolis, so that we could feast our eyes upon its grand outline to our hearts' content. Next day we obtained permission to see the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann; they had been laid out for the inspection of the Princess of Wales, so that we were specially fortunate. The first thing that struck us was their wonderful profusion; the studs, buttons, rings, leaves, and scales, all of pure gold, were there in hundreds. The collection included all the objects described by Schliemann in his letters. Prominent amongst them were the golden masks which were found covering the faces of the dead kings and princesses of Mycenæ. Each of these consisted of a thin plate of gold, very much larger than was necessary to form the

mask; in the centre were stamped the features, and the surplus gold formed a wide, irregular margin around; there had been no idea of economising the precious metal; the features totally differed from each other, and they must all of them have been particularly unpleasant-looking people. The mask attributed to Agamemnon has very large eyes and a small mouth, and a most forbidding scowl; his eyes are represented wide open, whereas those of the others are closed in death, the overlapping eyelashes being represented by marks like stitches. Cassandra (if it be her) appears as a wizened, little old woman's face. One of them has long whiskers (no moustache); another has an enormous mouth, as if it had been slit open. There was the cow's head of silver, with long golden horns.* There were a great many gold cups and vessels; these are of very primitive workmanship (indeed, some of them resemble those tin pannikins which are sold to emigrants, at a penny a piece, with a handle clumsily fastened on with three rivets). Imagine such a pannikin made by an amateur—ill-shaped, and with an attempt to beat out in the sides rude forms of leaves and flowers. Such were those before us, only of solid gold, rivets and all. Some were an improvement on these, having two handles, and vase-like shapes, and one must have been engraved by a foreign artist (perhaps an Egyptian prisoner), for there is on it a group of lions chasing each other round the rim, and exactly like the lions inlaid on Queen †Ah-

* The cow's head was emblematic of Athor, the Egyptian Venus; it is beautifully modelled, and is probably also Egyptian work.

† Queen Ah-Hotep was the mother of Amosis, the first king of the 18th Egyptian dynasty, and lived about 1800 B.C. Her sarcophagus—discovered twelve years ago—contained a splendid collection of jewellery, which is now to be seen at the Cairo museum. Amongst other things is a steel dagger, with her name inlaid in gold, and also two lions chasing each other down the blade.

Hotep's dagger. There were bronze swords, with handles of solid gold; there were some massive signet rings, one with a chariot and horses, and the principal occupant shooting a stag with his bow, while his charioteer keeps the horse in full speed; another has a mortal struggle between two men (these are scratched on the ring with much spirit but little art). There is amongst these native objects, one undoubtedly foreign—viz., the Egyptian goddess Isis, in a shrine, embowered in papyrus blossoms. The workmanship of this is far beyond the powers of the primitive artists who wrought the cups and rings. There were baldricks and greaves and diadems, and a couple of breast-plates, all of gold; there was a leg bone, with part of the gold armour still on it; there were numbers of octopus' eyes, arms, bag and all—apt emblems of those pirate chiefs who founded the little Greek States—men who kept their eyes about them, and seized all they could lay hold on. No doubt it was to those qualities that the possession of this great abundance of gold was due; they got plenty of it by plunder, and found it the handiest of all metals to work in—these Knights of the Golden Fleece. There were also models of houses, with birds on the roof, and the figure of a woman with a bird on each shoulder and another on her head. These curious representatives of the earliest dawn of Greek art have been called pre-historic, and so on, but antiquity is quite a relative term. To us, who had just returned from the contemplation of Egyptian relics, the period of Agamemnon appears quite modern; the same era which constituted the dawn of art in Greece witnessed the evening of it in Egypt. The best period of Egyptian art was 500 years earlier than the Trojan war. The word pre-historic is also used

rather recklessly and thoughtlessly. Greece, it is true, had no written history in the days of Agamemnon, but Egypt had a history deeply cut in the granite of her tombs and temples, commencing 2000 years before Helen's fatal beauty fulfilled its mission of mischief, and we had seen the bas-relief of a king (who lived 400 years before her) contemplating his list of seventy-six royal predecessors, and looking back to the time of Menes as *his* limit of history. That antiquity, too, is but comparative. The Sphinx is the oldest monument in Egypt, and yet it contains within it the witnesses of a far more remote antiquity, for its body consists of a mass of limestone, full of sea shells, that tell how the ocean once rolled over the arid sands that now surround it.

Next day we made a very charming expedition to Eleusis. Passing through the vale of Daphne, we came down upon the shore of the Bay of Salamis. The sea is here so completely land-locked, that it has all the effect of a very beautiful lake, embosomed among high mountains; conspicuous among these was the peak on which Xerxes took up his position during the battle of Salamis, and towering above all was Mount Helicon.

The scenery acquired additional loveliness from the splendid colouring which the clear Greek climate spread over it, and every inch of land we passed was classic ground—every plain, every hill, every bay and inlet of the sea had many classic memories attached, and were famous in story. Our road was the Via Sacra, over which so many processions had wended their way to take part in the mysteries of Eleusis, and at Eleusis itself we saw the great temple of Ceres, built to commemorate her search for her daughter Proserpine.

Shortly afterwards we continued our homeward jour-

ney, *viâ* the Isthmus of Corinth, whence a small Greek steamer conveyed us to Corfu, touching at Patras, Zante, and Cephalonia, and coasting along Ithaca and Leucadia, famous for its wild boars.

We spent a week at the charming Ionian Islands, and then took the Austrian Lloyd to Trieste, thence over the Sömmering Pass to Vienna, not forgetting to visit the famous caverns of Adelsberg on our way.

We can confidently recommend the above as an interesting and delightful route for the return voyage.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

EVERYTHING seems to point to the conclusion that the Egyptian race sprang from an Asiatic immigration. There are reasons for believing that the immigration took place across the Red Sea from the opposite coast of Arabia Felix, *viâ* the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and Abyssinia (see Chap. XXVII.). The race once established, were, by their peculiar geographical position, much isolated, occupying as they did a valley 1000 miles in length, separated by vast deserts from the rest of the world both of the East and West. This immigration took place before they had attained the art of writing, *i.e.*, the art which tends to stereotype a language and to check extensive changes in it. Whatever language, therefore, they brought with them from Asia would be modified, as it has a tendency to be in all languages when not fixed by writing; their isolated position would favour the development of a peculiar language, departing further and further from the types existing in the land whence they came; and, as a matter of fact, the ancient Egyptian is a tongue perfectly *sui generis* in its idioms, though containing the roots of many European words, but the same causes that brought about this peculiarity of tongue also favoured in a high degree the development of civilization and of advancement in the arts, for the wide deserts within which the happy valley was enclosed constituted a vast fortress, within which they were unmolested and undisturbed through long ages; with all the necessaries of life supplied in abundance by the bountiful Nile, with the

finest climate in the world, freed from the necessity of defending themselves either against man or the elements, and surrounded by plenty, which it required only cultivation and industry to secure—everything favoured a rapid increase and multiplication, for they had plenty of leisure—more leisure than any other people upon earth at that time to devote to the arts. Thus it came to pass that they were the earliest among men to attain anything like a highly developed civilization, and the first also to devise a system of writing their language. The system they did devise was highly original, and their conservative disposition led to their retaining it, much as it was at first, down to the last stage of their national existence, *i.e.*, for a period of not less than 4000 years. For all that vast period of time both the tongue and the written characters remained substantially the same. As it was in the time of the Roman emperors so it was in the time of Menai 4000 years before, and no one can tell how much longer before Menai.

It is well known that the first clue to deciphering hieroglyphics was supplied by the Rosetta stone, which contained a long hieroglyphic inscription, together with a key (a crib, schoolboys would call it), in the shape of a Greek translation; but the manner in which the clue was obtained may not be so generally known. The learned men who were confronted by the riddle and the materials for its solution, were much in the position of the fox who went to dine with the crane—the supper was in the jug, but the unlucky Reynard could not get his head down its long narrow neck and bring his snout in contact with its savoury contents. Thus did the savants stand before that tantalizing stone when some one 'cuter than the rest noticed certain ovals enclosing an assortment of hieroglyphics, and that these corresponded to the names of various Cleopatras and Ptolemies in the Greek translation. They spelt these out, and so got the phonetic values of a few hieroglyphics. Cleopatra supplied seven, Ptolemy six more; but what was better still, it showed them how they might obtain any number, for in the monuments of well-known kings were

many ovals. Armed with a liberal stock in trade, they began spelling out the text on the Rosetta stone, and soon found that it was in a form of Coptic—a language still known to the learned; then their fortunes were made, the jug was broken, and they fell tooth and nail on the supper.

A nearer acquaintance with the hieroglyphics does not increase one's admiration for that method of writing. As one comes to understand them, the romance of mystery falls away, and they resolve themselves into a very clumsy and complex contrivance for registering thoughts and ideas. There are said to be over 3000 signs—this is bad enough; an alphabet of 3000 letters to begin with. It is encumbered with a most unnecessary redundancy, a great many signs being used to convey the same sound; but what is worse is, that the same sign is often used to express several totally different sounds, and to obviate the hopeless perplexity that this would occasion a system of determinatives was added to eke out the sense and give a clue to it.

I can only account for the endless inconsistencies of hieroglyphic writing by supposing that originally each of the various tribes, amongst whom Egypt was parcelled out before Menes united them under his sceptre, had a set of signs of their own with a general resemblance, but with a considerable diversity of detail, and that when they were united they were all jumbled together, the signs in use among all being retained.

Some of the signs are easily remembered, as is the case with the animals which were chosen to symbolise the sounds they emit; thus the ram represents the syllable ba, the goose sse, the frog hek, the ass head haw, the eared snake fu, &c.; other creatures were used to express the syllable of which the name by which they were known consisted. The Egyptian for beetle is kafer, and accordingly wherever the beetle occurs in hieroglyphics it spells kafr (it is curious that kafer is also the German for beetle); en is a wave, and accordingly a waved line represents N. It is not in this class of signs that the confusion occurs; they are always used to convey the same syllabic sound, but in the more artificial and arbitrary ones.

There is another variety of characters which are somewhat further fetched as it were than those I have cited. The axe in primitive times gave them power, and so came to be a symbol of power, and so of the Deity it is curious that the form so used is the form of the stone axe in use before metals were discovered; however, the axe always represents God. In the vast majority of cases the train of ideas which led to the choice of a particular sign cannot be traced, but appears quite arbitrary. Nothing can be more devoid of consistent method.

Originally, no doubt, the Egyptian language was monosyllabic, and the writing was simply pictorial—man, horse, tree, &c., being represented by the forms of these objects. Then the efforts to commit ideas and thoughts to writing led to the introduction of symbolism, and ultimately to quite arbitrary signs. The art was probably in a transition state compounded of ideograms, symbols, and arbitrary signs (the last varying in different tribes), when it was stereotyped by the fusion of tribes under Menes, after which the conservatism of the priests forbad further change and retained the incongruous medley as it was. The same conservatism led to its being retained by the priests, long after the people had adopted the more convenient system known as the Demotic, *i.e.*, the abbreviated running hand. It was once thought hieroglyphics were a mystic system invented by the priests and peculiar to them, and of which they only possessed the key, but this is not the case; it began by being the national method of writing, and only ended in being peculiar to the priests.

Special difficulties are added to the labour of deciphering this ancient writing by the omission of most vowels, and by the fact that no spaces or other methods were adopted to show where one word ended and another began, and by their practice of writing indifferently from left to right, from right to left, and from top to bottom, or from bottom to top. In the case of the Royal cartouches the name will often begin in the middle, continue at the bottom, and end at the top,

without anything to indicate what order the characters come in. The scribes were guided in their arrangement purely by symmetry; they arranged the various figures in the sequence that looked neatest. It is much as if we were to take the letters that compose the name of Queen Victoria and scatter them on a shield haphazard, and then leave the reader to make out what name the letters spelt. From long practice one acquires an instinct which guides one in the reading of Royal cartouches. We nevertheless owe a great debt of gratitude to the Egyptians, for we owe our alphabet to them. Several Greek and Latin letters can be traced to the hieroglyphics (and the Demotic); thus en, a wave, is the sign for the letter N, and our letter N is an abbreviation of it. is one of the signs for the letter M, and is our M almost unchanged. A goose is one of the hieroglyphics for S, our S is the neck of a goose; it is the same with a very slight addition; = ta and Tat. In these it is not difficult to trace the parent of our small and capital T. It is worth observing that the derivation is more obvious in the Latin alphabet than in the Greek—at least there is less modification, and the origin is clearly more direct; but there is no doubt that both alphabets had their root and source in Egypt, and it is thought that when the Shepherd Kings were expelled they took a selection of Egyptian letters with them. Cadmus introduced into Greece an alphabet of sixteen letters, a little later than this event. It must be remembered that ages after the Egyptians had used the primitive hieroglyphic system it was still prehistoric times with the ancestors of the Greek and Latin races, and that they borrowed the art of writing from the Egyptians at what was a comparatively late period in Egyptian history, and after a running hand and an abbreviated mode of writing had been adopted by their scribes; they were thus spared the process of passing through the primitive and clumsy steps of the art, and had the advantage of taking it up at an advanced stage,

and had the opportunity of further improving upon it by the beautiful simplicity of our present alphabet.

The Egyptian language was chiefly but not quite monosyllabic, and words in which more than one syllable occur can generally be traced to a monosyllabic root, or be shown to be a combination of two monosyllabic words. Scattered up and down it are not a few stray words traceable to a common root with other languages, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, not specially with any. This is what one would expect if we suppose that all languages in the remote past had a common origin, a certain number of words having escaped modification sufficiently to be recognisable.

The Egyptian Ar, to make, to fashion, recalls the Latin Ars, art; men=to remain, is evidently of the same origin as the Greek μενειν, menein, to remain, the Latin, manere (for further examples see Chapter XXVII.).

The Egyptians, like the Greeks, had the dual number as well as the plural. It would be worth enquiring whether the Abyssinian has anything in common with the Coptic. It is curious that I have found more words having a resemblance with the Latin than with any other that I am acquainted with.

Amongst the eccentricities of hieroglyphics is the pains they took occasionally to remedy their obscurity; having used a sign which stood for a syllable of several letters, they would then follow it with all the separate letters in detail, and finally finish up with a portrait of the bird, beast, fish, tree, plant, or thing they intended to convey. Words conveying abstract ideas were also thus supplemented; thus friendship would, after having been duly spelt, be followed by , the picture of two men walking lovingly, hand in hand; another oddity, an amusing one, is their method of marking the feminine gender. After the name of a woman they put an egg—thus, ○, and the sex of the goddess is similarly marked. The privilege of laying eggs being limited to female fowl, the distinction was

extended to the fair sex of a higher order; sometimes they drew a figure of a lady seated as well.

These determinatives were not pronounced; would be "the Lady Tafnut;" here we have all three feminine signs affixed where one would have sufficed; the first four signs compose the name Ta-f-nut, the three last are only determinatives, and were not pronounced.

One of their many inconsistencies is that they will employ a long array of signs to express some particle, or adverb, or preposition, or inflection of tense, or a possessive pronoun, while more important objects are often represented by a single and very simple sign—thus nuter, the axe, represents God; Sou, King; Hak, a chief captain or commander; while only mean ye; ar, means to make; while, to represent the future tense, two snakes, a bird, a weaver's shuttle, and a skull cap are added—thus, This combination means *will* make; the provoking thing is that hieroglyphics might so easily have been converted into a compact and simple method of conveying thought, and it is astonishing that so clever and intelligent a people should for long ages have remained contented with a system of writing so full of easily remedied imperfections. But notwithstanding all their perversities and vagaries, the study of hieroglyphics is extremely interesting, because they enable you to trace and follow the mental processes by which man in his primitive state invented and devised means of representing abstract ideas. The sign for love is the hoe, their earliest implement of cultivation . This would first be used to denominate cultivation, and as men only cultivate that which they prize it would come to be used for the idea of prizing, valuing, or loving; the sequence of ideas is to be traced in the Latin cultus worship, cultus having originally stood for cultivation. The implement forming the above

hieroglyphic consisted of two pieces of wood, one for the handle and one for the cutting or chopping action, united at the point with a peg, and prevented from yielding to the drag or strain in working by a short piece of rope of twisted palm fibre, thus . Similar hoes are still in use in Egypt.

It is the retention of its primitive character which renders the study of hieroglyphics so interesting, for one is able to trace the working of the minds of the men of that remote period in their devising of a means to represent their thoughts and to admire the ingenuity with which they do it.

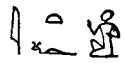
As there occur among the 3000 signs which constitute their alphabet a vast number of tools and instruments used in the arts, and also of objects the product of trades and arts, it is manifest that the knowledge and practice of these arts must have preceded the art of writing. The 3000 signs are highly instructive therefore as showing us the objects with which their minds were familiar.

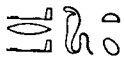
The name of their very first king, Menai, was written with a battlemented fortress M, the sign for water N, and a knife twice repeated, thus = ai; they, therefore, at that remote time, knew how to build and battlement fortresses, and how to make knives. Long inscriptions have been preserved to us contemporary with the Pyramids, a few even older; these contain not only an infinity of tools, implements, vases, ornaments, and articles of furniture, betokening an advanced stage of perfection in the arts, but also proofs of scientific knowledge and pursuits, for there occur many purely mathematical figures and also various astronomical signs, but no examples have come down to us of that first stage of hieroglyphics, when they were ideogrammatic, *i.e.*, simply pictures of the objects intended to be conveyed.

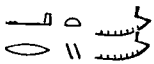
It is worth noting that one of the signs for Egypt is Am. This may be connected with its scriptural designation as *the land of Ham*.

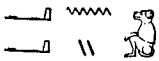
EXAMPLES OF HIEROGLYPHIC WORDS

OF FREQUENT OCCURRENCE, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, WITH SOME GRAMMATICAL FORMS, TOGETHER WITH THE TITLES MOST OFTEN MET WITH ON THE MONUMENTS.

 *Atef*, father.

 *Ara-t*, the sacred serpent Ara—Uræus.

 *A-r-t-i*, the jaws.

 *Aa-n-i*, the dog-headed Ape.

A-t-a, a misdoer, an evildoer.

Anĥuk, I; also or or J.

Annou, we.

or *Apen*, these.

Ab-t, a month.

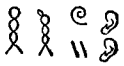
At-t, a net.

Ank, life.

Him-t, lady.

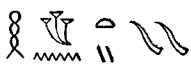
Hon, slave.

Hon-t, female slave.



Hehui, the ears.

Hāti, the heart (dual).

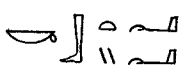


Henti, the horns. *Hen-t-i* =Hen.

Herou, days, or, with one stroke, day.

Hetet, light.

Her or *Hir*, countenance (meaning varies with context.)



Kebti, the arms.

Ka, also, and—Greek *και*.

Khesef, to drive off, defend.

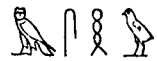
Khenti, the feet.

Khuti, inhabitants of the spheres of light.

Khnuhm, to provide.

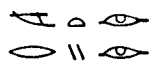
Kha, sunrise, resurrection.

Khu, splendid.



Msahu, crocodile. *Arabic* Timsah.

Ma-au, a cat.



Merti, the eyes.

Menti, people of the West.

M, in or on; *e.g.*, on this day.

ẹm her pen=on this day.

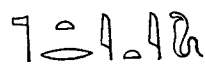
Men, abiding, an abode.

Mes, sprung from, born of.

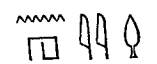
Nofre, a youth, good, goodness, innocence, thence.

Nofre-t, a maiden.

Nuter, god.



Nuter-i-t, goddess.



Nhi-t, sycamore.

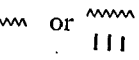
Another mode of indicating the feminine gender.

Neb, lord, master.

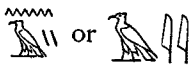
Nen-t, town, residence, place.

Nunti, townspeople (Nen-t-i.)

or with III *Na*, or *Naou*, "the," plural definite article.



Ne, or *Nou*, "the," plural definite article.



Nai, *these*, plural demonstrative, both sexes.

Nan, the plural definite.

Nu-k, I; also *ennuk* I.

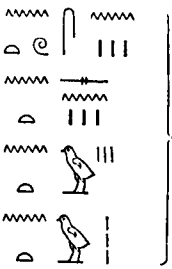
Nu-a, mine.

Ntuck, thou, masc. Thou, fem.

Ntuf, he, masc.

Ntus, or Ntust, she, fem.

Ntuten, you or ye, plural.



Ntusen or *Ntuu*, they.

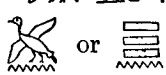
Pa, the, definite article, masculine.

Pa, ditto.

Pa, ditto; also without ; also

Pai, this, masc. demonstrative.

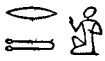
Pai, ditto.



Pan or *Pen*; also *pen*, this, masculine.

Per, a house; *per a*, my house; *per k*, thy house; *per f*, his house; *per en ou*, our, *per tenou*, your, *per ou senou*, their houses.

Rotui, the feet.

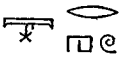


Rot, man, same with three kneeling figures —men rotou.

Renpi-t, a year.

Rpa, nobleman, *i.e.*, of the order of nobles.

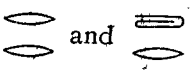
Ra (*Latin*, res), a fait accompli, a thing.



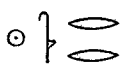
Rouh, evening.

Ropir, gate of the town.

Rem, to cry, to shed tears.



Rer, to turn, turn oneself about. *German*, rühren, to stir, to move.



Rer (with determinative annexed), that which rolls on—time. *French*, roux, wheels, *i.e.*, that which rolls. *Latin*, ruere, to roll or rush forward at a furious pace.

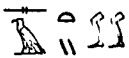
Rer, all round—all.

Son, brother.

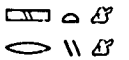
Son-t, sister.

Sa, son.

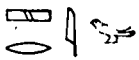
Sa-t, daughter.



Sa-ti, the legs.



Serti, the nostrils.

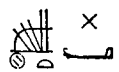


Sera, little, young, *idem* + III, the little ones.

Sekher, a plan.

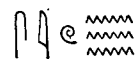
Seftu, a book.

Sās, six.



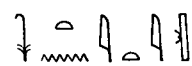
Sekht, to catch.

Senib, health.



Sau, to drink. Sau, *Coptic.*

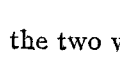
Suten, king.

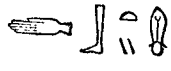
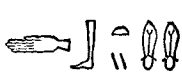


Suteni-t, kingdom.

Seb-a-i-t, advice, information.

Tekhen, an obelisk *Teckhenoui*, dual, two obelisks.

Ta, the world  the two worlds or lands.

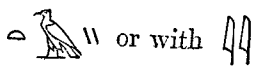
 *Teb-t*, the shoe  a pair of shoes.

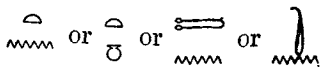
Totui, the hands.

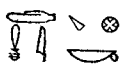
Tua-t-i, people of the lower world.

Tef, father *Tefou*, fathers.

Ta, the = feminine definite article.

 *Tai*, this = feminine demonstrative.

 *Ten*, this = feminine demonstrative pronoun.

 *Tema-k*, thy town; suffix thy, thy town.

Tu, Tu, give; determinative of giving.

Determinative of light.

Tat, emblem of stability.

Ua, one, indefinite article, as ua atef, a father.

Uaa, a boat.

Us, pure; = emblem of purity.

Ounas, a king of the fifth dynasty. The first syllable of his name—*oun*—signifies *being*—Greek ων, being.

Number of Royal Oval in Table of Abydos corresponding to Pyramid Title (Plate LIII.)

20 *Men-kha*, pyramid of the rising. Senofreou.

21 *Men-khu-t*, pyramid of light. Khoufou.

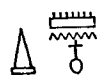
23 *Men-ur*, the chief pyramid. Khafra.

26 *Men-Absetou*, the most purifying of places. Ouserskaf.

32 *Men-nofre*, the good abode. Tatkara.

27 *Men-kha-Baiou*, pyramid of the rising of souls. Sahoura.

34 *Men-Baiou*, abode of souls. Ata.

36  *Men-men-nofre*, pyramid of the good abiding. Pepi.

37 *Men-en-Kha-nofre*, pyramid of the good resurrection. Merenra.

38 *Men-Ank*, pyramid of life. Nofre-kara.

34 *Men-Tat-setou*, the most stable of places. Teta.

33 *Nofre-setou*, the best of places. Unas.

56 *Men-Ba*, pyramid of the soul. Nofre-arkara I. No. 56 is the oval of Nofre-arkara II.

Neb-mut, lord of the sacred vulture.

Ara-neb, lord of the royal asp.

Number of Royal Oval in Table of Abydos, corresponding to Pyramid Title (Plate LIII.)

Neb-taoui, lord of the two lands.

Neb-Khaou, lord of the crowns.

The crowned Horus.

Him-te-su, royal wife.

Ka, the valiant bull.

Ser, the ruler, *i.e.*, wielding the baton of sovereignty.

Hak, magistrate.

Ha, chief.

Neb-maat, lord of justice.

Mur, overseer.

Semer, privy counsellor.

Su Pet, king of heaven. Title of Amen Ra.

Supreme, royal.

LETTERS OF THE HIEROGLYPHIC ALPHABET, WITH SIGNS OF THE SYLLABIC SOUNDS ASSOCIATED WITH EACH LETTER :—

A , , , AI ; AN .

AA ; AB ; AM ; AN ; AR ; AH .

B ; BA .

C represented by SSe and and .

D and T interchangeable, , .

F ; Fu , , , .

G .

H , .

I \\ or .

K , , .

KHA ; KHEB ; Kafer ; KHEM .

KHEN , ; KHER , .

L and R interchangeable, , .

M , , , ; Ma .

N ; NOU ; NOUB ; NOFRE .

Ou , , , ; OUN , .

OUR ; OUSER ; OUAS ; OUTS .

P , ; PA ; PER ; PIR ; PEH .

Q .

R ; RA ; RES ; ROUT ; RENPET

S , ; SSe ; SEB ; SER .

Sebek ; STEP (or Sotep) ; SH .

SET , ; Sep ; SU , .

T , , ; TA , ; also , ; TOUM .

U *see* OU. UA ; US .

Z .

THERMOMETER RECORDS AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ON WINTER CLIMATE OF EGYPT.

(*Temperatures taken twice daily for three months.*)

INSTEAD of indulging in generalities about the climate of Egypt, we considered it safer to give in the form of a table of temperatures the actual degrees of heat and cold which characterise a winter on the Nile; these observations have been made carefully from day to day, and the maximum and minimum temperatures recorded. A novel feature of this table is the temperature of the river, which was also taken daily at sunrise, and represents the mean result of all the variations occurring during the previous twenty-four hours.

In connection with this, a curious result was elicited—viz., that while from Cairo to Esneh the thermometer constantly recorded about 66°, above that point the river temperature sank steadily as we advanced southwards until it reached its minimum at the Second Cataract—viz., 58°. This unexpected phenomenon proves that in winter the nights are colder in Nubia than in Egypt, and also that owing to the extreme dryness of the climate the excessive radiation and evaporation at night have a decided effect in lowering the temperature of the water. The general conclusion which we may adopt as to the winter climate of Egypt is that it is about equivalent to the summer climate of France, but much drier.

It may safely be considered the finest climate in the world. I have seen instances of obstinate coughs which had defied all medical treatment disappear as if by magic soon after reaching Cairo; and we met a young man who had been brought there

by his friends in an apparently dying state who, after three months' residence and a trip to Thebes, got rid of all his bad symptoms, recovered flesh, and seemed in fair health and spirits.

Most confidently of all can dahabeeah life be recommended for those who have been mentally over-worked—who are exhausted by the cares of office or the worries of business, or by dissipation; the splendid climate, the bright surroundings, the exemption from excitement and annoyance, the interest of new scenes, and the restorative effects of expeditions on camel-back, donkey-back, or on foot, to visit monuments which must excite something like enthusiasm even in the most matter-of-fact minds, are medicines which no apothecary's shop can supply.

It is true that those who neither sketch nor care about geology, ethnology, Egyptology, or any other ology, will often find time hang heavily on hand; but even to these, if their minds have been overtaxed, the enforced mental rest is as beneficial as imprisonment is to the habitual toper.

With regard to the expense of a winter in Egypt, if visitors are content to remain in Cairo, sixteen shillings per day per head will suffice; but if they wish to make the grand trip to the Cataracts and back by dahabeeah, the minimum will be five pounds per day for three persons, and an additional pound per day for every member of the party beyond that number.

We found that we were saved much trouble by engaging our boat through Messrs. Cook & Co.; we had one of the fastest boats on the Nile—the *Gazelle*—and a better and more abundant dietary than had been our lot on either of our previous visits. It is an obvious advantage to have to deal with a responsible and influential firm who have a character to lose; moreover, their steamers afford them the means of performing various kindly offices for their dahabeeah clients—in the conveying of letters and newspapers, and in the matter of fresh meat, fruit, and other provisions.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND ITINERARY FROM LOG-BOOK OF "GAZELLE."

Date.	Thermometer. Minimum.	Thermometer. Maximum.	Nile River Temperature.	Wind.	Weather.	Distance from last Station.	Stations stopped at and Places visited.
Dec. 1	58°	70°	. . .	N. W, weak .	Heavy rain	. .	Cairo.
2	60	79	. . .	N. W., weak .	Cloudy .	. .	Cairo.
3	57	76	. . .	Calm . . .	Clear .	. .	Cairo.
4	59	75	. . .	Calm . . .	Clear .	. .	Cairo.
5	68	77	. . .	N. W., strong .	Clear .	55	Left Cairo 12 noon. Zowyeh.
6	57	78	66°	N. W., feeble .	Clear .	6	Echement.
7	56	68	66	Calm . . .	Clear .	6	Echement. Zeitoon.
8	60	70	66	Calm . . .	Clear .	6	Benisouef.
9	58	75	66	N., moderate .	Clear .	18	5 miles above Bibé.
10	54	75	66	N., moderate .	Clear .	42	Sheik Fodl.
11	58	75	66	N., moderate .	Clear .	15	Gebel-e-Tayr.
12	60	76	66	N., moderate .	Clear .	12	Zowyet-el-Mitteen.
13	59½	79½	66	No wind . .	Clear .	13	Beni Hassan.
14	59	78	66	N., weak . .	Clear .	13	Three miles above Rhoda.
15	50	76	66	No wind . .	Clear .	20	El Bercha.
16	60	78	66	No wind . .	Clear .	6	Tel-el-Amarna.
17	57½	76	66	Strong wind .	Clear .	5	Sallam.
18	58	77	66	Moderate . .	Clear .	12	Gebel Aboufaida.
19	53	74	66	Strong wind, N. .	Clear .	18	Siout.
20	56	68	66	Strong wind .	Clear .	36	Gow-el-Kebeer.
21	56	66	66	N. W., strong .	Clear .	48	Girgeh. Sun rose 7 a.m., set 5.30.
22	58	73	66	No wind . .	Clear .	18	Dechneh (Fow).
23	58	78	66	N., moderate .	Clear .	30	Keneh.
24	52	72	66	N., strong . .	Clear .	27	Gamoleh.
25	59	68	65	N. N. W., strong .	Clear .	49	Esneh. Temple.
26	59	76	65	N. N. W., strong .	Clear .	. .	Esneh. Crew baked.
27	51	68	64	N. W., weak .	Clear .	55	Silonah.
28	50	72	64	N., moderate .	Clear .	45	Below Assouan.

29	56	70	63	N., weak . .	Clear .	. .	Assouan.
30	52	71	62	N., strong . .	Clear .	8	Cataract. At 4 p.m. passed Cataract.
31	47	65	61¾	N, moderate .	Clear .	13	Morgos Island. Gertassie, ¾ hour.
Jan. 1	55	64	60½	N., brisk . .	Clear .	25	Kalabshe.
2	57	64	60	N., weak . .	Cloudy .	13	Dendoor.
3	55	64	60	N., feeble . .	Cloudy .	19½	Dakkeh.
4	60⅛	60½	60	N. N. W. . .	Cloudy .	15½	Madig.
5	50	68	59	N. N. W. . .	Clear .	12	14 miles below Korosko.
6	54	66	58	N. N. W., feeble	Clear .	17	3 miles above Korosko.
7	50	73	58	No wind . .	Clear .	6	Amada.
8	56	67	58	No wind . .	Clear .	2	Derr (below).
9	50	70	58	N. N. W., moderate	Clear .	3	Derr (above).
10	55	73	58	No wind . .	Clear .	20	Below Abou Simbel.
11	About the same.	. .	.	Brisk breeze . .	Clear .	5	Abou Simbel, noon.
12	52	76	Barom. 29½	N., brisk . .	Clear .	. .	Left at 12 noon for Wady Halfeh.
13	53	76	29⅙	N., brisk . .	Clear .	40	Reached Wady Halfeh.
14	62	81	29⅝	N., feeble . .	Clear .	. .	Wady Halfeh.
15	62	77½	29⅙	N., strong . .	Clear .	40	Towed back to Abou Simbel.
16	56	75	29⅝	N., strong . .	Clear .	. .	Abou Simbel.
17	59	79	29⅝	N., violent . .	Clear .	. .	Abou Simbel.
18	56	81	29⅙	N., strong . .	Clear .	. .	Abou Simbel.
19	58	76½	29⅞	N., feeble . .	Clear .	. .	Left Abou Simbel.
20	57	76	29⅝	N., calm . .	Clear .	35	Ibreen, last of.
21	56	77	29⅝	N., calm till 11 a.m.	Clear .	26	Korosko.
22	62	75	29⅞	N., fresh . .	Clear.		
23	61	75	29⅝	N., strong . .	Clear .	46	Sixteen miles aboye Kalabshe.
24	60	67	29⅝	N., sandstorm .	Clear .	16	Kalabshe.
25	52	76	29⅝	N., gentle . .	Clear .	40	Philæ.
26	55	75	29⅝	N., feeble . .	Clear .	27½	Kom Ombos.
27	45	75	29⅝	N., feeble . .	Clear .	. .	Gebel Silsilis.
28	52	73	29⅝	N., fresh . .	Clear .	41	Edfoo.
29	56	74	29⅝	N., moderate .	Clear .	13½	El-Kab.
30	54	73	29⅝	Calm . . .	Clear .	17½	Esneh.
31	51	75	Nile at Sunrise.	Calm . .	Clear .	34½	Luxor.
Feb. 1	54	71	62	Calm . . .	Clear .	. .	Luxor.
2	57	70	64	Calm . . .	Clear .	. .	Luxor.
3	53	71	64	Calm . . .	Clear .	. .	Luxor.

Date.	Thermometer. Minimum.	Thermometer. Maximum.	Nile River Temperature.	Wind.	Weather.	Distance from last Station.	Stations stopped at and Places visited.
Feb. 4	50°	85°	64°	Calm	Clear		Luxor. Deir-el-Bahari. Gournah.
5	50	75	63	Calm	Clear		Luxor. Drah-abou-Neggar.
6	54	68	63	Calm	Clear		Luxor. Anchored below Gournah.
7	54	70	63	Calm	Clear		Luxor. Tomb of Kings.
8	57	73	62	Calm	Clear		Luxor. Discovered Tomb of Khou-en-Aten.
9	57	70	63	Windy	Clear		Luxor left.
10	58	69	63	Windy	Clear	74	Kasr-el-Syad.
11	57	71	63	Windy	Clear	14	Ballianeh. Abydos.
12	55	68	63	Calm	Clear	30	Shindawin. Ekmin.
13	54	71	64	Moderate	Fog	45	Rainé. Fourth Dynasty Tombs.
14	56	70	64	Moderate	Clear	26	Near Siout.
15	56	70	64	Strong	Clear	24	Near Manfaloot. Tel-el-Amarna.
16	53	74	64	Calm	Clear	30	Mellawy. Beni Hassan.
17	54	76	64	South wind	Hazy	80	Near Feshr. Sailed nearly eighty miles.
18	59	71	64	N. W., sandstorm	Stormy	55	Zowyeh. Meidoon.
19	52	74	65	Calm	Clear	30	Sakkara.
20	57	70	65	Calm	Clear	15	Cairo.
21	60	66		Calm	Clear		Cairo.
22	55	66		Calm	Clear		Cairo.
23	61	68		Calm	Clear		Cairo.
24	62	70		Calm	Clear		Entry of Holy Carpet.
25	60	70		Calm	Clear		Visit of Dervish.
26	58	72		Calm	Clear		Pyramids.
27	58	72		Calm	Clear		Sketching at Pyramids.
28	57	71		Calm	Clear		Pyramids.
March 1	62	72		Sandstorm	Hazy		Expedition to Fossil Forest.
2	67	70		Windy	Hazy		Mahometan revival.
3	59	71		Calm	Clear		,, ,,
4	60	75		Calm	Clear		Ride of the Doseh.

ITINERARY FOR HOMEWARD VOYAGE FROM SECOND CATARACT.

(With distances in English miles between fifty-two stations.)

	Miles.	
Abou Seer to Wady Halfeh	7	
Wady Halfeh to Abou Simbel	40	
Abou Simbel to Ibreem	34	
Ibreem to Derr	13	
Derr to Amada	4	
Amada to Korosko	7½	
Korosko to Valley of Lions (Wady Sabouah)	12½	
Valley of Lions to Maharraka	20	
Maharraka to Ruined City of Koortèe	3¾	
Koortèe to Dakkeh	3½	
Dakkeh to Gerf Hossein	10½	
Gerf Hossein to Dendoor	9	
Dendoor to Kalabshe	13	
Kalabshe to Tafah	6¾	
Tafah to Gertassie	7	
Gertassie to Dabod	15	
Dabod to Philæ	10½	
Philæ to Assouan	5	
Total		22
Assouan to Kom Ombos	26½	
Kom Ombos to Gebel Silsilis	15	
Gebel Silsilis to Edfoo	26	
Edfoo to Elkab	13½	
Elkab to Esneh	17½	
Esneh to Erment	26	
Erment to Luxor	8½	
Total		13
Carried over		35

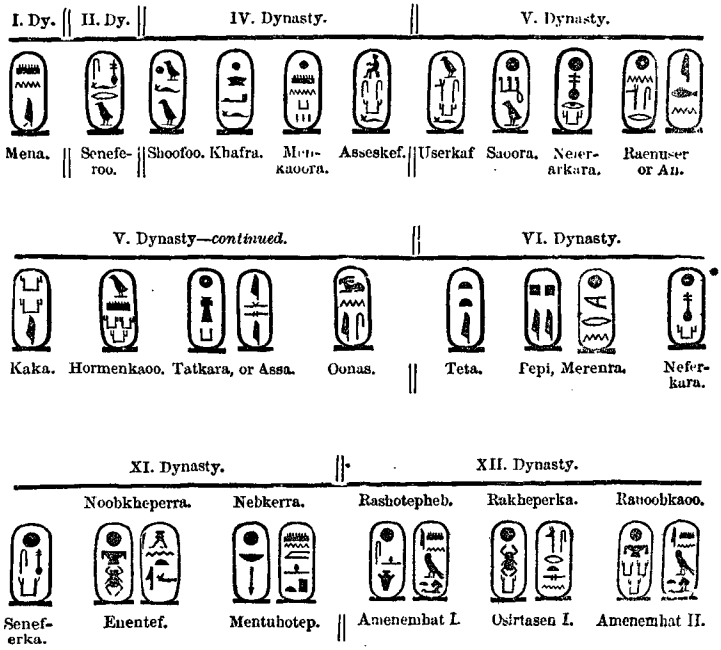
	Miles.
Brought forward . . .	355
Luxor to Neggadeh	22
Neggadeh to Keneh	22½
Keneh to Kasr-el-Syad	29½
Kasr-el-Syad to Farshoot	8
Farshoot to Ballianeh	18½
Ballianeh to Girgeh	8
Girgeh to Mensheeyah	13
Mensheeyah to Sonhag	11
Sonhag to Tahtah	26
Tahtah to Gow-el-Kebeer	12½
Gow-el-Kebeer to Abonteg	14½
Abonteg to Siout	15
Siout to Manfaloot	26
Manfaloot to Gebel Aboufaida	11½
Gebel Aboufaida to Tel-el-Amarna	17
Tel-el-Amarna to Mellawee	7
Mellawee to Rhoda	6
Rhoda to Beni Hassan	11
Beni Hassan to Minieh	14½
Minieh to Golosaneh	22½
Golosaneh to Abou Girgeh	12½
Abou Girgeh to Maghagha	15½
Maghagha to Feshun	14
Feshun to Benisooef	19
Benisooef to Zowyeh	18
Zowyeh to Bedreshayn	40
Bedreshayn to Cairo	15
Total ——	450
Combined Totals . . .	805

TABLE OF HIEROGLYPHIC NAMES OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL KINGS OF EGYPT.

THE list here given of the names of kings as sculptured on the monuments is necessarily incomplete, but it includes all the principal rulers of Egypt from Menes of the First Dynasty to the Emperor Commodus, soon after whose time the practice of sculpturing inscriptions in hieroglyphs ceased.

A king's name is always enclosed in an elliptical frame with a base, called by Champollion a cartouche, by others an oval or shield. As has been already explained, after the earlier dynasties each king, in addition to his own name, assumed a royal name on ascending the throne. In the following list the cartouche with the private name is placed first, and that with the royal name second. The rendering of the royal name is placed underneath the double cartouche ; that of the private name, when given, above it.

*** *The names above the ovals are the throne names, read vertically from the top to the bottom of each oval. For the order in which the syllables were pronounced,* *see page* 327.



XII. Dynasty—*continued.* || XIII. Dynasty.

Osirtasen II. Osirtasen III. Amenemhat III. Amenemhat IV. || Sebekhotep V. Teaaken.

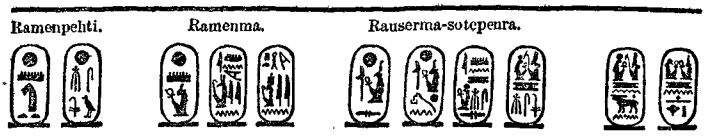
XVIII. Dynasty.

Aahmes. Amenhotep or Amunoph I. Thothmes I. Thothmes II. Amennoohet, or Hatasoo. Thothmes III.

XVIII. Dynasty—*continued.*

Amenhotep II. Thothmes IV. Amenhotep III. Amenhotep IV. or Khoo-en-aten. Hor-em-heb (Horus).

XIX. Dynasty.



Rameses I. Meneptah or Sethi I. Rameses II. Meneptah II.

XIX. Dynasty—*continued.* || XX. Dynasty.

Sethi II. or Meneptah III. Setnakt. || Rameses III. Rameses IV. Rameses V.

XX. Dynasty—*continued.*

Rameses VI. Rameses VII. Rameses VIII. Rameses IX. Rameses X. Rameses XII.

XXI. Dynasty.* || XXII Dynasty.

Pehor. Piankh. Pisham. || Shoshonk I., or Shishak. Osorkon I.

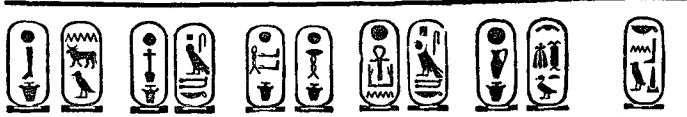
XXII. Dynasty—*continued.* || XXIII. Dynasty.

Takeloth I., or Tiglath. Osorkon II. || Sheshonk III. Takeloth II. Pishai. Sheshonk IV.

XXIV. Dynasty. || XXV. Dynasty. || XXVI. Dy.

Petubastes. Bocchoris. || Sabaco. Shabataka. Tirhakah. || Psammetichus I.

XXVI. Dynasty—*continued.* || XXVII. Dy.



Neco. Psammetichus II. Hophra, or Uahbra. Psammetichus III. Amasis. || Cambyses.

* It is very difficult, if not impossible, to refer each of the kings of this and the succeeding dynasties down to the 26th to his appropriate place. The arrangement here given is approximately correct.

XXVII. Dynasty—*continued.* || XXVIII. Dy. || XXIX. Dynasty.

Darius. Xerxes. Arta-xerxes. || Amyrtæus. || Nephe-rites. Achoris. Psammuthis.

XXX. Dy. || XXXII. Dynasty. || XXXIII. Dynasty.—THE PTOLEMIES.

Nectanebo. || Alexander. Philip Aridæus || Ptolemy Soter. Philadelphus, Euergetes I.

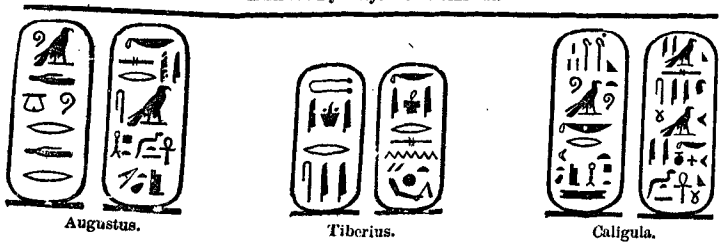
XXXIII. Dynasty—*continued.*

Philopator. Epiphanes. Philometor. Physcon or Euergetes II. Lathyrus.

XXXIII. Dynasty—*continued.*

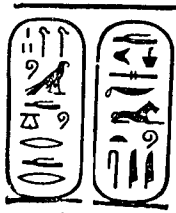
Alexander I. Auletes. Cleopatra. Cæsarion and Cleopatra.

XXXIV. Dynasty.—THE CÆSARS.



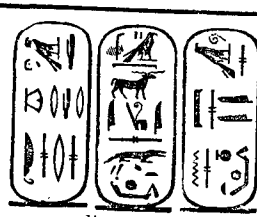
Augustus. Tiberius. Caligula.

XXXIV. Dynasty—*continued.*



Claudius.

Nero.



Vespasian.

XXXIV. Dynasty—*continued.*

Titus.

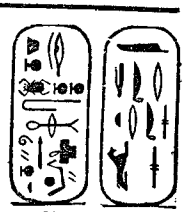
Domitian.

Trajan.

XXXIV. Dynasty—*continued.*

Hadrian.

Antoninus Pius.



M. Aurelius.

XXXIV. Dynasty—*continued.*

Lucius Verus.

Commodus.

NOTES.

NOTE ON CHAPTER V.

HON NUTER, servant of God. I fear the attribute of modesty can be conceded only within very narrow limits even to the kings of the Ancient Empire, for although towards the Gods they assumed the humble title of their servants, ministers, or priests, they presented themselves to their subjects as divive, arrogating the title of "The Reigning Horus," &c.

The title Pharaoh given them in the Bible has nothing to do with Ra, the Sun—it is written in Egyptian Per-aa, "the great house," and sometimes Per-aa-*Ra*, the great house or temple of Ra. See "Dendoor" in Index.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XIII.

The Reis of the Cataract considers himself king of that rugged and wild region, and will brook no interference. We heard an amusing story of an English Admiral, who considered that, as a distinguished sailor, he had a right to a voice in navigation of any kind. The Reis of his dahabeeah had already suffered much, and he communicated his sorrows to the monarch of torrents and whirlpools; and when our gallant tar tried on the same dictation with him, that potentate determined to make an example of him, and kept him, on one plea or another, *three weeks in the cataract.*

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXIV.

Amongst other abuses that were detailed to us as incidents of the sugar factory system was the following:—Attached to each factory are

a number of bullocks, and on inquiring how these were fed we were assured that no rations of fodder are issued for their sustenance, but that the men in charge, and who are responsible for their condition under penalty of the stick, go out at night and *steal* provender for them from the neighbouring farms! This is another way of making bricks without straw! Yet we were told that money is regularly remitted from the treasury, both for the feeding of the beasts and for a small payment to the men, but is intercepted *en route*, and never reaches its destination.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XVI.

Nes-taoui—the *tongue* of the two lands. The word nes in this sense reappears in the names of headlands round our coast, *e.g.*, in Dungeness, Sheer-ness, Shoebury-ness, &c., to indicate tongues or promontories of land.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXVII.

Amenti literally means the place of mystery, the hidden secret place.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXIX.

Amongst Etrurian customs brought with them from Egypt was the distinguished place they gave to their women in the social system. In bas-reliefs, paintings, and sculpture they are always represented as sharing on equal terms with their lords in all the incidents of life; at feasts and funerals, at public games and private entertainments, man and wife recline lovingly side by side. As in Egypt also, they traced their genealogies through the female line, holding that, though there might be doubt as to the fathers, there could be no doubt as to the mothers.

Amongst their importations from the banks of the Nile was that very peculiar musical instrument the double pipe (see Plate XIX.), introduced

by them, and subsequently in use throughout Italy. We have, of course, no means of fixing the date of their migration, but it must have been subsequent to the adoption of the Demotic character, because the Etrurian alphabet, as with other branches of the Pelasgic race, was a modification of the Demotic. Nor is it now possible to ascertain whether they migrated direct by sea from Africa, or whether they reached Italy by successive migrations, *viâ* Cyprus, Asia Minor, Greece, and Thessaly. The latter is the most probable, and is in accordance with their traditions. Colonies from the then teeming population of the Nile valley may have joined them subsequently. It is not unlikely that the original Pelasgic migration may have taken place at the time of the expulsion of the Hycsos by Amosis, between 1700 and 1800 B.C., *i.e.*, almost 1000 years before the foundation of Rome.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXX.

I have adhered to the conventional form of the Queen's name, viz., Hatasou, but it would be more correct to write it Ha-te-sou, the te being the feminine determinative. Ha signifies leader—te, female—sou, princes. This, however, was only part of her designation. Her actual name was Amen, to which was added the soubriquet Knouhm-Te, *i.e.*, she who provides, or regent—Ha-te-sou, leader of princes, *i.e.*, guardian of her brothers Thothmes II. and Thothmes III. during their minority.

She was originally associated in the government with her father, Thothmes I. She had capacity for the post, and liked the business of empire, and on her father's death she continued to rule, first as guardian then as associate of Thothmes II., and on his death she filled the same relation towards Thothmes III. The latter found that his sister was rather too much of a "lady providence," and kept him in leading-strings over long. He never forgave her, and showed a vindictiveness which is a blot on his splendid reputation.

Her reign was at all events a brilliant period in Egyptian history, and her character presents some analogy to that of our own "good Queen Bess." As the jealousy of that able sovereign prompted her to keep her rival in prison, so did Hatesou keep her brother a prisoner in the marshes of the Delta.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXXII.

In the interpretations of the names of kings, I have translated the syllable "ka," so often recurring, "by the grace or favour of." It might also bear the sense "impersonation of," but there are several names with which that sense would not be consistent, whereas the secondary meaning, "by the grace of," is consistent with all, and accords with that veneration of the Egyptians for their gods which prompted them to ascribe all glory and merit that was in them to their deities.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXXIII.

The portrait of the Sacred Bull Apis, at end of Chapter XXXIII., represents the peculiar markings which stamped him as an incarnation of divinity. The colouring was pure black and white. Apis sometimes appears upon funeral stele bearing away the deceased on his back Mazeppa fashion, and at full gallop, into the presence of the gods.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is related by Herodotus that Cambyses, King of Persia, while at Memphis, commanded the Sacred Bull to be brought into his presence, and then manifested his scorn for the superstition of the Egyptians by thrusting his sword into the beast's thigh. The thigh-bone was much injured, but the priests took away their wounded idol, and nursed him so skilfully that he eventually recovered and lived to a good old age. Mariette Bey, during his first visit to Egypt, on exploring the Apis mausoleum, succeeded in finding the mummy of that identical bull, with extensive scars in the hide and thigh-bone, the latter being deformed owing to the injury received from the sword of Cambyses 2400 years ago, thus attesting the truthfulness of Herodotus' narrative. This was not to be the last adventure which that mummy was destined to encounter. Mariette Bey, being suddenly summoned back to France, buried the precious relic in the sand; subsequently an Austrian arch-duke, during a visit to Egypt, unearthed accidentally the Frenchman's prize, and, believing it to be an original discovery of his own, carried it

off with him to Austria, and poor Mariette searched for him in vain on his return.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Temple of the Sphinx belongs apparently to the Megalithic period, anterior to the development of ornamental architecture. The stones of which it is constructed are enormous. It contains, amongst other things, a number of vast bins, like wine bins, in a double tier, one above another. These recesses are about 20 ft. deep and 10 ft. wide. Each of them has a ceiling consisting of one single slab. These resemble the receptacles of the Apis Sarcophagus at Sakkara; at all events, the whole plan of the structure suggested to me that it was designed for a mausoleum, combined with a memorial temple.

After it was completed it was overlaid with cyclopean blocks of stone, layer above layer, and buried beneath them. This monument probably illustrates the fashion of sepulchral memorial that preceded that of pyramids. It may be the funeral vault of Menes and his family.

I annex a sketch, drawn from memory, showing the general plan correctly, though there may be one or two errors of detail.

NOTE ON CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Caverns of Adelsberg.—We obtained here one of the blind fish found in the subterranean lakes. It has no trace of eyes. Its gills are external, floating like blood-red tassels on each side of its head. It is about 10 inches long. When first captured its body was colourless; we have now had it in our possession for three years, and it has from exposure to light become black. It is in perfect health and in good condition, although it has had no solid food in all that time. It is kept in perfectly clean water, changed frequently, and in this it finds some, to us invisible, means of subsistence.

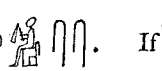
NOTE ON THE COMPLEXION OF THE EGYPTIANS.

It must not be supposed that the red and yellow colours in which the complexions of men and women were rendered represents their real flesh

tints. The Etrurians in this, as in so many other points, following the example of their Egyptian parent stock, painted their men and women red and yellow. Examples may be seen in the museum at Florence, notably in the case of the battle of the Amazons, in which the Greek men are coloured red, and the Amazon women yellow. In the Bible, Ezek. xxiii. 14, occurs the following passage: "Men pourtrayed upon the wall; the images of the Chaldeans *pourtrayed with vermilion.*" They therefore also painted their men with red complexions. Yet it can scarcely be supposed that either the Greek, or the Latin, or the Chaldean complexion was really red in those days. In any case, *difference* of complexion cannot be urged as an objection to the theory of an Egyptian origin for the Etrurians, nor for the whole Pelasgic race, of which they were a branch. The Latin races are still characterised by a sallowness of complexion, with a tendency to become more swarthy in hot climates.

In Spain the skins both of men and women grow darker as you travel southwards, nor is there much difference of tint between southern Spaniards and northern Africans.

NOTE ON PLATE LIII., OVAL 25.

There is a difference of opinion among Egyptologists as to the phonetic value of the seated figure of a prince in Oval 25. *A priori* we should expect its value to be "*su,*" "a prince," and this expectation is confirmed by Manetho, who in this, as in many other cases, is the Egyptologist's friend. In the Sakkara tablet occurs an oval with the same sign  . If the sound represented by the doubtful sign be "su," the name would read Su-ses-ra. And how does Manetho, an Egyptian priest, converting it into Greek, render it? Why, by "Sisires." This Greek version is a pretty close reproduction, and appears conclusive. The Sisires of Manetho correspond in his table to the Aseskaf of the tablet of Abydos. The signification of "Su ses ra" would be "Follower of Supreme Ra."

In Plate LIII., No. 25 should be Su-sesk-ef (instead of Aseskef); the Sovereign (Ra), his follower; the Sisires of Manetho.

It is evident that the Su-sesk-ef of the tablet of Abydos, the Su-sesk-ra of the tablet of Sakkara, and the Sisires of Manetho, are variations of the same name.

Su-sesk-ef means The Supreme, his follower; Su-sesk-ra means follower of the Supreme Ra. Only a slightly varied way of saying the same thing.

The word "sesk"—he who follows—is probably the Egyptian root of the Latin sequi, to follow.

The primary meaning of the word "su" was probably OVER. Hence, over all—highest—the most high—the supreme—amongst gods—Ra—amongst men—the king.

It is the Egyptian root of the Latin "su-per," "over," also of the Latin su-premus, of which summus, "the highest," is an abbreviation; also of su-perior, and of the English "sum," *i.e.*, the supreme result. It enters also into the composition of the French souzerain and of the English sovereign.

One would have thought that a monosyllable of two letters could scarcely bear to lose one of them and yet retain its individuality, yet that is the case with this etymological germ, for if it became *super* among the Latins, it became ὑπερ (*huper*) among the Greeks, and *über* among the Germans, prone always to convert *p* into *b*. It would seem, therefore, that the *u* is the ultimate germ, the verbal monad, as it were, of this interesting root.

It loses, however, even the *u* in the Anglo-Saxon "over," derived from the German *über*, but it recovers both its *s* and its *u*, and its early application, in the word "souzerain," which is a *réchauffé* of all its attributes.

Now what hieroglyphic did the Egyptians select to convey the sound and idea of "su?" Why, *a flower*—the supreme development of the plant, and commonly that which overtops the rest of it. Hence the flower represents the King and Royalty, and its proper determinative is an enthroned figure. Under the ancient empire it was used to represent "the supreme," the most high among gods—Ra—as well as the supreme among men. With reference to the use of the flower, there is an analogy of idea in Tarquin's hint that he wished the destruction of the nobles, conveyed by lopping off the heads of the flowers in his garden. Its application to the Deity was retained by the Hebrews: "Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" and we have adopted this most appropriate use of it from

them. We also apply it to earthly princes when we designate them Your Highness.

In its application to the Pharaohs * Su was often associated with and then became Suten. But it was often used without this termination, simply as Su. An instance occurs in the Sinaitic inscription on the right, Plate XLV., second line, where the king is styled Su.

It is always used simply when applied to the gods, as in * Su nuterou, King of the Gods—of frequent occurrence. It is always used simply also when employed as the adjective Royal or Supreme.

There was another word of similar sound, but not connected with it— * Sou—He—which reappears in the Latin suus, His, and sui, of Him.

The seated figure which suggested these observations is the determinative of Su in its sense of supremacy, and when pronounced it was pronounced Su.

NOTE ON KING No. 7, PLATE LIII.

This oval encloses nothing but the figure of a man bearing a staff, but there are one or two points which are remarkable; he wears the royal asp on his brow, the common attribute of all Egyptian monarchs, but he wears also a robe not met with in subsequent times—a long flowing garment descending to his feet; perhaps such long robes were in fashion in his day. I met with a figure of granite so draped on the heights of the island of Sebael. (See Chapter XXII.) Its appearance betokened extreme antiquity.

The contents of the cartouche give us no clue to the name of this king. The corresponding monarch in Manetho's list is Semempses. It is an interesting fact that the staff held in the hand of this remarkable figure of a king of the first dynasty is the emblem of purity, typified by the head of a gazelle, the same emblem that was used down to the latest days of the Egyptian monarchy.

* The hieroglyphics above marked with an asterisk have accidentally been made to face the wrong way.

NOTE ON EGYPTIAN RELICS IN CYPRUS.

Since writing Chapter XXIX., in which I mention that the apron of the statue from Cyprus is of the pattern in fashion under the eighteenth dynasty, my attention has been directed to the fact that Thothmes III., of the eighteenth dynasty, invaded and occupied Cyprus —a fact confirmed by the discovery there of his cartouche upon various objects found by Cesnola. This invasion took place 500 *years before the siege of Troy*. It is worth noting as one among many indications that this interesting island was a stepping-stone between the East and Greece, that the Greeks took with them the name of Olympus, the sacred mountain of Cyprus, and assigned it to *their* Mountain of the Gods in Thessaly. An important Grecian town of *Pelasgic origin* was named Thebes in honour of the Egyptian metropolis.

NOTE ON THE ORIGIN OF JUPITER.

The Greeks and Latins claimed that their Supreme God Jupiter Ammon was derived from Egypt, and of course the name Ammon is readily identified with Amen Ra; but the origin of the name of Jupiter is not so obvious. The following explanation has occurred to me:—Amen Ra is often styled Su Pet—supreme in heaven. Now it is not difficult to imagine Su Pet Amen becoming corrupted into Jupeter Ammon; nor "Su," the Supreme, into Zeus.

The word "Amen" signifies "*the Hidden one*," an impressive designation for their supreme deity.

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